WEEK
ENDING
MAY 3, 1930

5c

# Liberty

*A Weekly for*

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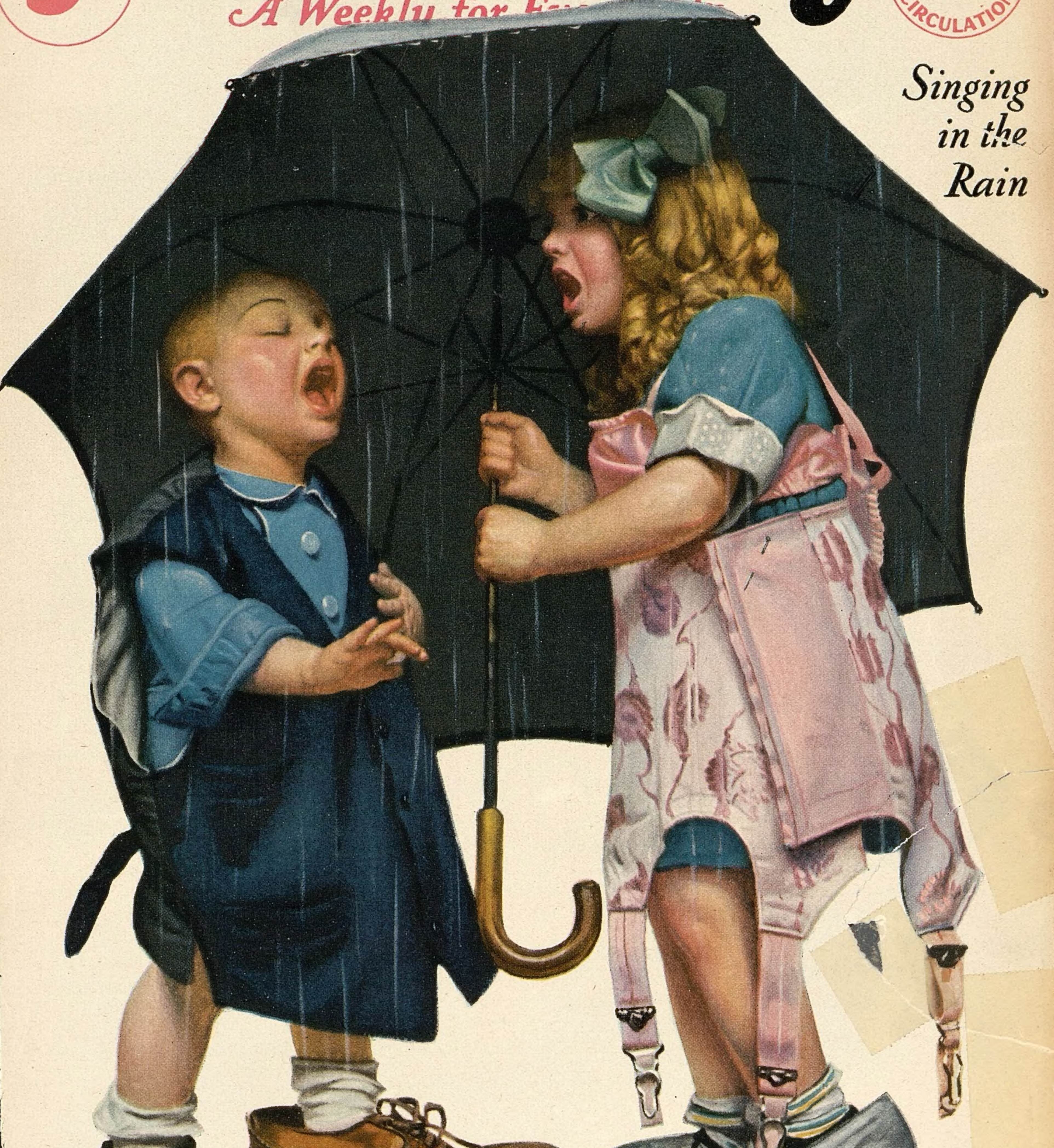
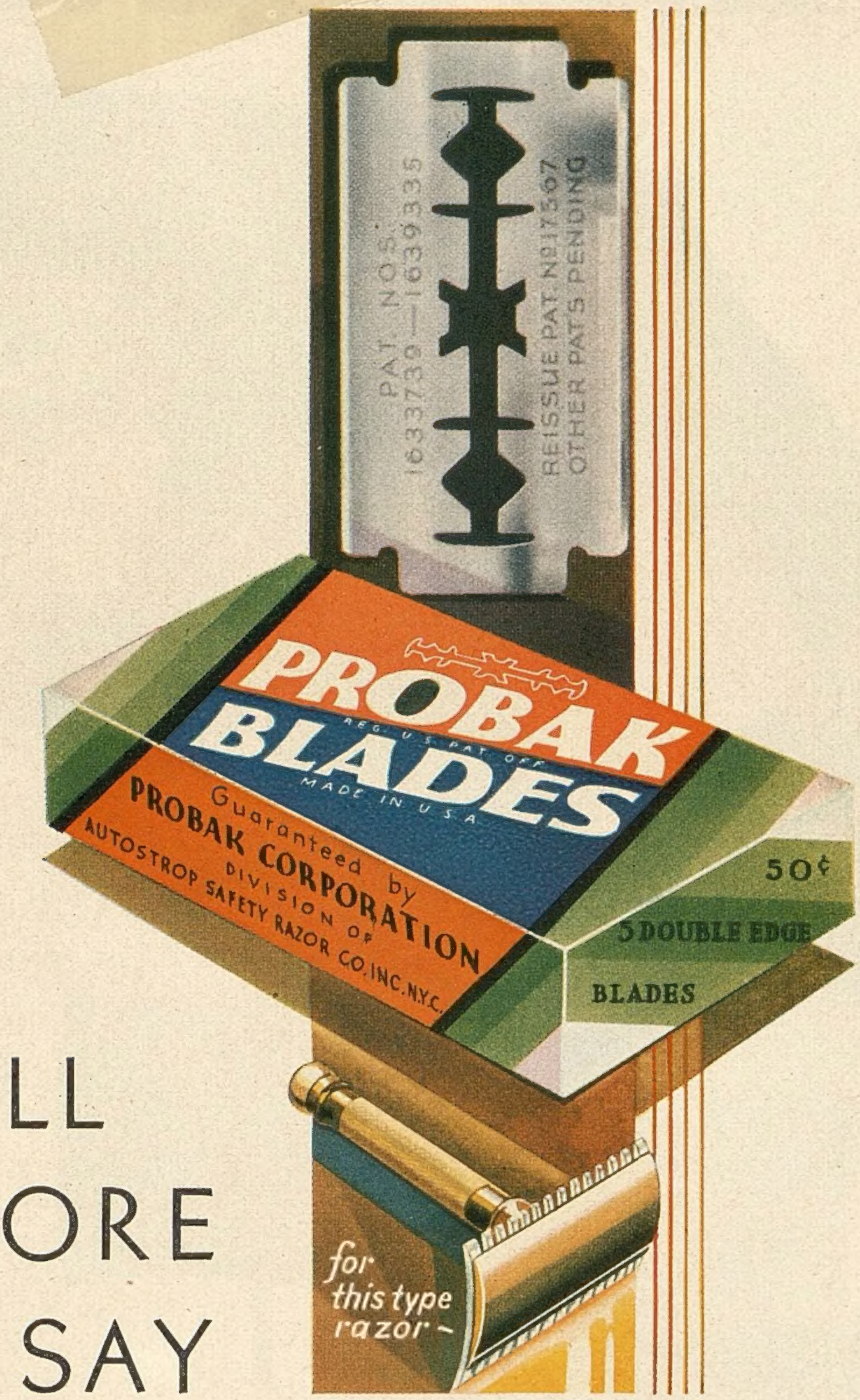
NET PAID
CIRCULATION

*Singing
in the
Rain*


Leslie Thrasher

DELMAR ~ BENCHLEY ~ SUTHERLAND ~ KUMMER ~ SAUNDERS

## THE BLADE WITH BUTTERFLY CHANNELING AND THE BUTTERFLY TOUCH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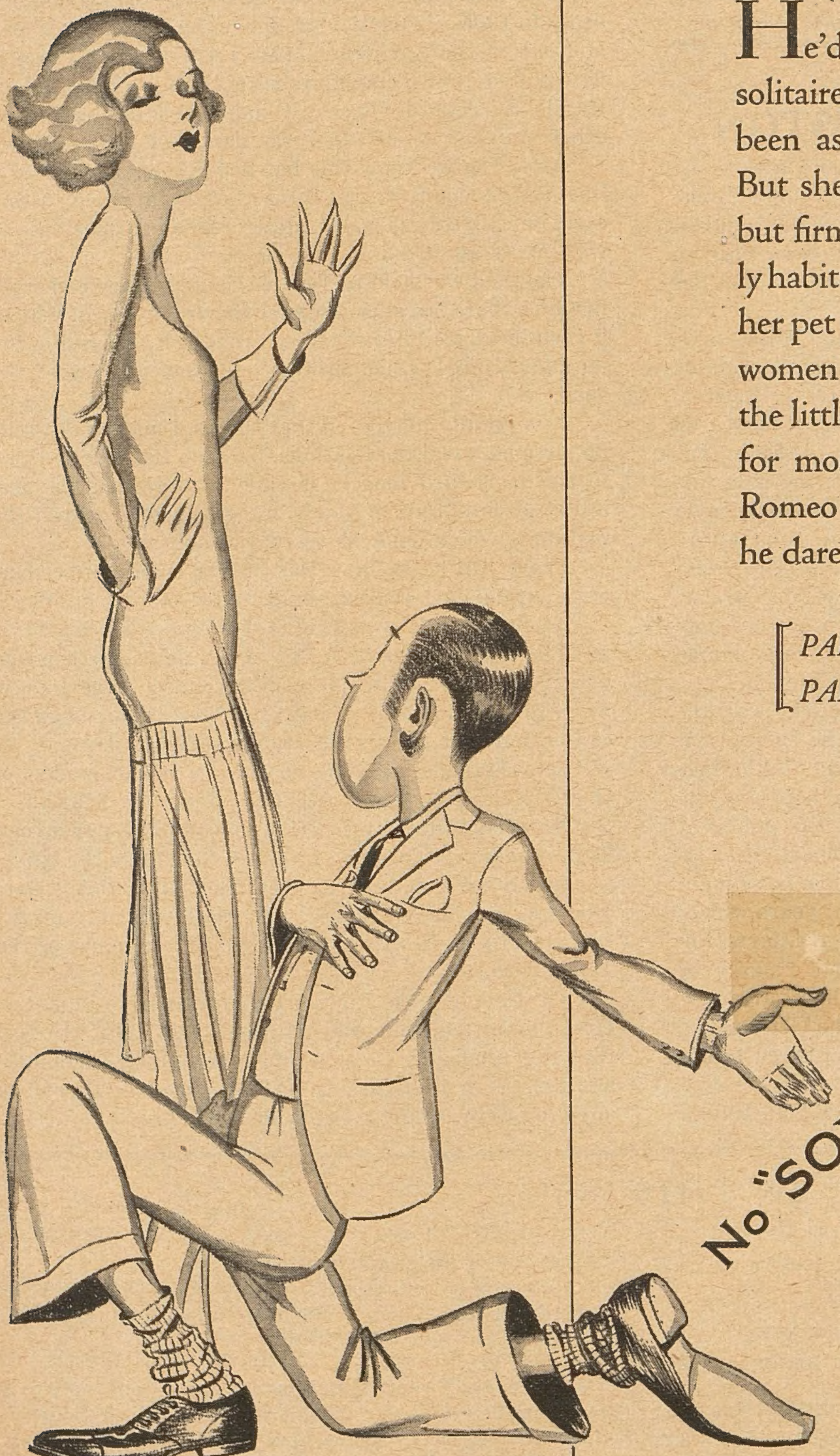

He'd be in the market for a solitaire today if his socks had been as smooth as his wooing. But she said: "NO"—quietly, but firmly. She detested slovenly habits—and sloppy socks were her pet peeve. (Don't think that women "are funny that way." It's the little things in life that count for most after all.) A modern Romeo needn't be a Sheik, but he dare not be——a Freak!

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*PARIS Suspenders 50c to $5*

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MAY 3, 1930

Liberty

*A Weekly for Everybody*

VOL. 7
No. 18

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> *"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —Stephen Decatur.*

# THE CASE OF MRS. TEMPLE HOUSTON

There was tried recently in the United States Court at Fort Worth, Texas, the case of Mrs. Temple Houston, widow of a son of General Sam Houston, against Liberty Weekly. Mrs. Houston's charge was that we had libeled General Houston's son, thereby causing her "great humiliation and mental distress."

This was a very peculiar and saddening thing to us, because nothing could have been farther from our minds than an intention of injuring a dead or living Houston.

Reference to the article in question (which appeared in Liberty for June 9, 1928) will show, we think, that this is unmistakably true. For example, the title was "Sam Houston, Savior of Texas." How anyone could be given a higher accolade than that we don't know. The title was so devised deliberately, because the intention was to give Houston the greatest possible praise.

Further, in introducing the article, a prefatory note observed that the city of Houston, Texas, "was named in honor of the Texas hero General Sam Houston."

The occasion for publishing the article was the assembling of delegates in Houston for the Democratic National Convention—the first held in the South since [illegible] Its object was to bring the Texas hero and the [illegible]s city together prominently before the public at [illegible]t time. It was a friendly and patriotic article.

Its author was Don C. Seitz, formerly business manager of the New York World and in recent years widely known as a writer on historical subjects. In narrating the story of the adventures, battles, and exploits of General Sam Houston, Mr. Seitz told how, after he came upon a period of discouragement, the General did what other famous generals have done—retired to obscurity and lived for a time out of touch with his own kind of people. "He took," said Mr. Seitz, "an Indian wife by the simple processes of aboriginal matrimony." And the sentence which followed this implied, though it did not specifically state, that Temple Houston was a son of this Indian wife.

This was an error. Temple Houston was the offspring, not of this Indian marriage, but of a subsequent marriage to a white woman, Margaret M. Lee of Alabama. General Houston did have a child by this Indian wife, but this child died in infancy.

When the question was first raised as to the ancestry of Temple Houston the matter was referred to Mr. Seitz, and the sources from which he derived his statement were found to have been mostly clippings of newspaper articles which appeared at the time of Temple Houston's death in 1905—in particular, one in the New York World and one in the Springfield (Mo.) Leader. In these it was stated that Temple Houston, like Vice President Curtis, Ex-Senator Owen of Oklahoma, Will Rogers, and other eminent Americans, was partly of Indian blood.

As far as we know this has never been considered a libel in this country, and it was not so intended in this case, but anyway it was a piece of misinformation—as was freely admitted at the trial.

The trial was held in Texas, the only American state in which there is a statute under the provisions of which, it is claimed, a civil suit can be brought by the living for an alleged libel which injures only the memory of the dead.

It is readily to be seen that this is a matter of great importance to all publications, because there is no limit to the backward march of time, and skillful counsel might go hundreds of years into the past to search for instances which lend themselves to lawsuits.

There can be no question that if such a precedent were established abuses would follow in vast numbers.

When this trial was held it was shown as clearly as possible that the misstatement in Mr. Seitz's article was not intentional. The plaintiff's counsel nevertheless based his plea to a jury of patriotic Texans chiefly on the contention that the article was intended to defame. A verdict was rendered in the very large sum—considering the possible offense and intent to offend—of $25,000.

As we submitted at the trial, so we submit now to our Texas readers—if we had intended to defame the Houston family we would not have entitled our article "Sam Houston, Savior of Texas," nor would we have stated that the city of Houston was so named "in honor of the Texas hero."

We want to make it clear that the error we made is freely admitted, and was unintentional. But we feel that the rendering of a verdict for punitive damages against us in this case is unjust. We are therefore applying to the Court to set aside the verdict.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

# DODGE BROTHERS

## NEW CARS THAT KEEP FAITH WITH A GOOD NAME

Dodge Brothers policies of today and Dodge Brothers policies of fifteen years ago are identical in their adherence to one primary principle—to build better motor cars as efficiently and economically as it is possible to build them. » » Dodge Brothers two new cars, the new Six and the new Eight-in-Line, are outstanding values not simply because they are low-priced, but because there is in them the goodness and soundness that the world learned as long as fifteen years ago to associate with the Dodge Brothers name

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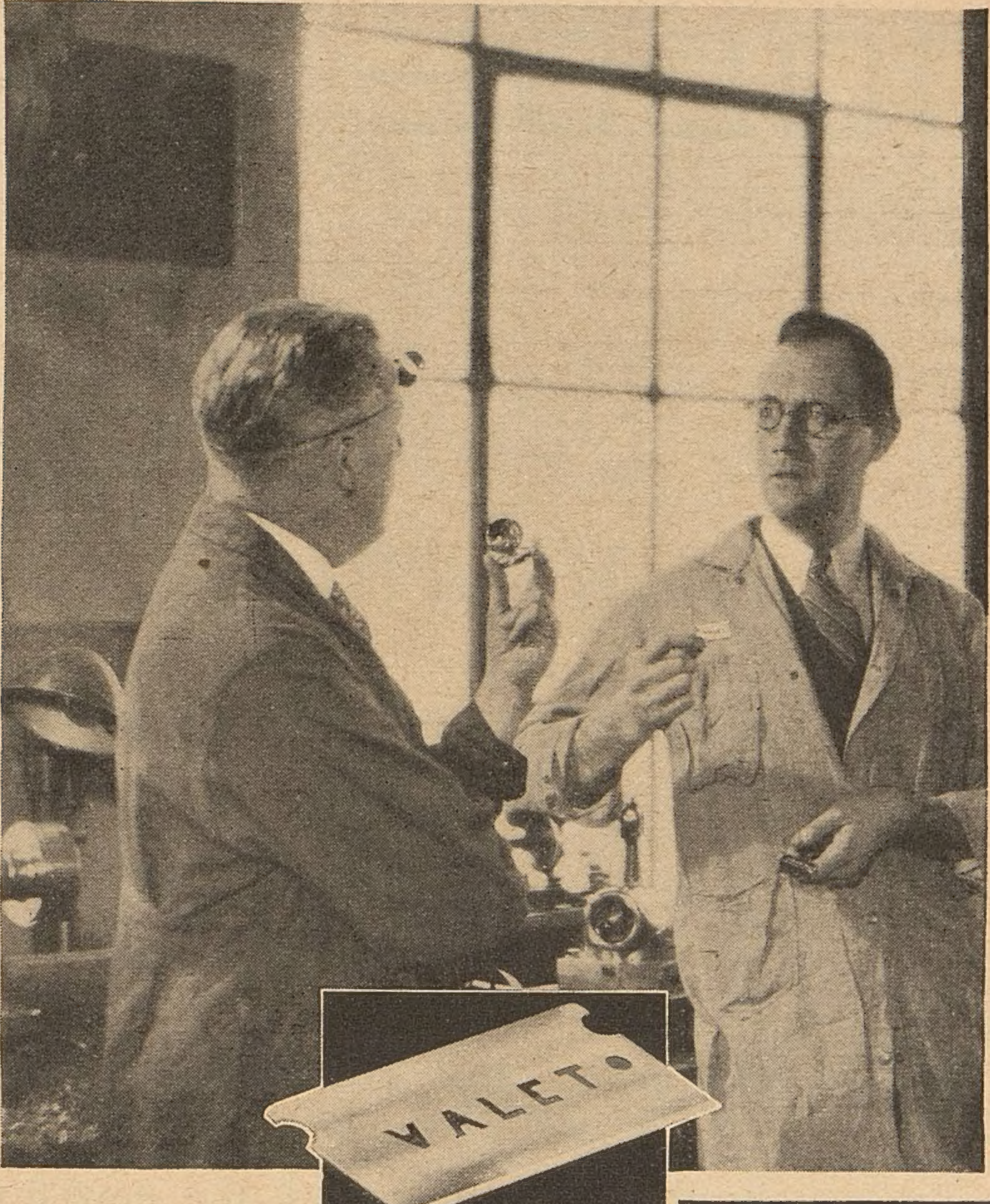

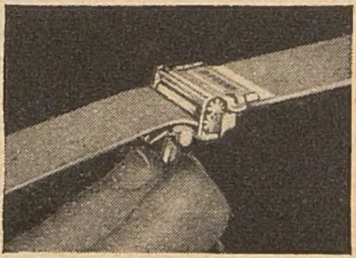

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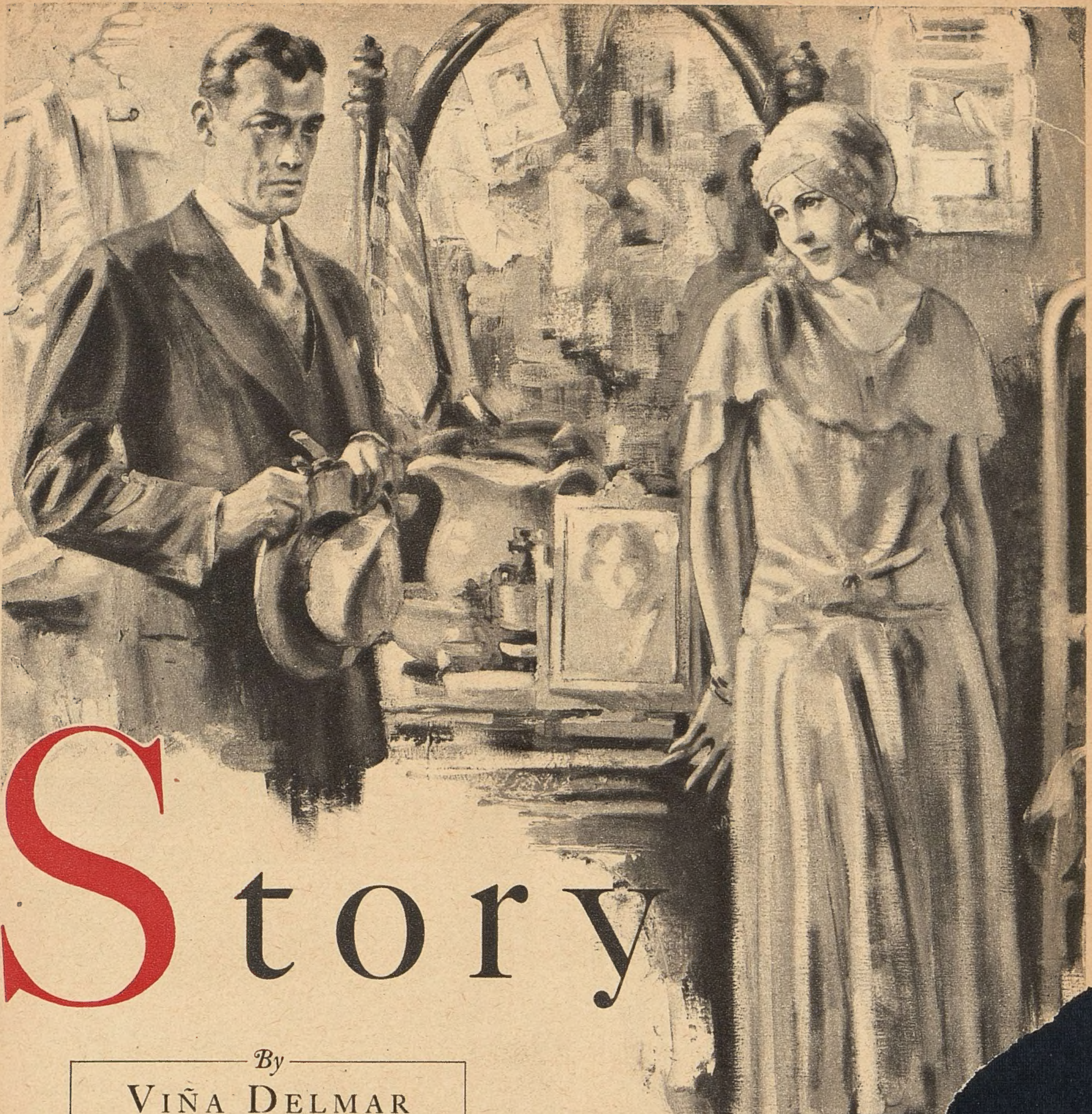

# Story

*By*

### VIÑA DELMAR

*whose first story for Liberty was offered with the same title—that is to say, none at all. That was three years ago. Since then a succession of short stories and two novels—" Bad Girl " and " Kept "—have made this young New Yorker an important figure in the book-world of the day.*

*Pictures by* MARSHALL FRANTZ

*The first thing Velma saw was a photograph of herself. " I'm flattered. You've known many women, Leonard."*

LEONARD GRAMMOND lay on his white enamel bed and looked about the room. He lay on the bed because he did not want to stand up. A straight-backed chair was the only other choice. A dollar a day for such a room. Leonard's lips tightened as he surveyed the dust in the corners, the cheapness of the small bureau, and the worn, dust-filled rug. Still, the hotel was right on Hollywood Boulevard. That was what made the room so expensive. In another part of town the room would perhaps be three and a half a week.

He wished that it were three and a half a week. If it were, perhaps he would now have more than a dollar and seventy-nine cents in his pocket. He gazed at the ceiling and idly figured what he would now have if for twelve weeks he had been paying three and a half instead of

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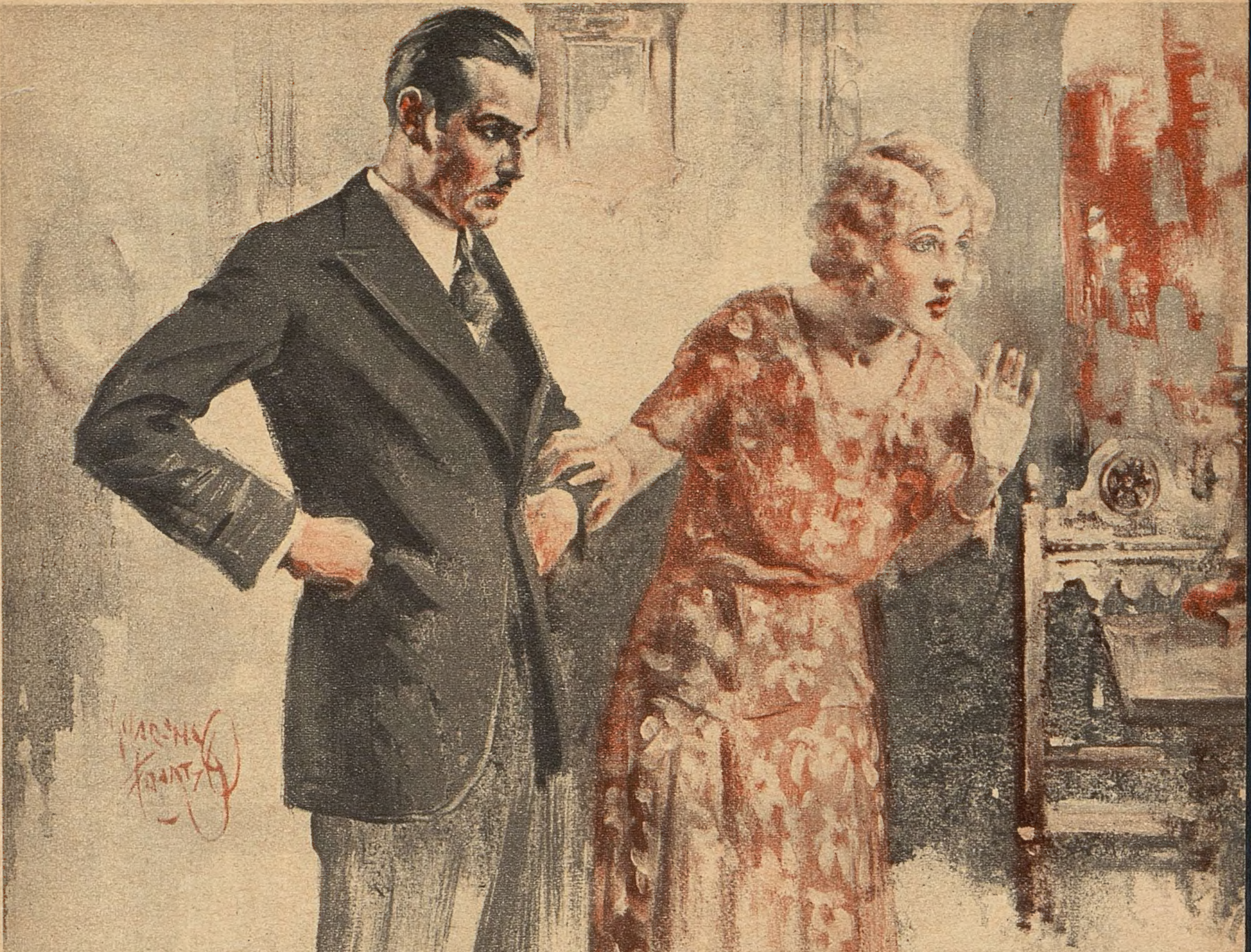
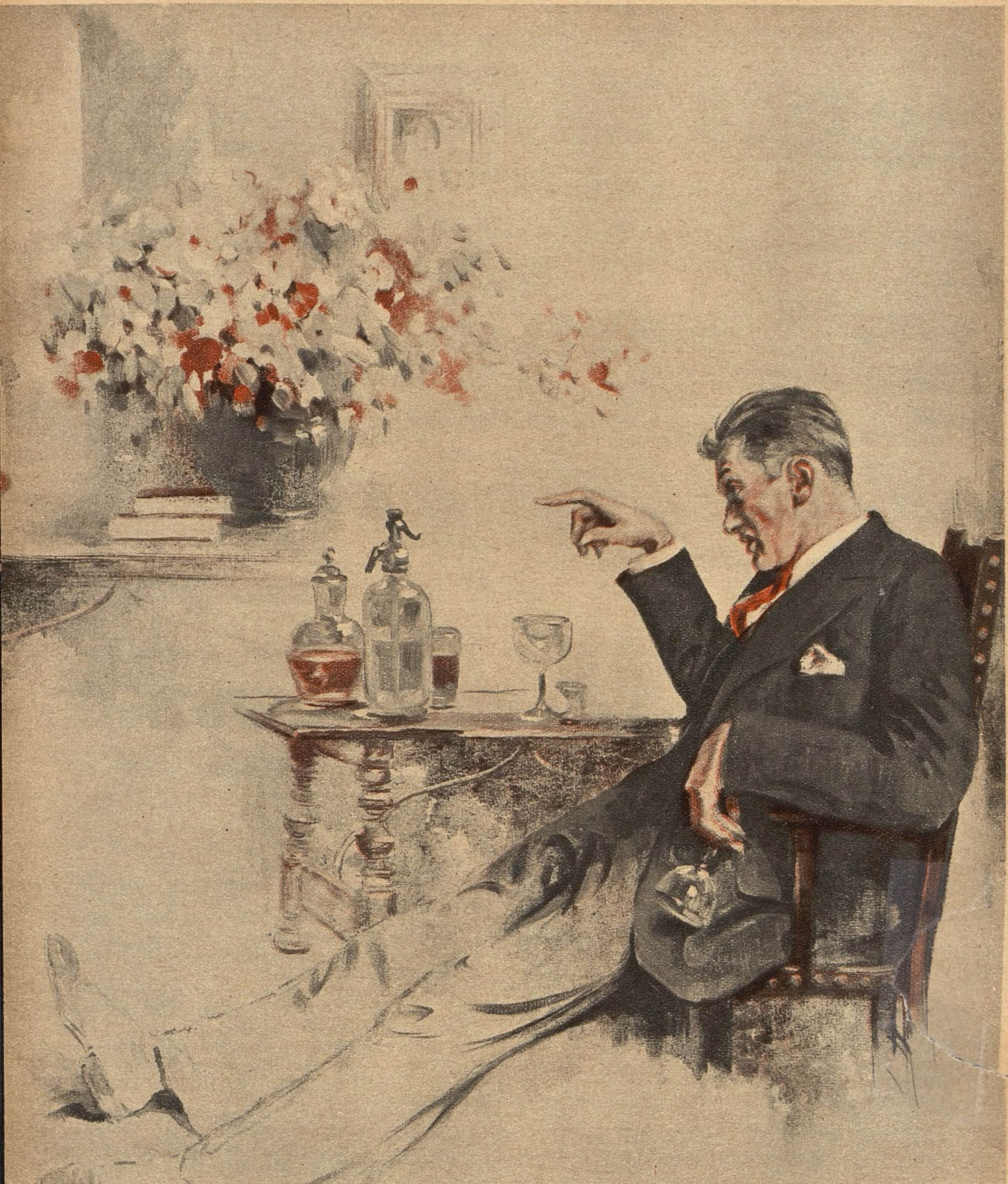


*LEONARD leaned back in his chair. married her"—he pointed at each in "because she's beautiful. Love? Say, this a marriage. It was a merger."*

[STORY
Continued from page seven]

seven. As he figured, he frankly confessed to himself that he was stalling for time. When he got off that bed he would have to look through his belongings and see if there was still anything left to sell or pawn. A detestable thought. First his watch, then his two rings, his cigarette case, his walking stick, and no end of other things. Man must eat. Starving oneself is too painful. The only question was—did anything still remain that money could be raised on?

Reluctantly he rose from the bed and rummaged hope-



fully through his trunk. There was no closet in his room, so the trunk had to be fitted in to be used as a wardrobe. He looked thoughtfully at his clothes. No, they must be saved. It would be just his luck to be called to play a duke after he'd sold his dress clothes.

So many times before he had searched through his trunk for some pawnable object that little now remained. Disgustedly he brought forth a nest of china ash trays and a few other valueless relics. But here, now, maybe this—

The phone rang. Leonard dropped everything on the bureau and reached for the phone. Maybe it was work.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

STORY
Continued from page nine

Yes, it was work. Joe Kittridge's office was calling. Would Mr. Grammond please come over right away to see Mr. Kittridge regarding an engagement? Mr. Grammond certainly would.

Leonard shaved swiftly, eying himself critically in the mirror when he was finished. His profile still gave a hint of why the hearts of female moviegoers had beaten more swiftly at the mention of his name. Leonard saw himself full face and he saw deep lines, dull eyes, and a mouth that had begun to sag at the corners.

As he combed his thinning hair, he thought of the fan mail that used to pour in to him. Girls had proposed marriage to him. They had proposed skipping marriage. They had offered to nurse him in illness and cherish him in health. He sighed. Five years make a big difference. Those girls were probably married women now, with children and houses and cars and friends to whom they perhaps said, " Do you remember Leonard Grammond in the movies? Oh, he was a big star! Don't you remember? Well, anyhow, I was simply wild about him. I use' to write for his photograph every month or two. He was wonderful in . . ."

One consolation was that in the hotel they knew what he had been. He was their star guest. The other guests were curious, shabby little men, who always seemed to dress in gray suits and to be rambling in and out of the entrance at all hours of the day and night. Occasionally he saw a couple. The girl was bleached and wore the inevitable beret. The man was small and pale with a penchant for green ties. It was not always the same couple, but it might as well have been. Leonard could not place them. He had never played vaudeville and was only vaguely aware that it was not supporting its children now with its former lavish hand.

He handed in his key at the desk. The clerk smiled at him. " Good morning, Mr. Grammond. Going to the studio? "

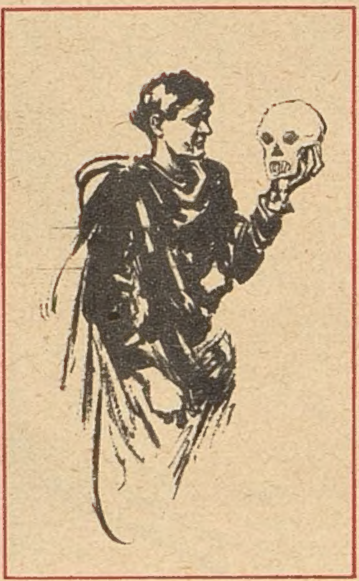
" I'm not sure that they need me today," Leonard said.

" Well, so long as they pay you, what do you care? "

The clerk and Leonard both laughed.

Leonard thought, " My God! If he and I play that scene again I'll shriek." The clerk thought, " Poor devil, he's through."

They finished their morning laugh and Leonard strode through the small lobby and out to Hollywood Boulevard. The loungers in the lobby looked after him. He was six feet tall, immaculately groomed, and, if one was not severe, still a handsome man. They saw him dart swiftly through the door, then slacken his pace, once the danger of being identified with his hotel was passed.



IT was the sort of morning that California expects and the rest of the country dreams about. Blue sky, golden sun, and light, sweet breezes just cool enough to keep the sun from making a nuisance of itself. Leonard remembered that on mornings like this he used to drive along the ocean or up through the mountains if he was not busy. He needed a car now more than ever, he reflected gloomily. The studios were all so far apart.

Joe Kittridge was a pleasant, decent enough sort of fellow, with a heart so tender that he couldn't bear to say no. He always painted things so rosy that people who should have gone back to the ribbon counter in Peoria lingered on, starving, in Hollywood.

Leonard knew the agent's failing, and, after a casual " Hello, Joe," went right to the point.

" What's the job, Joe? "

" Over on the N. B. N. lot, Leonard. Only a day's work, but they need a good actor for it. A good dramatic actor, so I thought of you right away. You see, they need a good actor for it. I thought of—"

" What does it pay? "

Joe looked reproachfully at Leonard. His expression plainly said that he regretted the introduction of the commercial note.

" It pays fifteen dollars."

" Would they make it twenty? "

" Have a heart, Leonard," Joe whined. " They can get any number of men to play it, but I thought of you. Look how long we've been friends. If I asked for twenty, they'd say, ' Go duck your head! ' and they'd call an agency that would furnish cheaper men."

Leonard said, " No other agent could furnish Leonard Grammond." He was curious to see how Joe would dodge giving the only logical answer.

Joe was obviously stumped for a moment, then he brightened and said, " That's what I told them. You go on over. They want you there by eleven o'clock."

" What clothes do I need? "

" They'll furnish them. Costume picture."

Leonard went out. He knew Horowitz over at N. B. N. He could probably get twenty dollars, maybe even twenty-five if he saw Horowitz and asked him. But he'd never asked any favors nor taken any charity. That was where you began to lose your self-respect. As a matter of fact, if he were going to ask Horowitz for favors, he might better have started long ago and asked for work. No, he'd ask nothing and take nothing—not even from people who had taken plenty from him.

GRANT was the director he was supposed to look up at N. B. N. Leonard didn't know Grant. Grant's star had risen since Leonard's had declined. He proved to be a stocky, red-faced man with keen eyes and a genial smile. He was talking to Rickey Saunders, whom Leonard remembered as a detestable, boisterous brat who had risen none in Leonard's estimation simply because the public had accepted him as a great comedian.

Grant introduced the two men. Saunders did not say they had met before, so Leonard acknowledged the introduction just as though Saunders had not played a bit in a picture which had been one of Leonard's starring vehicles.

" We won't bother to make a test of you, Mr. Grammond," Grant said. He had a nice way of saying things. A more conceited man than Leonard would have taken from his remark that a test of such a greatly filmed face would be a waste of time. Leonard knew, however, that what he was to do was too unimportant.

" Who is featured in the picture? " Leonard asked. " What picture is it? "

Grant motioned to Rickey. " Mr. Saunders," he said, " is making a back-stage picture called The Stage Hand."

" My God! " Leonard exclaimed.

Saunders looked at him with raised eyebrows. Grant's expression was politely questioning.

" I remember now," Leonard said. " I should have known you were Mr. Saunders' director. I completely forgot. What do I do in the picture? "

" Why "—Grant cleared his throat—" why, you wear Shakespearean clothes, you see, and the scene is taken on a stage. You're playing Hamlet. Mr. Saunders is a stage hand, you see, and he's having a fight with somebody behind the curtain. We think it will be awfully funny. You're doing the scene with the skull, and the audience can hardly hear you because of the racket in back of the curtain. Finally—"

" Finally," said Leonard, " Mr. Saunders gets rolled up in the curtain and all the scenery falls down on top of me."

" Well, it's something like that," Grant admitted.

" It always has been," said Leonard. " No, Mr. Grant, thank you, but I don't think I'd like the part."

" Well, it's up to you," said Grant.

Saunders said nothing. Leonard knew that it would take him the rest of the day to figure out how an outsider had known the finish of the Hamlet scene.

" Thank you, Mr. Grant." Leonard said good-by, addressing both the men. He knew they were staring after him as he walked across the set. He did not mind. His clothes fit perfectly. He cursed Joe Kittridge to himself as he walked. Joe had known what the part was, but he hadn't wanted to break the news. He had probably figured that once at N. B. N. Leonard would take the job rather than walk out. Didn't a fellow like Kittridge have any sensibilities? How could you have any self-respect left after you had appeared in a Rickey Saunders picture when all your life you had played legitimate drawing-room drama? First one became a buffoon's buffoon; then one accepted charity, Leonard reflected. Or perhaps it was the other way around.

Hollywood knew that his popularity and usefulness had been constantly diminishing for five years, but because he sank every available dollar in clothes they did not know the worst. They probably thought that he was on his last ten thousand dollars. Eight months, now, since his last job. And that had been only a bit. Still, it had been in a good picture with a reputable star. Perhaps Grant would tell the morning's episode around town and it would remind people that he was available, and perhaps they would also recall that he had always been a capable and reliable player.

There was nothing to do but to return to the hotel. He would call Joe Kittridge and tell him what he thought of him; then he would go out and see if a loan could be arranged on one or two things he had unearthed from his trunk.

The shabby little gray-suited men who haunted the hotel lobby were staring with bulging eyes at a car at the curb. It was a car that anyone would give at least a second glance. Leonard looked at it. Then looked swiftly away again. He saw its cream-colored brilliance, its liveried chauffeur, and its coat of arms beneath which the initials V. B. glistened in the sunlight.

Velma Breslin's car. She was, no doubt, buying shoes in the high-priced bootery next door. He didn't want her to see him, and, moreover, he didn't want to see her. She would only awaken a million longings within him. Already the sight of her car was making him think of long driveways with close-cropped lawns stretching away from them, huge rambling houses, glittering tiled bathrooms, valets, cooks, and all the comforts she would presently ride home to.

He dodged swiftly into the doorway of the hotel and walked to the desk for his key. As he turned toward the stairs he found himself facing the liveried chauffeur.

"Miss Breslin would like to see you, sir."

"Thank you."

He retraced his steps across the lobby, inwardly cursing. What point was there in this?

She was standing in the doorway of the hotel. She was a radiant vision. Her frock was soft gray georgette and it clung to her exquisite figure, accentuating every lovely line. Her turban was also gray and a circle of tiny yellow roses ran around it, over which her hair curled in childish ringlets. She was apparently unaware of the people who gaped at her, nor was she embarrassed by the fact that on one foot she wore a gray kid pump and on the other a golden sandal.

"Leonard," she said, "is this where you're living?"

THE door of her car was open and she led him toward it. They sank back in the luxuriant upholstery and she stared at him while she unfastened the golden sandal.

"Do you live in there?" she asked. Then, to the chauffeur, "Take this in and get my other gray shoe. Tell them to send this pair up." She looked back at Leonard. There was consternation in her violet eyes.

"That place isn't as bad as it looks," he said. "I am fixed very well there. You see, the owner intended to live there, so he fixed a very nice suite up for himself and then found he didn't like Hollywood. He lives in Pasadena now, you see, and I have his suite. It's quite expensive but very comfortable."

"Leonard, you're a geedee liar," she said.

He laughed. "That's no way for a countess to speak."

"Say! Dodo may be a count, but I'm still the same girl who lived on soda crackers for a week, Len. A coat of arms never kept anybody warm, and I'm the kid to be skeptical of its value. How about giving me a look at this suite?"

"Why, I'd be glad to some day when you're not busy."

"I mean right now," she said.

"Oh, you're kidding."

"No, I'm not. I'd love to see a fine suite nesting in a joint like that. Come on! Let's have a look at it."

She had her two gray shoes now and she hopped briskly from the car. He saw that she meant business.

"Listen, Velma," he said wearily. "You win. It's not a suite. It's one room. It's not comfortable. It's dirty. It's not expensive. It's a dollar a day."

"Oh, Len." She looked at him pityingly. "You old sap! Wasn't I your most ardent admirer? Wasn't I an extra when you were the idol of the screen? Why didn't you let me know?"

"Let you know what? I don't need anything. I'm just being economical and sensible until I can sell myself all over again to these big fellows."

HE was miserably conscious of people staring at them. He got out of the car, hoping that she would then get in. In that case he could say good-by and leave her. She was so darn decent. The unchallenged queen of the screen, worth a few million, a countess—yet she remained unchanged and unspoiled. Charming beyond words, yet bringing with her the restlessness and dissatisfaction that he fought so hard.

"I want to talk to you," she said, "and I want to see your room."

"Why, you can't, Velma. How can you walk past all these people up to my room with me?"

Her eyes darkened. "Hollywood and I grew up together," she said. "If they don't know by this time that my behavior and my character are irreproachable, then I've put aside temptations for no good reason at all. Come on, Len! I'm going to see where and how you're living."

He saw that she was in one of her persistent moods that had wrecked many a producer's peace of mind. He knew that she would see that room if it took her all day to convince him that she must.

"All right! Come on," he said.

The crowd stared. The clerk at the desk stared, but Velma did not seem to notice. Leonard had never tried but he believed that the clerk would raise somewhat of a fuss if he paraded toward his room with another lady. Velma Breslin was different, however. Her chastity was a tradition, and her recent marriage was almost as glamorous a romance as N. B. N. had ever produced.

The fragrance of her perfume was an incongruous note in the narrow, dusty hall. As he opened his door, Leonard wondered if she would choose to sit on the bed or on the hard chair.

As the door swung open to admit them, the first thing Velma Breslin saw was a photograph of herself. It had been taken seven years before by a photographer of indifferent talent. It sat on Leonard's bureau still in the frame which she had placed it in just after writing "Continued success to my dear friend Leonard Grammond."

Continued success! She looked about the room, then back at the photograph.

"Why?" she asked.

"Why what? Oh, your photograph? Well, why not? Would the count mind?"

"Of course not."

"Do you?"

"No. I'm flattered. You've known many women, Leonard. I think it's nice that you've kept my photograph. There was never any sentimentality between us, Len, so my curiosity is aroused. Why am I so prominently placed?"

He was silent for a moment, thinking of many things. Then he said, "When I get low and my fund of hope-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

STORY
Continued from page eleven

fulness is nearly used up, I look at that picture and am reminded that there is more in Hollywood than failures and petty jealousies and gloating successes."

"You're sweet, Len."

"So are you, Velma."

"This is sort of a mutual admiration society, isn't it?" she laughed. "How about lunch, Len?"

He suffered a moment's panic. She wanted him to take her to lunch!

"How about it?" he stalled.

"Well, how about coming home with me for lunch and meeting Dodo? He's a nice chap, really. You'd like him."

Lunch at Velma's. There would be silent, well ordered service, good white linen, and palatable food. How long it had been since he had considered these things as commonplace necessities! He ought to refuse. He wouldn't be able to return the hospitality, and, besides, she was only trying to be kind. It was really charity. He ought not to accept. Silly thought, though, that accepting an invitation to lunch was accepting charity.

"All right," he said. "I'd like to meet him."

Rolling toward Beverly Hills in the big car, Velma talked of her next picture.

"By the grace of God," she said, "the rôle of Stephen Clarke is still open. That's the lawyer, you know. He has several big scenes with me. It's a good part. Really second male lead. I'll get Perlman to give you the part."

"Suppose I'm not what he wants?"

"Then they'll have no picture at all," she said flatly. "I get my way around the studio, Len."

"Why, Velma, thanks awfully, but I wouldn't want to be shoved down a man's throat if he didn't want me."

She saw she had reckoned without the fierce pride of a down-and-out gentleman.

"Why wouldn't he want you? I just said that I'd insist, but it wouldn't be necessary. You're the type; you're capable; you have a reputation. You would have had the part by now, if Perlman had thought of you."

LEONARD closed his eyes. The dreary discomforts of his hotel seemed far away. He knew Velma. She did not promise today and forget tomorrow. If she took him under her wing his troubles were over.

Of course, he wasn't going to take this job. As it happened, he knew that Perlman wanted a stout, benevolent man of about fifty for the part. Velma could certainly make Perlman change his mind, but Leonard wasn't going to let her do it. Still, it was nice to play with the idea that all his troubles were over. He wished that he were weaker and that he could accept a favor of this kind without compunctions.

He was still reflecting on the advantage a weakling has over a strong man when the car rolled up a sudden, unexpected grade and came to a stop. Before him was Velma's huge Spanish castle; below him was a tremendous stretch of ground rich in exotic trees and shrubbery. The birds seemed to whistle wilder, sweeter notes here; the flowers seemed more fragrant. He saw the swimming pool, the tennis court, the stables, and the kennels. He had forgotten how beautiful existence could be. His heart expanded at the lavishness and glory of the scene.

"You have a nice place here, Velma," he said.

"Nice? It's gorgeous. We're crazy about it. Oh, here's Dodo."

Dodo was a slim, athletically built man with a good-looking, cheerful countenance. He kissed Velma and did not seem surprised at Leonard's presence. It occurred to Leonard that Velma probably carted all sorts of needy cases home.

Velma made the introduction and the three of them entered the house. The living-room furniture had been sent from France. Exquisite antiques, every piece. A modest wedding gift from a group of Dodo's friends.

"French antiques in a Spanish house," Velma said. "I hang Spanish shawls around to even things up."

They walked through the living room and out to the patio. It was cool and comfortable there. Leonard wondered if Dodo and Velma were appreciating the comfort and beauty of their surroundings. Perhaps Velma was, but he doubted that the count had ever had a taste of hard knocks.

"Leonard is going to be in the picture," Velma said.

It was evident that there was only one picture.

"Really?" asked Dodo. "Which part?"

"Stephen Clarke."

The count nodded gravely. He made no comment.

"Velma's idea," Leonard explained.

"Oh, I know," Dodo said. "She is full of ideas. If she wants you for that part she will break her contract, buy the story, and produce it herself if necessary, but you will play Stephen Clarke."

"I also think that Leonard should have a contract," Velma went on.

"Consider yourself with a contract," Dodo said to Leonard.

"No, I am serious," Velma protested. "Everybody knows that Leonard is clever. It is just that the talkies have brought such a flood of Broadway actors here that the producers have forgotten the reliable stand-bys. It's absurd that they should be allowed to forget. I'll just mention Leonard's name to Perlman, and Leonard will get a contract."

"If, while mentioning the oversight, you stamp your foot," Leonard suggested.

HE knew that she could get him a contract. Not because he was Leonard Grammond, but because she was Velma Breslin. She would do it, too. She was generous and loyal, but that wasn't the way a fellow kept his self-respect. He would tell her later that he wouldn't stand for such a thing, but for the present it was nice to pretend that he was going to let her.

Luncheon was announced. It was served in the long, bright dining room by a pair of velvet-footed Japanese boys. A delicious luncheon, perfectly served. Leonard wondered how many times he would remember it, back in the dusty, dirty room.

"Speak French, Leonard?" Velma asked.

"Not a word."

"I do. I'm awfully smart. Listen." She addressed Dodo in French.

"The accent is atrocious," Dodo said. "But she's done well for the short while she's been studying."

"Well, answer me," Velma said, "so he'll know that you at least understood me."

Dodo obliged and Velma spoke again in French. The conversation went on for two or three minutes while Leonard listened to see if he could distinguish the difference in accents.

"My ambition," Velma explained presently, "is to make a talkie for the entertainment of the French people."

Dodo laughed. "They'll be entertained greatly if that accent doesn't improve," he said.

After luncheon Velma asked if Leonard would like to see the rest of the house. He said that he would, and she and Dodo escorted him through mazes of sun parlors, bedrooms, bathrooms, and sitting rooms. Gold curtains in one sun parlor, a teakwood bed in one chamber, a blue-tiled wall in one bathroom, and an Angora cat sleeping on a bearskin rug in one sitting room were all that he could recall till they came to a suite in the west wing of the house. So swiftly had he been shown about, and so numerous were the objects worth noticing, that he had seen practically nothing. But in the suite they lingered.

"It has a bedroom, sitting room, tiny sun parlor, and bath," said Velma. "The whole suite would fit into my bedroom, but it is furnished nicely. It was furnished for a man guest. Note the dark substantial furniture, the pipe rack, the selection of books on the shelf. Note anything you feel like, but, for heaven's sake, don't overlook the closets and bureau drawers. They were designed to accommodate masculine clothes and were my idea. You'll be comfy here."

"*I'll* be!" Leonard exclaimed.

"Yes," Dodo said. "She tells things backwards. See, darling! You should have invited the gentleman first and then explained things."

"Well, anyhow," Velma said, "get your trunk and move over here. We want you."

Dodo nodded in agreement. "We do," he said.

Leonard remembered the French exercises at the luncheon table. Lord, these people were good!

"Oh, I couldn't do that," he said.

"Why not?" Velma cried. "If I were having a little difficulty and you happened to be a star just at that moment, wouldn't you help me?"

"Of course I would if you'd let me. But you wouldn't. Did you let me help you when you did need it?"

"Oh, that's no argument."

Leonard sank into one of the chairs. Oh, the comfort of it! He thought of himself sitting there reading. That would be heaven, he thought fervently. God! A contract with Perlman and this home till he was on his feet again. How much nearer could a person come to heaven? Oh, for the weakness to accept it!

Well, why not accept it? After all, Velma and Dodo had more money than they knew what to do with. Dodo, he remembered having read, was the eldest son of an immensely wealthy family. Velma would enjoy using her influence to re-create his popularity. He would be no trouble to them, and what a help they would be to him. Besides, Velma wouldn't take no for an answer. Even if he didn't move in, she would probably get Perlman to call him up. Everything would be so easy from now on if he willed it so. Well, why not? He would be a fool to turn it down.

Suppose it was charity? What of it? It was better to take charity than to live in dirt and go hungry half the day. It was tough, though, to take charity. Even from people like Velma and Dodo. Things happened to you, once you did. You became afraid to express an honest opinion; you got soft and forgot how to take things as they came and keep fighting.

Oh, well! To hell with fighting! As long as they were willing to take him in and Velma wanted to get him a contract, he'd be a fool to let the chance slip by.

SUDDENLY the idea of accepting favors didn't seem so ghastly. He'd tried being independent long enough. He was tired. He saw that he was giving in. The comfort of that chair had convinced him. He was weakening. Why not make life easy?

He jumped up suddenly. Dodo put down the book through which he had been looking and Velma stopped fussing around the bureau.

"Could I have a drink?" Leonard asked.

"Sure," Velma said.

They walked downstairs. Dodo poured out a good-sized drink which Leonard gulped down. There is courage for the weak in liquor.

"Have another?" Dodo asked.

"Yes, please."

He drank that swiftly, too.

"Coming to live with us?" Velma asked. "It's up to you. You're crazy if you don't. We're nice people and we live nicely, don't we, Dodo? Anyhow, I'm going to get you lots of work."

Yes, she would get him lots of work. No doubt about that. In fact, from now on every job he got he would probably owe to Velma's kindness. Then he would not feel like saying that Velma was not absolutely flawless in her latest rôle or that Perlman was not a prince of good fellows. Although, maybe, when you were weak enough to take a contract—knowing in your heart that you had nothing left to give the producer and the public—then, maybe, you got so that you could speak scathingly about your benefactors too.

Velma knew that the slim flash of brilliance that had been his appeal was gone forever. He had seen in her pitying eyes that she knew he was finished. In the name of kindliness she would fix him so that he need never worry again. He'd be sort of a pensioner. And, God, how he wanted to be safe and secure again!

"Well, it sure is a nice place you have," he said. "I'm glad to see you both so happy, too. It's rarely that marriages like yours turn out well."

"What do you mean by that?" Dodo asked.

"I mean marriages that are made without love."

"Why, Len, we're crazy about each other!" Velma's eyes were puzzled and slightly amused.

HE waved a deprecating hand at her. "Go on! Don't give me that. I've known Hollywood too long."

"He's lit," Velma said to Dodo.

"Sure, I'm lit. If I were sober I'd keep my mouth shut, but I'd think these things just the same." Leonard leaned back in his chair and sprawled his legs out in front of him. "I ought to keep my mouth shut and take what I can get, but I always speak my mind in liquor."

"Take him upstairs and get him to bed, Dodo."

Dodo said, "No, *chérie*, I wish to hear what he has been thinking." Dodo's chin was suddenly very firm and prominent. He stood with his arms akimbo, eying Leonard coldly.

"Well," said Leonard, "I'll tell you. You married her"—he pointed at each in turn—"because she's a beautiful woman and because she's a famous woman and a rich woman. You don't care what she's like outside of that. Love? Say, this wasn't a marriage. It was a merger. *She* married you because you had a coat of arms and a title. Say, I know Hollywood. There's as much love in a marriage like this as there is in selling short."

"You're a low-born, filthy liar," Velma said.

"See? Now I've got myself unpopular for telling what I thought."

"Please leave," Dodo said. "And at once." He stood facing the fireplace, his back a rigid line, one foot tapping the hearth nervously.

"You're lucky you're drunk," Velma said. She did not look at him either, and her tone was contemptuous. "Here's your hat."

"Well, I guess I'll be going," Leonard said. "Good-by. I can't help what I think, can I? It's probably true, anyhow."

Nobody answered him. He let himself out of Velma's Spanish castle and walked shakily down the hill and away. At the corner he looked back toward the house. Even if they were watching, they could not see him now. The foliage was too thick. He straightened up and smiled wanly. He'd tell Kittridge that he could also do drunks. Well, he'd go back to the room now. The dirty room. Blasted fool that he was.

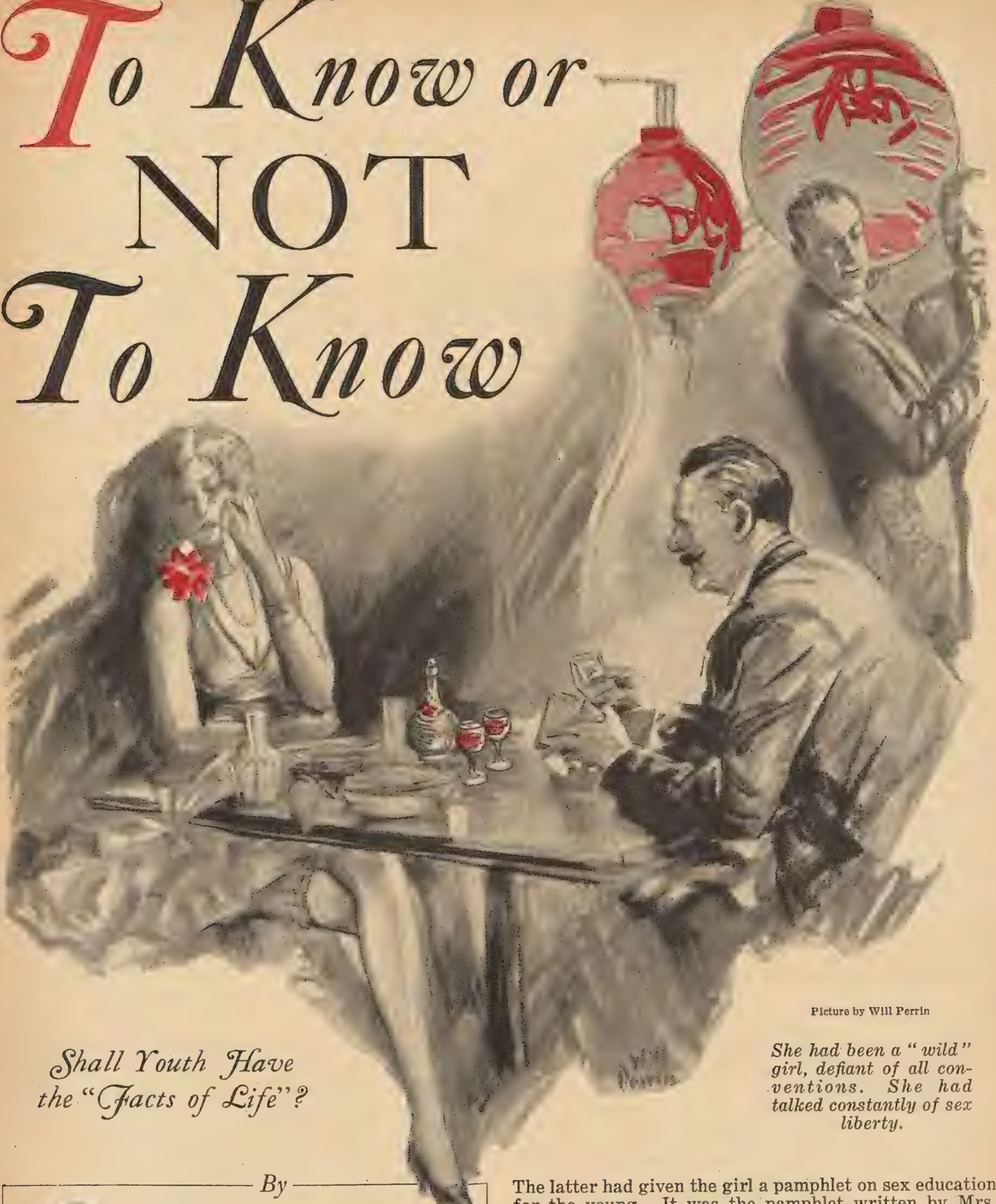
He squared his shoulders and thrust his chin out. He had kept inviolate his right to say that he considered Perlman a skunk and Velma a damn' unconvincing Nell Gwyn.

The bus let him out at the door of his hotel. The little gray-suited men looked inquiringly at him as he walked through the lobby and up the dusty stairs.

He entered the room and went directly to the bureau. He took Velma's picture out of its silver frame and wrapped the frame carelessly in newspaper. Then he started for the pawnbroker's. He had intended to do that hours ago when he had first found the picture in the trunk, but Joe Kittridge's phone call had delayed him. Well, one time was as good as another, Leonard thought, as he closed the door behind him.

THE END

# To Know or NOT To Know



Picture by Will Perrin

## *Shall Youth Have the "Facts of Life"?*

*She had been a "wild" girl, defiant of all conventions. She had talked constantly of sex liberty.*

By

### JUDGE CHARLES A. OBERWAGER

*whose insight into social problems derives not more from theoretical knowledge than from practical experience, which he gained while a New York city magistrate, and while a labor leader.*

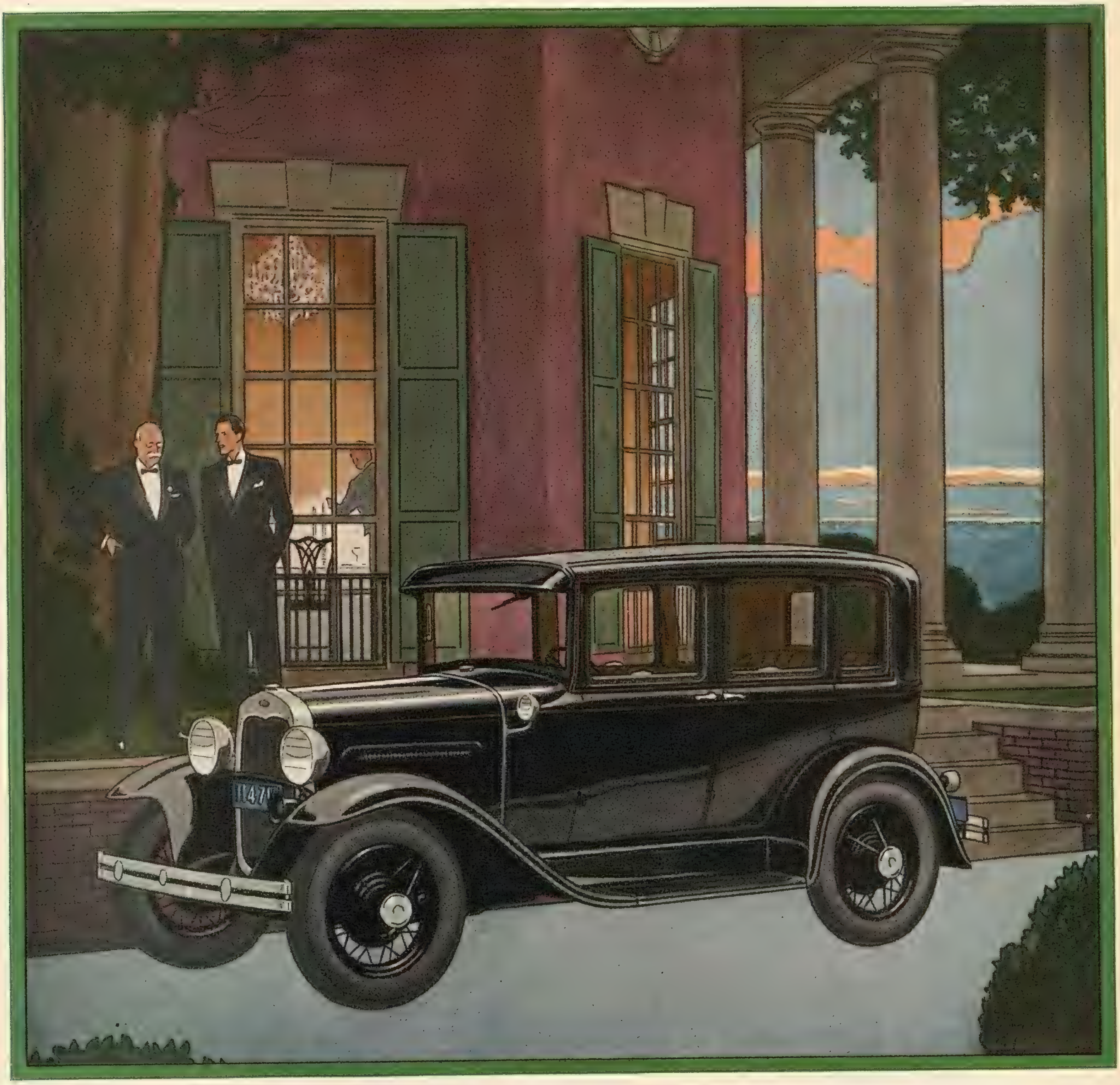
"WHOEVER mars the innocence of a young girl is worse than a murderer!" said the mother. She had come to me in court to seek the punishment of another woman, a school-teacher. She was blindly enraged. As she put it, the purity of her daughter, a girl of sixteen, had been endangered by the miscreant. The latter had given the girl a pamphlet on sex education for the young. It was the pamphlet written by Mrs. Mary Ware Dennett, who later on was to be convicted in a Federal court of writing and sending obscene matter through the mail.

It seemed to me upon examination of the pamphlet that instead of being destructive of morals it was exactly the opposite—distinctly constructive. I said so. This immediately diverted the mother's wrath to my head. I was unfit to sit on the bench! I should know that information of that sort was dangerous to the immature, paving the way to moral downfall! And so on and on and on.

That very day there was another case before me that stands out sharply in my memory because it awakened speculation on the same subject.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTEEN]

# Beauty of line and mechanical excellence



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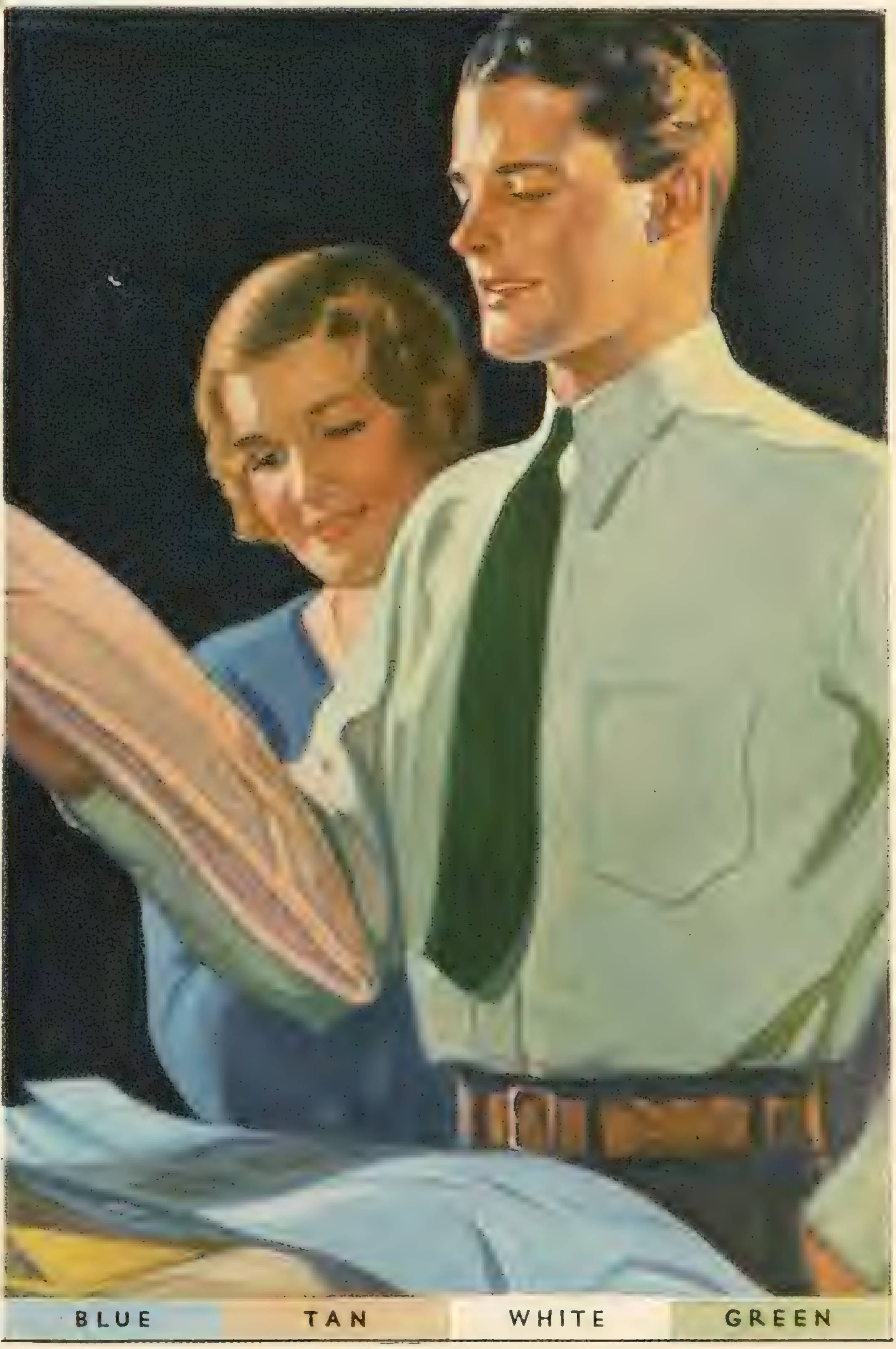

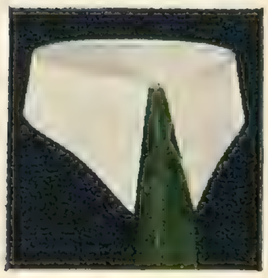

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTEEN]

A father and mother had brought their daughter to me for aid. Although she also was only sixteen, she was in the sorriest plight that can come to her sex. They wanted the recalcitrant young man in the case made to shoulder his responsibility.

The innocent look of the girl struck me. It seemed impossible that what the parents said could be so. The girl's big violet-blue eyes were wondering. When I spoke to her she answered as though in a daze, not fully comprehending what had happened, only that she had caused her parents a lot of suffering. I spoke of this to the father. The tears began to fill his eyes.

"That's what makes it so terrible," he said. "She had the pure mind of a little child, knowing nothing about sex, ready to believe anything he told her. I wanted my wife to instruct her—but she argued there was plenty of time for that. . . ."

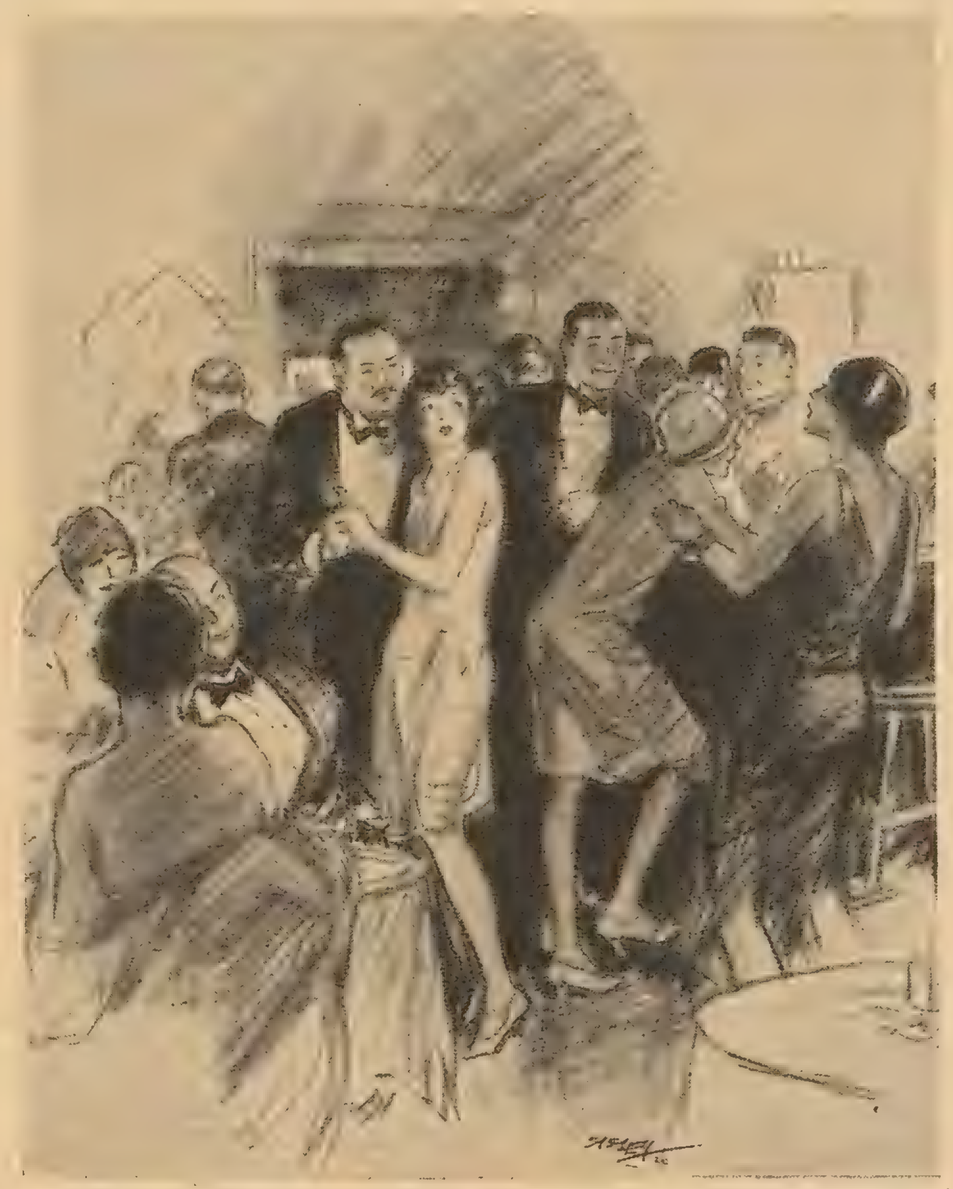
The mother was sobbing bitterly, her face buried in the golden hair of the girl, whose head rested on her shoulder.

"That's all true," she said brokenly. "It's my fault—I know it. Now it's too late."

In these two cases you have graphic illustrations of the opposing sides of a question that is beginning to agitate parental America: Are boys and girls to know or not to know the truths concerning sex?

Although the United States Circuit Court of Appeals later reversed the astounding conviction of Mrs. Dennett, the matter is far from being settled. The government has threatened to appeal to a higher court. Mrs. Dennett's partisans, the cultural cream of American society, reply that they will go further, if necessary—even to Congress.

As a matter of fact the case is already before the highest of all human courts, the Court of Public Conscience, brought into the limelight at last by the experience of the elderly mother whose only purpose in writing her pamphlet was to enlighten her own young sons and safeguard them against the pitfalls of sex ignorance.



Picture by Raymond Sisley

*A babe in the woods, blindfolded, and social wolves on every side of her.*

ALTHOUGH we may not all of us have noticed it, practically all of parental America has been weighing this very problem increasingly the last two or three years, each thinking it was an individual problem, each taking a position quietly on one side or the other. The stage had been getting set for a general show-down for some time. It needed only something like the amazing experience of Mrs. Dennett to bring the matter into the open.

At a social gathering the other evening the conversation turned to a discussion of sex education for the young. Present chiefly were persons of culture and attainment, unmarried mostly, though there were some whose children were grown up. In other words, these were persons not directly interested in the problem, which perhaps accounts for the moderation of their views.

To my surprise, instead of the majority slanting toward liberalism, opinion was about evenly divided, if anything inclining slightly the other way. And here was a significant thing: though neither side could be budged from its position, each side was willing to concede that there was something to be said for the stand of the other. The gist of the prevailing opinion was that while sex instruction might be valuable under certain circumstances, there was always present the danger that the good would be outweighed by the bad.

So I've changed my mind, though not my opinion. Liberalism isn't going to have a walk-over. For here is a problem as close to the hearts of the people as the problem of prohibition, and just as sharply split in the middle. And just as a large section of the public is irrevocably dry—disregarding all questions of personal liberty—so is a huge section composed of earnest people overwhelmingly for the traditional shielding of youth from the facts of sex life, regardless of what may be argued logically in favor of sex instruction.

THERE is really nothing strange about this, though at first glance it seems strange in view of the attitude of extreme liberality on matters of sex that has prevailed. It is simply a return swing of the pendulum.

Society is in revolt against the tidal wave of sex that almost engulfed the world following the big war. That's the real explanation. And society is going to try and demonstrate its disapproval in the usual way. That is, by suppression—suppression of anything and everything that smacks of sex. It is the selfsame method used by impatient reformers to settle the liquor problem. Questions of logic or of rights don't enter into the matter for them at all. I know that this is so from my own observation in court. I know particularly that it is acutely so, right now, because in preparation for this article I have been questioning parents—all sorts of parents from every walk in life.

And the majority of those parents who don't immediately oppose sex instruction will wriggle and squirm when you try to pin them down, particularly if they have young sons and daughters. And among these are parents who talk liberally enough at first while discussing the matter in theory. But try to get them to decide in the cases of their own youngsters, and most of them will plead that they haven't quite made up their minds. Others, I know, are only held back from opposing such instruction by not wanting to seem old-fashioned. However, whatever their reasons, for every one who comes out for sex frankness there are several who take the opposite side or refuse to commit themselves.

There was one father I talked with, a professional man with two daughters and a son, who laid his finger undoubtedly on what has brought about this change in the parental attitude.

"There has been entirely too much sex-consciousness," he said, "for the old and mature, but particularly for the young. The decencies of life have been almost submerged by the flood of free thinking and free speaking on subjects of the most intimate nature.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[TO KNOW OR NOT TO KNOW
Continued from page seventeen]

"Instead of more sex enlightenment, boys and girls need less. They know too much already, more than they ever did. That's the only thing wrong with modern youth—the cause of its excesses—where all the danger lies."

He gave me what he thought were proofs: examples of how immature boys and girls displayed openly a revolting familiarity with sex matters, displayed it openly, without the least reticence or shame. And he gave me examples of how lax thinking had led to lax conduct.

There is no doubt that the youth of America does know and think too much about sex. But that being freely admitted, the problem is not to be solved by suppression. It is too late for that. The only way to cure the danger is to TEACH THEM MORE. They know too much, and not quite enough. What they know is incomplete—half knowledge. Admittedly they would be better off knowing nothing of sex.

For the thing that is rampant today is dangerous sex misinformation, a sort of glib familiarity with the general subject and its terminology. The mass of information passing current as fact is prurient speculation, biologically incomplete, misleading and alluring, psychologically keyed to excuse infractions and inflame desire. It does not include that knowledge of sex laws which, when understood, are signposts to point out dangers and penalties that are involved by transgression. Or if it does, it merely indicates them with such gilded aspect that they make no restraining impression.

This is the sort of thing that parental America is fed up with, calling it sex knowledge. And the danger is that, attributing the evils which follow in its wake to real sex knowledge, parental America will fight against the only cure for the ugly state of affairs.

I had gone to a hospital to take the deposition of a dying girl. She was eighteen, perhaps—ultramodern, a typical flapper.

The doctor told her as gently as possible that the Grim Reaper was ready, this being necessary to lend legal force to the accusation against the malpractitioner.

Her terror was pitiable. The more so, probably, because she had been a "wild" girl. The woman probation officer had learned this by careful inquiry. Everybody in the neighborhood had known it except her own parents. Women had said, pityingly enough, that they had been expecting something like this; that the girl had been defiant of all conventions, had talked constantly of sex liberty and known more about such matters than old married women.

But had she known more? The attending physician shattered that idea entirely. In spite of her glib assurance the girl had been utterly ignorant of the real facts of sex.

THE youthful sex sophisticates from whom she had gathered misinformation had talked airily of how easy it was to escape consequences. She had learned later that they were only talking. They didn't know anything about it. And when she tried to get help from them she couldn't. They didn't know, or they didn't want to be involved, or they hadn't any money to give her. And so, becoming panic-stricken, she had followed the advice of a woman who knew as little as herself. And now she was paying the price, not of her sin, not of her sex knowledge, but of her ignorance.

"It seems impossible," said the doctor, "that a girl could reach her age nowadays and be so ignorant of the danger she was incurring."

That was the thought rankling in the girl's mind also. "Why didn't I know? Why wasn't I told?" she kept moaning—this girl who by neighborhood repute knew all there was to know.

That cry, I have often noticed, is the usual whiplash to sex disaster: "Oh, if I had only known!"

I had used this case as an illustration, only to be immediately challenged.

"What about the people in possession of complete sex information?" demanded my friend; "doctors, nurses, biologists, teachers, and others? You surely wouldn't say that they are always paragons of morality? Or even that as a class they are more moral than the generality of mankind?"

Of course I wouldn't! Nor did I suggest that if the little girl had known the truth she would infallibly have been virtuous. Unfortunately, such knowledge does not always constitute a protective armor. But I will not admit that it could not have helped her. That is something no one can ever know. And this I do know: that according to the law of averages her chances would have been far better. I have been told frequently by settlement workers, visiting nurses, women probation officers, teachers whose duties bring them in intimate contact with young girls in the congested districts of New York, that the ratio of waywardness among those girls who have had instruction in the matter is very far below that of girls who have not.

And to this extent at least knowledge would have helped that girl, as it helps any girl. Knowing the somber side as well as the glittering, realizing the physical dangers of transgression, she would have been a more careful girl. And though that is short of the ideal, there is much to be said for it—if we are sensible enough to face the unpalatable facts of life.

I know a prominent physician whose practice lies at both extremes of society. His regular patients come to his fashionable Park Avenue office and are people of wealth and culture. Then, being very benevolent, he goes several times a week to a free clinic on the lower West Side, where the poor and ignorant of the foreign colonies come for free medical aid.

WE were talking of Mrs. Dennett's conviction and he lost his temper at what he termed the criminal stupidity of the jury.

"If there is one outstanding social need in America today," he said, "it is clean, thorough instruction of this sort for every boy and girl."

I asked him how far, in his opinion, the sex information of the modern boy and girl goes.

"Goes!" he said scornfully. "Why, it doesn't even begin in most cases! Youngsters think they know a lot, and many of them do—of the suggestion, and the filth, and the lure. But they haven't the least comprehension of the real physical problems and dangers involved."

He went on to explain that in his downtown free clinic there was a daily procession of boys and girls, many of them condemned to perhaps a lifetime of shattered health because they had been ignorant of the terrible chances they were taking. Whereas in his uptown practice there was practically none of this.

"Certainly it isn't because there is more morality in the upper class. Perhaps there is less," he said. "But there is more education and more frank recognition of the importance of sex.

"And I guess no parent, rich or poor, would complain that such knowledge was wasted if it saved a son or daughter from physical disaster, even if it fell short of strengthening them to complete moral resistance."

I have noticed that the extremists among those who oppose instruction are almost always ready to back their opinions with "proofs." Often it is a personal experience—and then merely to combat them renders them rabid, like good people afflicted with dipsomaniacal relatives, when anyone dares to suggest that prohibition is wrong.

Such a man once came to me. Books concerning sex, he said, were responsible for his daughter's downfall. According to him, her very first symptom of waywardness was an interest in improper reading matter. This was not immoral literature—in the beginning—but articles in the family encyclopedia on biology, eugenics, sex hygiene, and the like.

He went on to explain how earnestly he had tried to repress her wrong tendency. A stern course, he thought, would be best. So he forbade her to go on with such reading. The only reason he felt called upon to give the girl was that it was not "proper." He threatened drastic punishment if she disobeyed.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY]

# Germs incite 80% of dental ills

## Millions are imprisoned on your teeth by film

Film
that is found by dental research to discolor teeth and foster serious tooth and gum disorders.

## Free... *special film-removing tooth paste for you to try*

**This special method that removes film and combats bacteria will be mailed you free to try. It will bring a great change also in your teeth's appearance.**

THIS advertisement is published to ask you to accept and try a tooth paste entirely different from all others on the market. (See coupon.)

By the time your free supply is gone these things will have happened to your teeth: *stains and discolorations will be gone—decay combated at the source—the incidence of pyorrhea noticeably controlled.*

### *The new principle of combating germs of dental ills*

The great destroyers of teeth and tissues are highly active germs. Germs cause decay. Under favorable conditions they, with tartar, cause pyorrhea, too. For 80% of all dental ills germs are held primarily responsible. Many ways are known to kill bacteria. *But on the teeth bacteria cannot be reached by ordinary methods.*

A sticky, stubborn film envelops and covers them. It glues germs against the enamel and in the tiny cracks and crevices. There they breed by millions. *To fight these germs you must remove germ-laden film.*

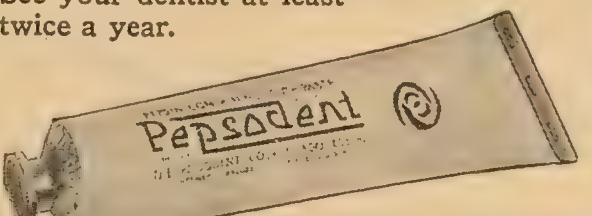
Too vigorous brushing injures gums and teeth. Dentists know that to be a fact. Under high dental supervision Pepsodent was developed to remove film by a unique scientific action. It *curdles* film so that light brushing easily removes it—gently, safely.

Pepsodent does not contain pumice, harmful grit or crude abrasive.

### *Please accept a supply to try*

We ask you to send for a sufficient quantity of Pepsodent for a test that will prove remarkably convincing. Tear out the coupon and send it to the nearest address . . . today.

Use Pepsodent twice a day.
See your dentist at least
twice a year.

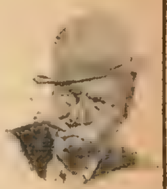


Pepsodent, the tooth paste featured in the Amos'n' Andy Radio Program

America's Most Popular Radio Feature

**AMOS 'n' ANDY**

You will find yourself awaiting eagerly these incomparable blackface artists. On the air every night except Sunday over N. B. C. Network.



**7 p. m. on stations operating on Eastern time**
**10:30 p. m. on stations operating on Central time**
**9:30 p.m., Mountain time–8:30 p. m., Pacific time**

**FREE 10-DAY TUBE**

Mail coupon to

The Pepsodent Co.,
Dept. 225, 919 N. Michigan Ave.,
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Name.........................................

Address.........................................

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**Other Offices: The Pepsodent Co., 191 George St., Toronto 2, Ont., Can.; 8 India St., London, E. C. 3, Eng.; (Australia), Ltd., 72 Wentworth Ave., Sydney, N. S. W.**

Only one tube to a family 3397

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

Before long he discovered his daughter was reading the forbidden stuff in public libraries. He kept his word—punished her in a manner calculated to teach her a lesson. It did teach her a lesson, but not the one he intended. It taught her to be secretive.

She now began to frequent an old book store where in privacy she had access to books of every sort touching on sex. The father had not discovered this until it was too late to save her. The literature, he said, had completely undermined her morality. He wanted the man punished—the young man in charge of the book store. The father included this man only as an incidental factor in his daughter's undoing. The real cause was books! He had got this bugaboo idea in his first parental uneasiness, and it was riding him to the end.

But I delved into the question of the young man's part. And I discovered that in addition to being highly intelligent, he was adept of tongue and barren of morals. And while he was supplying the unsophisticated girl with sex books—not clean sex books, but dangerous books—he had been filling her head with a distorted philosophy of sex, the philosophy that justifies transgression as a natural and purely personal matter. Mentally reassured by the stuff she was reading, the girl had failed to be shocked by his improper advances.

And the father blamed it all on sex books. . . . He didn't see that he was at all to blame for the tragedy.

Yet take the case of a woman who, discovering the same tendency in her daughter, found the cure in the very thing the father had condemned. The girl had been seeking out older girls, girls of a more sophisticated sort, girls not any too careful of their actions. And the mother awakened to her problem when she overheard a group of them, including her daughter, discussing sex matters in a highly colored and distorted way.

Like most parents stirred by sudden alarm, this mother's first thought was of repressive measures. But she did not yield to snap judgment on so important a matter. She realized that sex curiosity is the natural heritage of every girl reaching adolescence—that new emotions awaken in her questions concerning what is, after all, the most impelling instinct of normal life.

Here was curiosity rooted in forces beyond her control, she concluded. But though she could not control instinctive curiosity, she could direct it toward information that would be clean, wholesome, strengthening. Instead of driving her daughter to secret sources of misinformation, as that father had done, she placed in her hands well recommended books, books which treated the subject frankly yet delicately, books that explained matters which would have embarrassed the mother to explain personally.

That girl lost all her interest in her sophisticated acquaintances—indeed, took a direct turn in the opposite direction. And I am sure it would clarify the ideas of some hesitating parents to hear this mother express her opinion of sex education whenever anyone attacks it in her presence.

I HAVE noticed that the objection raised most frequently by parents against instruction of this sort is that it is unnecessary. And these parents are not puritanical. They will concede, many of them, that in theory, at least, such instruction may be of help to girls and boys who lack the usual advantages of life in average American homes. But, they will contend, normal, intelligent boys and girls brought up in decent environment by careful parents are in the vast majority. And these get along perfectly well without a mass of information which can be of no personal use to them until they are married. While it may do no harm, it is unnecessary. Why experiment?

I heard a delightful matron, whose own daughter is safely married, expressing herself along this line recently. She is a Southern woman, poised, graceful, cultured, an embodiment of the traditional womanhood of the Old South.

"In my day," she said, "no one would even have thought of suggesting such instruction for young girls. We realized, of course, that sex was one of the important sides of life—but we didn't feel that it should be treated as the most important. Even married women avoided discussing such matters between themselves. And as for young girls! Well, the chief charm of girlhood, we held in those days, was maidenly innocence—an entire lack of sophistication. Feminine modesty was glorified in literature and song. And no fit person even thought of mentioning the word sex to an unmarried girl, much less of discussing its intimate features.

"Who can say that the women of our day fell behind the women of today in morality? Or that there was less happiness for girls? Or less respect from men? And who will contend that our girls suffer by contrast with the sophisticated girls of today, who know so much about sex and discuss it freely, even with men? Our girls made a pretty fine showing without sex knowledge; and girls nowadays don't need it any more than they did."

She said it with an air of triumph, and there was a burst of applause from the gathering, chiefly middle-aged. She did not realize, nor did the others, that in emphasizing the great change in social conditions in boys and girls, she had pointed out the chief reason for the instruction to which she was opposed.

It is true that the girl of yesterday got along very well without such knowledge. But that girl lived in an entirely different world. Society was organized to shield her from the forbidden subject. Even to call certain things by their real names was vulgar. Legs were limbs. Thus, with society exalting ignorance, it was possible—nay, necessary—for a girl to drift along serenely, saying nothing about sex, knowing nothing, pretending to think nothing, until wedlock loomed immediately ahead. Then, too, girls married young—and sometimes hurriedly.

BUT think. How would that system fit the girl of today? Could she possibly dodge along, dissimulating, blinking her eyes at fact, pretending to believe that babies come in cabbages? Well, not by several jugfuls—unless she were willing to pass for either a moron or a hypocrite. Not in these days when one can't make a move in any direction without coming face to face with something that concerns sex.

To begin with, the girl of today needn't pretend and turn her head. Society no longer interdicts her recognition of the matter. In fact, society—in contrast with other days—seems organized to force sex on her notice. What with revealing clothes, and beauty shops on every side, she can't help but be impressed with the importance of bodily sex appeal. Her mind is deluged with free discussions of sex psychology, with literature that reeks of sex, by newspapers that play up that dominant subject, with plays that pound away on the same problem.

I don't know how anyone can reason that babelike innocence can protect a boy or girl in these days when sophistication is "smart," when "petting" is an accepted pastime, and the pocket flask is the insignia of popularity.

Yet there are parents who think they can shield their daughters from contact with this state of things. They might—for a while—by sequestering the girl, denying her social freedom, maintaining constant surveillance, interdicting reading and pretty much every sort of mental relaxation. But I hate to think what sort of an existence that girl would have, and what a dull, uninteresting person she would turn out to be.

And think what would happen to such a girl if, after being raised in moral cotton batting, something happened suddenly to turn her loose on her own in this sex-conscious world! A nice predicament she would be in, wouldn't she? A babe in the woods, blindfolded, and social wolves on every side of her.

In a sense, a great many parents follow the blindfold system right now. The girl reaches adolescence knowing nothing, giving no thought to the matter, because nature hasn't as yet aroused her curiosity. The parent has found it easy to shield her from knowledge up till now.

And it is exactly at this age, when she turns inquiring, that in vast numbers she is sent off to school to associate with older girls. She hasn't the slightest conception of

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE TWENTY-TWO]

# You can keep *your* skin lovely just as 511 Hollywood Actresses do

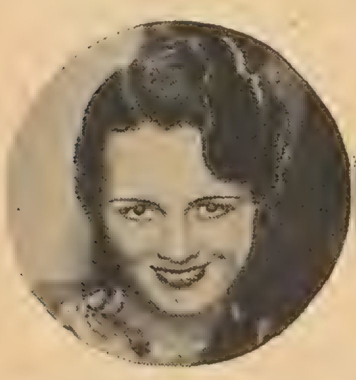
## *98% of the lovely complexions you see on the screen are cared for with Lux Toilet Soap . . .*

NOBODY knows better than the world's popular screen stars the importance of petal-smooth skin. As Raoul Walsh, famous Fox director, says: "Smooth skin is the most potent charm a girl can have—and an essential for stardom on the screen, with its many revealing close-ups."

Of the 521 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 511 use Lux Toilet Soap, not only at home, but on location. For, at their request, it has been made the official soap in all the great film studios.

Like 9 out of 10 screen stars, the loveliest Broadway stage stars, too, use Lux Toilet Soap. No wonder so many of them have successfully passed the screen test for talking pictures!

And the European stars are now using it! In France, in England, in Germany. You'll be delighted with the way this fragrant white soap cares for *your* skin. Order several cakes —today.



Mary Astor, ever so attractive a screen star.

Mary Brian, beloved little Paramount star.

Betty Compson, attractive Radio Pictures' player.

Sue Carol, vivacious star with Fox Films.

Marion Davies, fascinating Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star.

Joan Crawford, lovely Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star.

Clara Bow, scintillant Paramount star.

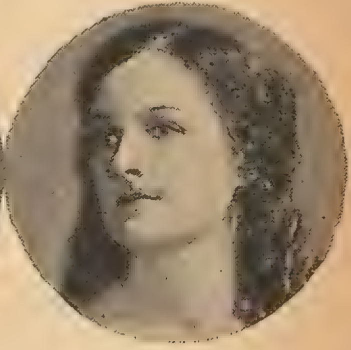
Evelyn Brent, exquisitely beautiful star.

Bebe Daniels, charming Radio Pictures' player.

Dorothy Mackaill, lovely and talented star.

Billie Dove, lovable First National star.

Janet Gaynor, delightful little Fox star.



Eleanor Boardman, appealingly beautiful star.

Betty Bronson, a star famous for her charm.

Marion Nixon, beautiful Warner Brothers' star.

May McAvoy, popular little star.

# LUX Toilet Soap

*First Sweeping Hollywood—then Broadway —and now the European Capitals . . .* 10¢

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY]

what sex really is. But her mind is a blotter, eager to sop up and register anything about it she hears. And this, mark you, is the time when her plastic character is being molded, when she is most apt to be permanently influenced by half truths alluringly presented.

The principal of a girls' boarding school once told me that for years her chief problem was to find ways to prevent older girls of a sophisticated type from implanting their improper ideas in the minds of their younger schoolmates. This called for unremitting watchfulness, and then wasn't always successful. Girls of school age always have their harmless secrets and confidences, and it wasn't possible to interfere with these. But when certain older girls were always surrounded by younger ones, newcomers especially, suspicion was awakened. This principal, familiar with the characteristics of girlhood, knew that ignorant young girls were attracted to older girls who knew more, as though by a magnetic force. And being a psychologist, and recognizing that sex curiosity was back of it, she decided to try and utilize the cause as the cure.

THEREFORE she instituted a system of sex instruction, graded to suit the ages of the pupils. Instruction began on the enrollment of the very young girl and continued until she left. One of the girl's first examinations was on this subject, and usually it disclosed an appalling ignorance, as well as a great interest.

And the practical result was this: the sex problem in that particular school ceased to exist.

Ignorance has never been a moral safeguard, which makes it strange that so many are willing to accept it as such. It has always been the girl who didn't know who strayed into trouble. It always will be. Nowadays it's the girl who seems to know, but who really doesn't.

IN the many cases that have come before me judicially, I always made it a point to get to the bottom of the matter, to see what part sex knowledge or its lack had played. I have two young daughters of my own, and I realize that the best way to avoid pitfalls is to learn from the mistakes of others. And I have found that while most of the boys and girls who got into sex trouble were well primed with the glittering misinformation so prevalent today, practically none of them knew anything of consequence about the real facts of sex.

No one would sensibly deny that ignorance were better than alluring half-knowledge. But complete ignorance is no longer possible—not in the modern world—for adolescent youth spurred to insatiable curiosity by awakened instincts, and with eyes, ears, minds wide open for any and all information that seems to explain the strange new emotions and ideas which possess it.

THE END

*NEXT WEEK—*

TWO UNUSUAL STORIES

"We Meet Again"
*a tale of France*
*by*
Rita Weiman

"Quartette"—*a tragedy of marriage*
*by*
Mazo de la Roche
*(who wrote "Jalna")*

# TWENTY QUESTIONS

**Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.**

1—What is the birth stone for May?
2—What is a Kanaka?
3—What is a dobbin?
4—What does juxtapose mean?
5—What is a derringer?
6—What is the title of a daughter of the King of Spain?
7—Who commanded the British Grand Fleet at the Battle of Jutland?
8—The Magyars are natives of what country?
9—What is a mixed number?
10—What is an *affaire d'amour?*
11—Who is called the Father of Medicine?
12—What is a hiatus?
13—What is the medical name for the disease popularly called parrot fever?
14—Where is the tomb of America's Unknown Soldier?
15—What is the brightest star in the heavens?
16—What is the source of "Faint heart never won fair lady"?
17—What does heterodox mean?
18—In what government publication are the full proceedings of Congress printed?
19—What is the capital of Persia?
20—What state has no divorce law?

*(Answers will be found on page sixty-six)*

*I guaranteed 2 MORE good shaves from any blade, but*

I was too conservative!

*Jim Henry* Mennen Salesman

THOUSANDS of men put my guarantee to the test . . . and they don't get *two* more shaves with Mennen Shaving Cream . . . most of them get three, or four or even five! Can you beat it? If you can, I'd be tickled to hear from you.

Mennen alone gives you two kinds of shaving cream . . . Menthol-Iced, and Without Menthol. Both give you clean, comfortable modern shaves. Both build up a thick, quick lather in any water. Mennen lather tones up your skin. It penetrates pores, cleans them. Softens hairs so completely that there is little work left for the razor to do. The only difference in the two Mennen Shaving Creams is this—Mennen Without Menthol is smooth and bland. Menthol-iced lather has a triple-cool tingle all its own. My guarantee covers them both.

Test my guarantee! Shoot in the coupon for a free trial tube. *Jim Henry* Mennen Salesman

***And remember—** The invigorating after-shave 6-Second Massage with Mennen Skin Balm . . . It's a soothing protection to the skin. Heals razor nicks. Improves appearance, too.*

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WITHOUT MENTHOL MENTHOL-ICED

THE MENNEN CO., Dept. L-5, NEWARK, N. J.
*Jim Henry: Send me a free trial tube of Mennen, Jim. I'll try it with my razor.*
Name.....................
Address.................City.............
☐ *Send me Mennen Menthol-Iced*
☐ *Send me Mennen Without Menthol*

# Are You Wet or Dry?

### What Drys Don't Realize

RICHMOND, IND.—Our seemingly unknowing drys do not seem to realize that they have taken millions out of the government's hands, the manufacturer's, the honest laborer's, and the farmer's. These same millions they have placed in the hands of the world's most criminal types of humanity. Many of our bootleggers can neither read nor write, and a great many more know no English except "pint," "quart," "gallon," or "case."—*Fred B. McClure.*

### The Best of All Plans

POTTSTOWN, PA.—I am a dry. I believe that no better plan could be found to handle the liquor problem in the United States than the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act.

Laura Shrum

The good they have accomplished is admitted by all fair-minded people.

The cry that the rich can get liquor and the poor cannot, is not true. The law is the same for both classes, but it is an admission on the part of the wets that the majority of the people are not using liquor.—*Laura Shrum.*

### The Great American Fake

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Some of us are fanatics with twisted brains—some of us have escaped the possibility of twisted brains by not having any brains at all—and the rest of us call prohibition the Great American Fake.

Fifteen years ago, son and daughter didn't discuss the family liquor procuring and consuming escapades. But now, son and daughter and the rest of their high-school friends have a contest to see who can hold it best, whose father is the best law dodger, and whose mother is the best "sport."—*P. Jonas.*

### The Right to Enjoyment

SANDUSKY, OHIO—It would seem that the energy required to earn money should entitle its holder to all of the enjoyment it can buy, so long as its use does not limit the personal liberty of others. Alcoholic beverages are a source of great enjoyment.

J. E. Morton

At heart I have never favored prohibition; yet, I have never been drunk. At the same time, I voted dry in my state prohibition election. Present conditions prompt me to apologize for ever having voted a dry ticket.

It would be no more unjust to prohibit the use of automobiles for the reason that some of the drivers are reckless than it is to prohibit alcoholic beverages for the reason that some of the people drink to excess.—*J. E. Morton.*

## *Liberty Is Paying $1,000 a Week for the Best Answers to This Question*

*THIS week again we publish ten letters and divide $1,000 among the writers—$100 to each. Next week we shall print more letters, and award another $1,000. Send us your views.*

*What we want is the simplest kind of statements. You can write on a single sheet of paper or on the back of a postcard. Simply tell whether or not you believe that the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act are the best means of handling the liquor problem in the United States. Write as often as you wish. Literary skill will not count at all, but brevity will count.*

*Address Prohibition, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. We regret we cannot return your letters or enter into correspondence concerning them.*

### Wetness and the Workers

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I am dry because my personal experience has convinced me that prohibition has been beneficial to America's vast army of wage earners.

Lucille Collier

It does not matter greatly whether the débutantes, the second and third grade college students, and the foreign element drink or not.

It does matter infinitely that the last ten years have practically eliminated the slums from our large cities and made life cleaner and more wholesome for the great masses of the people. —*Lucille Collier.*

### Why They Shouldn't Drink

BROWN CITY, MICH.—I am dry because:

I wouldn't destroy my health by drinking the stuff.

I wouldn't want my wife to drink because that would wreck our home.

I wouldn't want my child to drink and wreck his life physically, socially, spiritually.

I wouldn't want my chauffeur, or any other person's, to drink, for my life would be in continual danger.

I wouldn't want the engineer on my train to drink, for the same reason.

I wouldn't want my doctor nor my druggist to drink. They might poison me.

No, I wouldn't want my hangman, even, to drink, for if I ever do go that way I want him to do a good job the first time.—*W. L. Card.*

### Seven Wet Points

CHICAGO, ILL.—I am wet, wholeheartedly, because prohibition has:

1. Denied us the right to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."
2. Seriously endangered, rather than aided, the morals of young people who seldom drank before the law was passed.
3. Demonstrated fully the hypocrisy of our lawmakers who drink wet and vote dry.
4. Taken from the farmer his livelihood derived from the sale of grain.
5. Put the country in the lawless hands of bootleggers.
6. Increased taxes by depriving the government of license fees.
7. And, finally, made that government, and the people governed, the target of the sneers of foreign countries, to whom this country previously epitomized freedom.—*Adrea K. Brownsell.*

Adrea K. Brownsell

### A Century of Experiment

MIDDLETOWN, CONN.—I am dry because the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act represent the increasingly successful climax of a century of tentative methods of getting rid of the intolerable curse brought on society by alcoholic beverages.

Karl P. Harrington

They follow the only sure principle that ever has been, or ever can be, really effective in dealing with a powerful habit-forming drug.—*Karl P. Harrington.*

### Liquor Control and Graft

RIVER FOREST, ILL.—I am dry because I consider alcohol a habit-forming drug. I think it as hard to enforce moderation as to enforce prohibition, that if we had light wines and beer there would still be bootlegging of whisky and none of the economic benefits of prohibition. If we had a system of state-controlled liquor stores there would still be speakeasies, night clubs, and graft.—*Marguerite R. Flood.*

### A Premium on Hypocrisy

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I am opposed to the Eighteenth Amendment because it defeats the purpose for which it was enacted and places control of liquor in the hands of the underworld, thereby destroying the temperance and integrity of the American people and placing a premium on hypocrisy.

Elizabeth Cullen Harrison

Surely not the standards our forefathers fought for!—*Elizabeth Cullen Harrison.*

# "They're Off!"

## *A Disrespectful View of the Sport of Kings*

By

ROBERT BENCHLEY

*Pictures by* PETER ARNO

FOND as I am of horses when meeting them personally (and give me a handful of sugar and I will make friends with any horse—or lose my hand up to the wrist in the attempt) I am strangely unmoved when I see them racing each other up and down a track. A great calm descends on me at the cry "They're off!" and, as the race proceeds, this calm increases in intensity until it is practically a coma, from which I have to be aroused by friends telling me which horse won.

Much of this coolness toward horse racing is due to the fact that I almost never have any money up. I have no scruples in the matter (except that old New England scruple against losing money), but I never seem to be able to get the hang of just how the betting is done. By the time I have decided what horse I would like to bet on, everybody seems to have disappeared, either through indifference to my betting plans or because the race is on. I hear other people betting, but I never can quite see whom they are betting with. The whole thing is more or less chaotic to me.

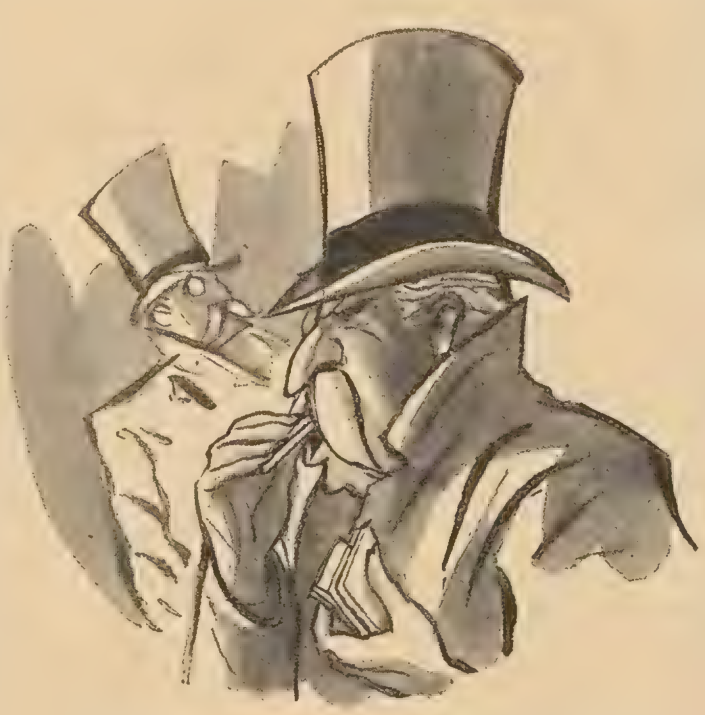
I am further unexcited through my inability to see the horses after they have started. I have tried using field glasses, but that only makes things worse. I sometimes hold the glasses up to my eyes in an attempt to look sporting, but I find that my arms get tired and the gray film in front of my eyes gets a bit monotonous after several minutes of inspection. The last time I used field glasses at a horse race I thought I saw a rowboat in the distance manned by a suspiciously large number of oarsmen; so I haven't felt like using glasses since then. With my naked eye I can at least see the surrounding country, and without the complication of strange rowboats.

All these distractions to the enjoyment of horse racing I have to contend with in my native land. When, by some slip-up of Fate, I am projected into an English race meeting, my confusion is complete. At American horse races I can see the horses at least start. At English horse races I never can see the horses at all.

THIS is due, in part, to the prevailing mist (corresponding to our blizzard) which usually settles down over an English course several months before the race and is nicely tucked in at the corners by the day of the big event. In most races they could use camels and no one would know the difference. I once saw a Grand National where forty-three horses left the paddock and disappeared into the fog, after which the spectators hung around and marked cards and told stories for what seemed like about an hour, at the end of which time three horses came out of the fog, one of them having won. Nobody knew what had become of the other forty, and, so far as I know, nobody ever found out. They may be jogging around out there in the mist now. They may never have started. The whole thing might very well have been a frame-up, and all forty-three could quite possibly have just hung around at the barrier until it was time to go in, and tossed up to see which ones went in first. There is no sense in running your head off over a lot of hedges when nobody is going to know the difference. A horse is a fool to tire himself out like that.

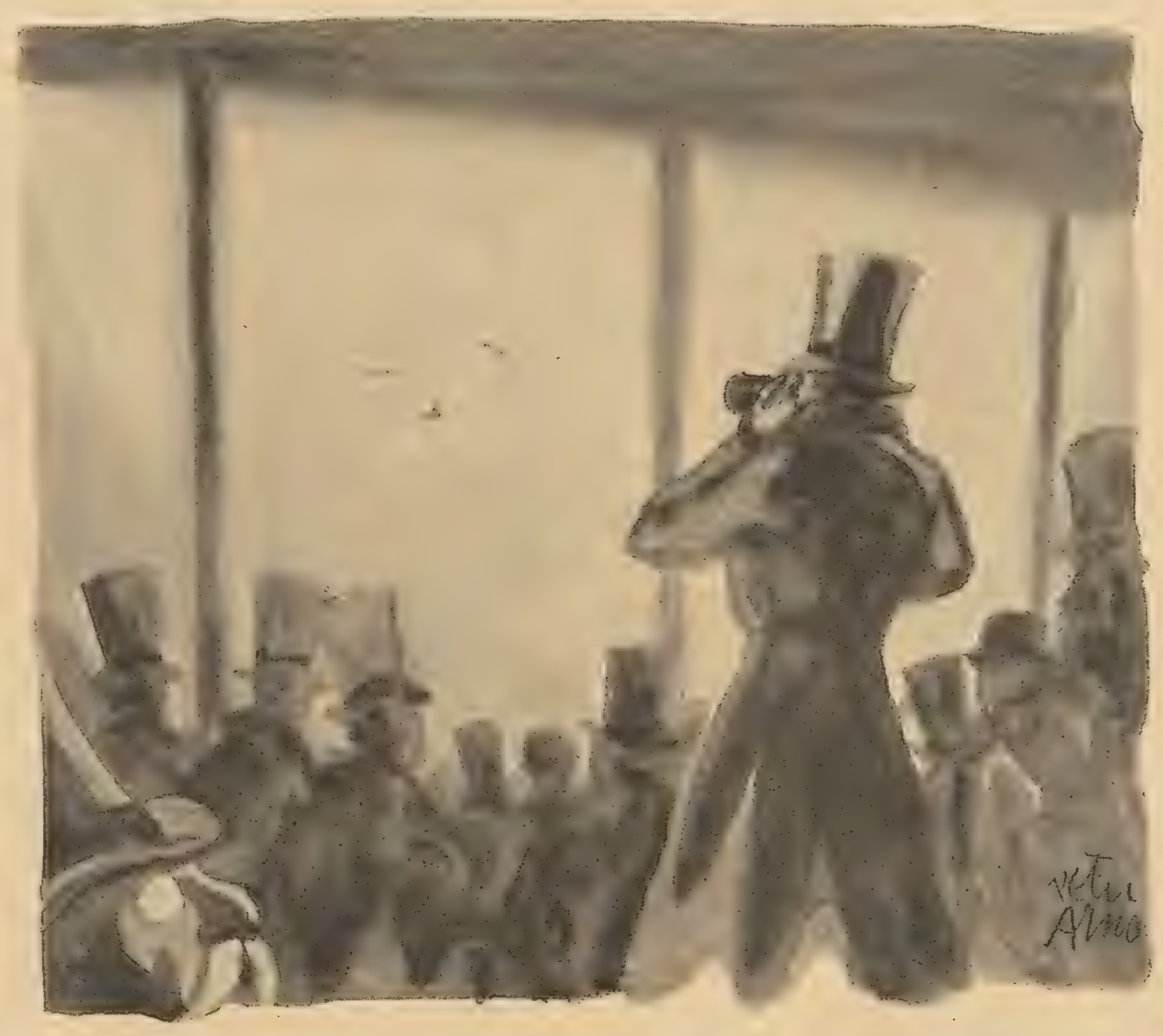
Then, too, there are the English race courses. Even if you could see through the fog, you couldn't find them, as they seem to be built on the tunnel system. "Not a horse in sight" is their boast. Watching races in England is more a matter of divination than actual watching. You have to sense where the horses are. I was at the Cheltenham meeting this spring where the horses evidently started under the grandstand, appeared for a minute in a little gully out in right field, and then disappeared for good into the beautiful hills of Gloucestershire. I thought for a while that they were running away with their riders, as it hardly seemed possible that people could come all the way from London to watch a race which was being run in the next county, but pretty soon they seemed to have been got under control and were ridden back, through a series of underground passages, until they finished. As it happened to be a clear day (with only occasional gusts of snow and rain) you could see the finish. That is, *you* could. I couldn't, because I was out in a tent behind the grandstand eating meat pies.

AND *there* is a feature of English racing which should not be overlooked in any enumeration of horrors—the cold meat pie. It is symbolic of the British holiday. Some one has said that the English take their pleasures sadly, and I couldn't say it any better. On a holiday they may be seen walking in great droves in the pouring rain along an esplanade by the sea, grim faces buried in raincoat collars, silently giving themselves over to their mood of merriment with all the abandon of a file of convicts. Of course, they really haven't got much to work with in the way of bacchanalia, as most of England's equipment for merrymaking was captured from the Boers in 1900 and the dampness reduces confetti to so many little dabs of cosmetic. But there is also something in the English bulldog spirit which holds out against any display of hilarity beyond an occasional "pfsho" (this has to be said through mustaches) or perhaps a muffled "rippin'." I am not complaining of this as a national trait. It probably has won England her empire. But, in the mass, it is a bit depressing. And the cold meat pie is the culinary symbol of this spirit.



*And yet you will see great, red-faced colonels wolfing them down . . .*

The cold meat pie you will find on exhibition wherever people are out for a good time. They are usually on a counter of some sort and come in shipments of a dozen, sometimes under a glass cover to keep the crows from swooping down on them. They look almost like food at first, owing to a superficial resemblance to a bakingpowder biscuit. But on being pressed with a fork, or bitten into, they turn out to be a collection of pastry flakes inclosing a nubbin of meat just large enough to bait a hook for a medium-sized trout. This is to be covered with mustard and devoured greedily, leaving as much of the pastry flakes for the sparrows as you choose.



*If I had been watching three crows all this time, it was pretty discouraging.*

(Several hundred English sparrows got up a petition to keep me in England, so lavish was I with the pastry flakes from my cold meat pies.)

Along with the cold meat pie in the racing buffet goes a sandwich which seems to be made up of those little green strands which collect on a lawn mower on a damp day, but which the sons of the bulldog breed think of as "cress." Now, cress it may be, and water cress at that, but as a man who has fought all his life to keep water cress away from public and private tables because of its unmanly qualities, I may say that the herbaceous material which goes into those English rolls makes an equal amount of water cress seem like one pound of raw meat with a dropped egg on top. One of these and a cold meat pie, and you are as well nourished as a barn swallow. And yet you will see great, red-faced colonels wolfing them down and, what is more, elbowing people out of the way to get at them. Maybe there is a trick about eating them which I didn't catch on to. I must admit that I didn't give the thing my entire attention.

MY attention was mostly given over to trying to find the horses, for the race was on and I was all alone. (I always find myself alone at a race, usually having become separated from the rest of my party shortly after entering the inclosure. One of my few excitements at horse racing is seeing how long I can stick with the rest of my party without getting lost.)

I squinted my eyes in the general direction of the course, but by this time the horses were well beyond the intervening hills and meat pies and on their way into Wales. I put my field glasses to my eyes as a desperate last-minute gesture and saw a blue ocean with several old-fashioned derbies floating around in it. This seemed to me to be obviously incorrect; so I took the glasses down again and tried the naked eye. With these I was able to detect three black objects scooting along the horizon, one quite a bit in the lead and the rest bunched.

"Who is that leading?" I asked a gentleman in a raincoat who seemed to be taking an intelligent interest in what was going on. I gathered from his appearance that he was at least one of the Vice Lords of the Admiralty.

Far from giving me an answer to my question, the Vice Lord threw me a dirty look and moved slightly away from me, as if a Board of Health man had just come along and hung a sign on me reading "Scarlet Fever in This House." Asking questions in an American accent is hazardous business in England.

Squinting back again I recovered my three fleeting black objects, but was horrified to see one of them fly straight up into the air, followed almost immediately by the other two. Now, no horse, no matter how well trained, would do that. Certainly not in the middle of a race. A fairly temperamental horse, seeing the race going badly, might say: "Oh, well, what of it?" and fly up into the air, but he would hardly be followed by the other two.

IT was through this line of reasoning that I figured out that the three black objects were not horses. That narrowed it down to crows. If I had been watching three crows all this time, it was pretty discouraging. So I gave the whole thing up and went back into the meat-pie tent.

By this time the place was deserted except for three very unattractive young ladies dressed as nurses who were sweeping up pie flakes.

"Have you any American cigarettes?" I asked, using my best enunciation.

One of the young ladies looked at me and cocked her head inquiringly.

"Do you carry any American cigarettes?" I repeated, making a gesture like a cigarette.

The young lady called to some one else who was evidently accustomed to dealing with Germans and Frenchmen.

"American cigarettes?" I shortened the question this time, and did my best to sound like the English actors I have heard in New York. This threw her into a panic, and she summoned a very, very old lady dressed like a very, very old nurse, who came up quite close to me and asked belligerently:

"Qu'est ker say kėr voo voolay?"

Suddenly my courage failed me.

"Never mind, I'll smoke my pipe," I said, and rushed from the tent.

I met the crowd who were leaving the course, the race being over. It was the matter of but an hour or two to find one of the members of my party.

"A great race!" I said to him.

"I guess it was," he replied. "I didn't see it."

"You are a madman," I said. "You should stick with me next time."

And I guarantee that any one who sticks with me from now on will see only American horses racing over American courses—and practically none of those.

*More of Mr. Benchley's reflections will appear in an early issue of Liberty.*

# Mr. VENUS

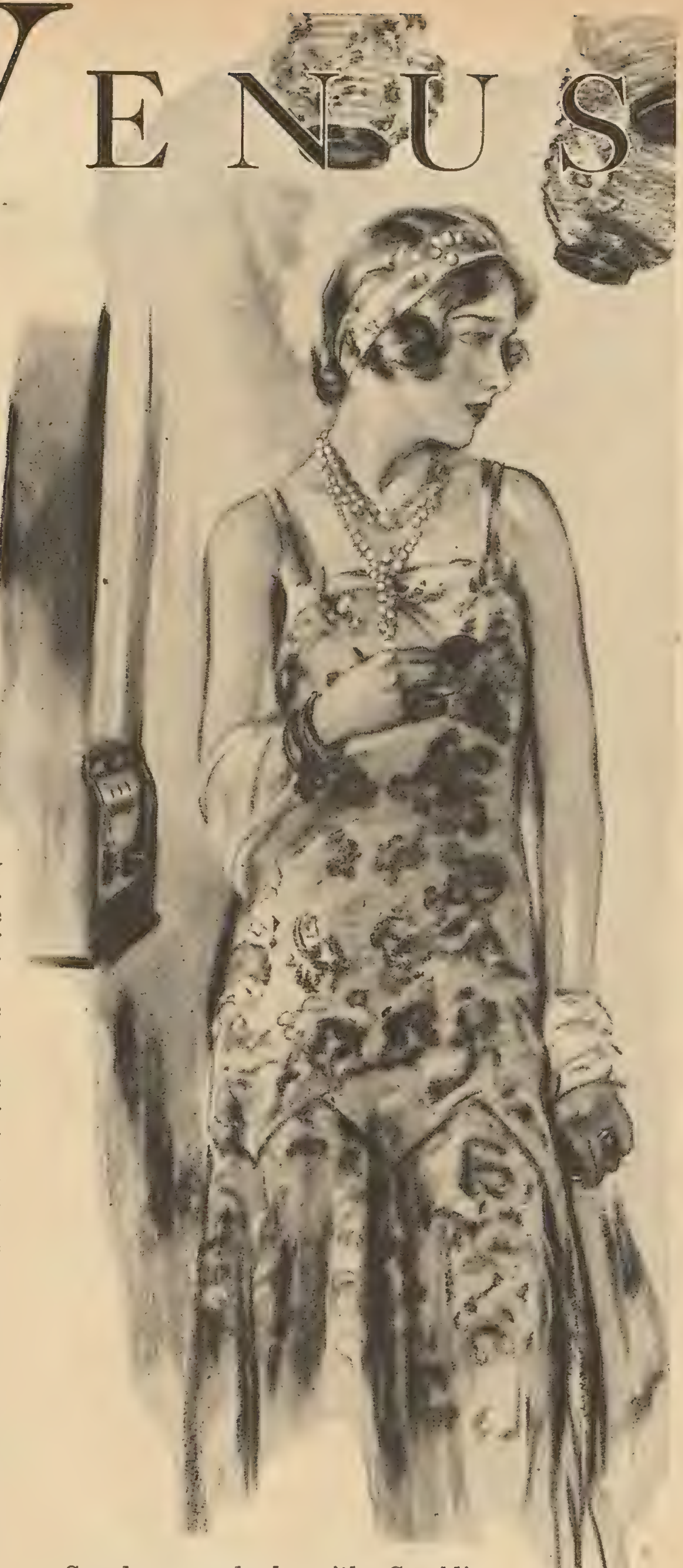
## A Story of Love Lost and Found

By

**DIXIE WILLSON**

*who played in vaudeville and musical comedy and rode elephants in the circus before she began to write fiction and movies. She was born in Mason City, Iowa, and is now "commuting," she says, between New York and Hollywood.*

*Pictures by* ROBERT W. CROWTHER



*Speed came back—with Geraldine. "Charlie's so busy tonight," she said. Her voice was high and ingénue."*

A LITTLE blue lake and a cottage-lined shore lay half asleep in the browse of a summer afternoon. A thousand pin points of light spread over the water like a net set with jewels, little wharves reaching out like fingers, holding little boats, rocking, napping above their own wavering shadows.

Half a mile from shore floated the square, barnlike dance pavilion: bright painted deck, bright-colored flags fluttering limply over the roof.

No sound. No intrusion. Only now and then some tinnient echo dropped into the stillness: the slam of a screen door, the rusty grating of an anchor chain hauled over a boatside.

The bronze life guard pulled his white hat over one eye and looked down the beach from Ricker's boat dock to the public bathhouse to see if the hot-dog stand was open. He brushed a blob of wet sand off the letters "Life Guard" printed across his jersey chest.

"I'll be down eatin', Rick," he said to grizzled old Ricker, sitting in the sand, scooping dead "minnies" out of a battered bait can.

Old Ricker looked up over the soggy end of the dock.

"You're eatin' tolerable often," he said, squinting his eyes into the sun, "since they've got a female slingin' the mustard down there."

"I ain't sittin' for no third degrees," the life guard said shortly. "I'm only tellin' you if any party that's drownding is askin' for me, you can tell 'm where I'm at."

"Nobody's comin' to life enough to drownd," Old Ricker croaked, weathered old voice, weathered old clothes, bleary eyes under thick, snarled brows.

The hot-dog stand at the public beach stood along with the toboggan and the rows of bathhouses—a dozen clothes-lines full of bathing suits and towels and canvas shoes hung by knotted strings—and a Ferris wheel—little yellow cars pulled up and swung over the top and dropped down on the other side.

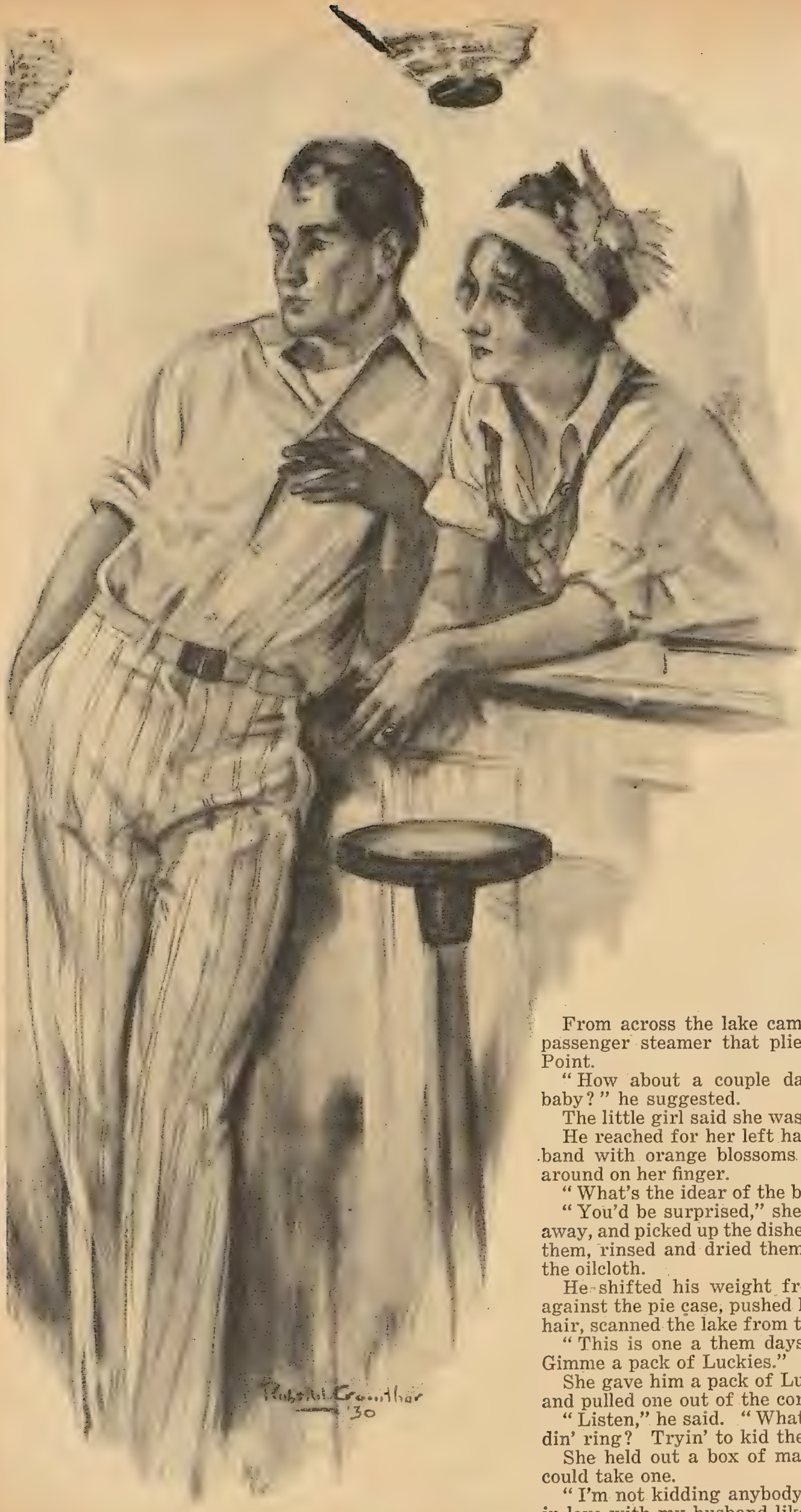
At night the place was very gay. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays were band concerts. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays were dance nights on the float. Every night little crowds clustering around for hot dogs, pie, coffee, and cold drinks; strings of pumpkin-colored pleated lanterns; red and green flares in the sand, chains of lights around the Ferris wheel; jazz drifting across the water, or Sousa's Stars and Stripes Forever and The Blue Danube coming from the band stand; shrieking laughter in the dark with every long-tailed sh-sh-sh-sh-SH-SHAWM of a toboggan down the slide!

Every night was gay!

But every afternoon the lake and all its shores and shadows drowsed and slept.

"Gimme two," the bronze life guard said to the little girl in the hot-dog stand. "Plenty mustard."

She was a slim little thing, twenty-four or -five; short dark curls under a gypsy scarf tied around her head, blue gingham overalls, a boyish white shirt with the sleeves



rolled up. Her skin was warm tan, her lips bright red. But it was her eyes you couldn't look away from. They held you, somehow—seemed full of shadows and tears, somehow, wearing that gypsy scarf and the bright red lips for a disguise.

She got two franks and two buns out of the whistling steam oven, split them open, and spread them with piccalilli and mustard.

"Coffee?" she asked him. "Apple pie?"

He wanted both.

HE stood against the counter in the shadow of the wide roof and shoveled three spoonfuls of sugar into the coffee.

"Workin' here steady now, baby?" he inquired.

"Yes," she said. She leaned across the counter, her chin tucked in her hands. "How's the coffee?"

He winked at her over the pasteboard cup; emptied it in one swallow.

"That's how," he said. "Gimme another."

She gave him another; put in two spoonfuls of sugar. On her left third finger she wore a wedding ring.

"That's enough sugar," she said. "Three isn't good for you."

"Okay, sweet mama," he laughed. "You can be the sugar in my coffee every day in the week!"

He ate the pie—finished the coffee—folded the hot dogs into his mouth.

From across the lake came the fat chug-chug of the passenger steamer that plied twice a day to Parson's Point.

"How about a couple dances on the float tonight, baby?" he suggested.

The little girl said she was sorry, but she had to work.

He reached for her left hand and looked at that silver band with orange blossoms trailing over it; turned it around on her finger.

"What's the idear of the badge?" he asked.

"You'd be surprised," she laughed and took her hand away, and picked up the dishes from the counter—washed them, rinsed and dried them, and wiped the crumbs off the oilcloth.

He shifted his weight from one elbow to the other against the pie case, pushed his hat back over thick light hair, scanned the lake from the point to the outlet.

"This is one a them days," he said, "like a sponge. Gimme a pack of Luckies."

She gave him a pack of Luckies. He broke them open and pulled one out of the corner.

"Listen," he said. "What's the low-down on the weddin' ring? Tryin' to kid the public?"

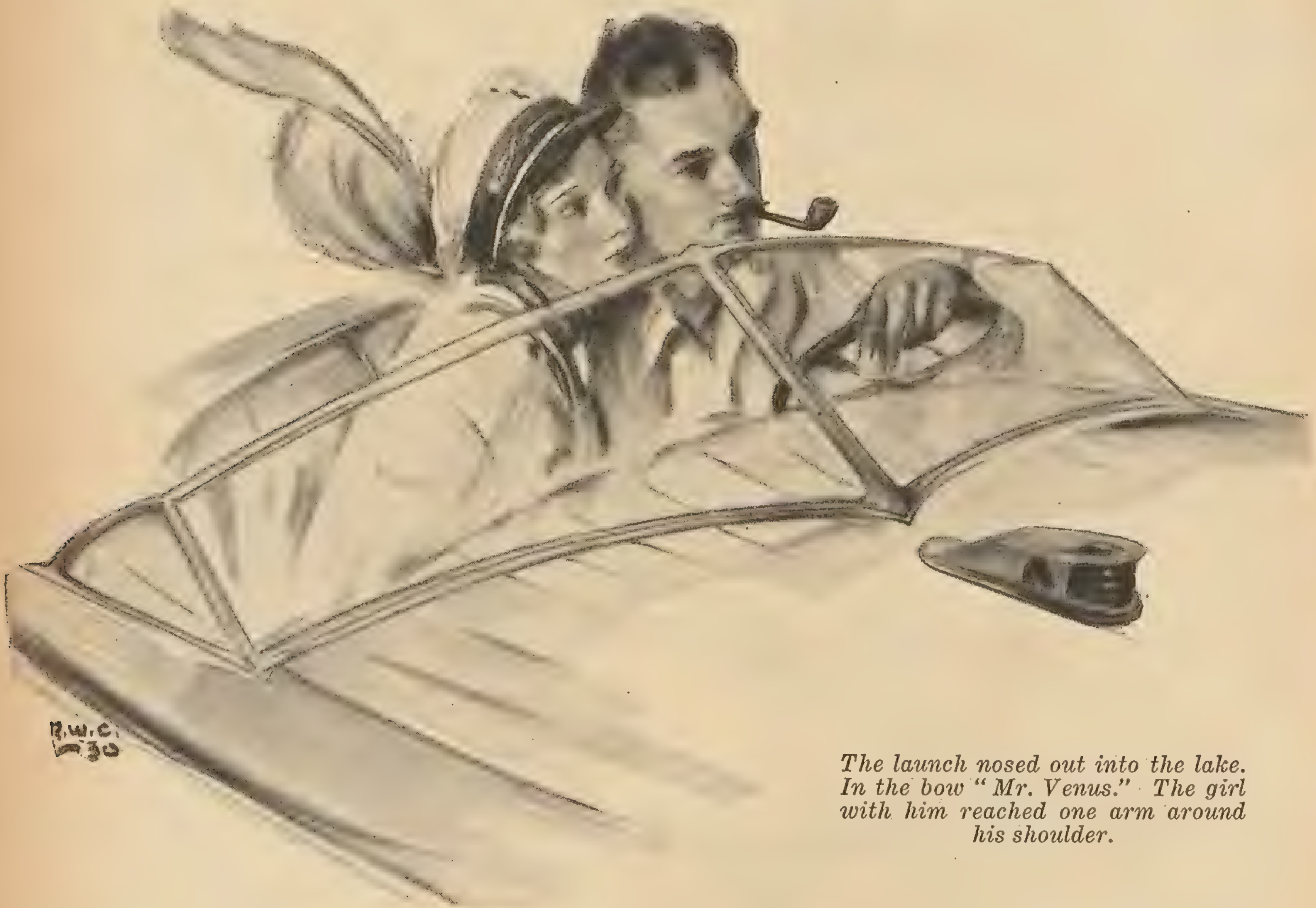
She held out a box of matches, shoved it open so he could take one.

"I'm not kidding anybody," she told him. "And I'm in love with my husband like nobody's business."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

"Yeah?" the life guard said, and struck a match with his thumb nail; held the little flame against the cigarette in his lips. "How long you been here, baby? Two days? I'll give you three—to hold out against beach exhibits A, B, and C. Seen the cornet player with the band? Seen the kid that owns the red speed boat that his old man left him a million? Seen Mr. Sheik Charlie Reece that owns the dance raft that lives in Chicago all winter and runs the Dance Palace all summer and wears white pants and white shoes and a spike mustache? Say, the sweeties are beggin' bookings with Charlie a week in advance! And a weepin' waitin' list!"



*The launch nosed out into the lake. In the bow "Mr. Venus." The girl with him reached one arm around his shoulder.*

He drew the cigarette into a sharp glow—picked up her left third finger and sent one, two, three velvet rings of smoke softly around it.

"And as late and snappy models go," he said, "I ain't considered so bad myself!"

SHE laughed and shut her hand over the smoke—the scattered wisps of it breaking through her fingers.

"Have another hot dog," she said.

Down the beach at old Ricker's dock, a little motor began a treble tuck-a-tuck-tuck-tuck.

"Talkin' about Charlie," the life guard said, and turned around and looked toward the dock, "there's Charlie himself! There's his launch goin' out to the float. And the girl with him that's the ten-to-one favorite right now. She hangs her hat in the Shore Hotel. Miss Geraldine Macey. Dizzy but holdin' down the front seat! There he is, baby. Look him over! If he ain't Mr. Venus, there *ain't* any!"

The launch cut away, nosed out into the lake—a ruffled dark blue streak behind it—in the bow "Mr. Venus," white flannels, white shirt, open throat to the wind, eyes straight out "to sea."

The girl who was with him, kittenlike and blonde, reached one arm around his shoulder, put her face close to his.

The life guard at the hot-dog stand and the little girl in overalls watched that boat bound into the spray like a bird with wings.

The little girl laced her fingers together to shade her eyes and looked and looked! As the bow dipped and rode into the water, six painted scarlet letters flashed alongside.

"Oh!" she said suddenly. "What are the letters? It looks like 'Bonnie'!"

"Yeah," the life guard said. "That's it. That's what he named it. Some nifty number, ain't he?"

"He's *won*derful!!" she said.

The life guard looked back over his shoulder at that little girl, her eyes fastened on the speeding launch.

"I *thought* you'd be able to look at Charlie," he remarked. "How about those couple dances tonight? I'm big-hearted. I'll introduce you! And that reminds me, baby. You and *me* ain't been introduced yet!"

She didn't answer until the little boat had reached the float, had stopped its motor and drifted silently out of sight behind the big pavilion. Then she looked up at the life guard, with a little catch of her breath—a little effort at laughter.

"I know *you,*" she said. "*Every*body knows *you!* You're Speed Carson. And I'm—Bonnie Reece. I married Charlie last winter in Chicago."

She pulled a crumpled handkerchief out of her overalls pocket.

"Ain't it funny?" she said. "Looking into the sun like that always makes me cry!"

. . . . .

Every Tuesday afternoon for ten years, Mrs. Ickenberry had called on Mrs. Tuttle. Every Tuesday afternoon, winter and summer, for ten years, she had pulled Mrs. Tuttle's green velvet rocker to the front window above Wabash Avenue, and had got out her sewing and crossed small beaded slippers on Mrs. Tuttle's footstool.

Mrs. Tuttle was too stout for August. Wabash Avenue and Chicago were very hard on her in hot weather. She rocked and pushed her hair back from her forehead

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT]

and waved the palm-leaf fan. Mrs. Ickenberry, little and birdlike, hemmed table linen and sipped iced tea.

"I had a terrible night," Mrs. Tuttle said. "Like a rash all over me! I hope it ain't shingles!"

"Had you eat any fish or strawberries?" Mrs. Ickenberry suggested. "Maybe it's fish rash or strawberries!"

"I hope it ain't shingles," Mrs. Tuttle said. "Shingles is terrible!"

"Yes, I know it. My Aunt Aggie had shingles. That's what killed her. How's Bonnie?"

Mrs. Tuttle sighed.

"I don't know," she said. "Between her and the heat I haven't been myself for five weeks. She's followed Charlie down to that place—where is it?—Lake Nola, and she's working in a dog store. I thought they'd parted and it was all over, but she followed him down there—"

"I guess she loves him," Mrs. Ickenberry said, a little wistfully. "What was it broke them up? I never hardly liked to ask—"

Down in the street a pushcart jangled by—a raucous voice called wearily for someone to buy vegetables. Mrs. Tuttle shifted the fan from one hand to the other, moved closer to the window. Across it the heat hung heavily.

"I don't know," she said. "The whole thing happened so fast. All her pa and I knew was one night last September she come home from a dance half out of her head because she was going to marry Charlie! He'd asked her and he loved her and they was going to get married the next day. And could it be true or was she dreaming? She hadn't dared to think he cared for her. And the next day she come home with Charlie and a Mrs. to her name!

"Charlie was all right. Only he had too much looks. I never trust a man with too much looks. But he acted crazy about Bonnie. 'Hello, sweetheart,' he'd say every five minutes. And she'd watch at the window for him all the while he was away, and run down three flights to meet him and jump in his arms and he'd hold her so she couldn't get down to the floor—and she'd make his hair in little horns—" She sighed, looked out between the buildings across the street at a dusty patch of sky. "So they got them a flat—and, the next thing we knew, here she come home. 'It's all over,' she said. We didn't ask anything. We said when she wanted to tell us she would, and so nothing wasn't even *men*tioned about Charlie till last week she ups and says she's going where *he* is!"

Mrs. Tuttle put the fan on the table and got herself out of the chair.

"There's a letter from her," she said, "if pa didn't take it."

SHE found it in the dictionary, moved her chair nearer Mrs. Ickenberry, rattled the pages out of the envelope.

"DEAR FOLKS:

"Well I should have written. I hope you didn't worry. Charlie's dance float is out on the lake, but I haven't been out. Charlie doesn't know I'm here. He'll certainly be surprised. I got a nice job in a stand on the beach selling doggies. And I'll stay right here till he comes and says he's sorry. I see him every day going to the post office and it seems like I've got to run right into his arms. But I won't. I guess you remember Speed Carson, the life guard Charlie told us about that was so classy. He just came in to buy a dog and he says Charlie knows I'm here. I wonder how soon he'll come. Well, it's three weeks more. Everything closes September twelve. Speed certainly makes this ten-cent beach look like a million dollars in his life-guard suit. Please turn my bedspread wrong side out so it won't fade. It's wonderful to be near Charlie again.

"Love from BONNIE."

Mrs. Tuttle reached for the fan, took a long breath, caught the lace curtain back over the sofa—vain gesture for air.

"How beautiful is love!" Mrs. Ickenberry murmured. "I suppose they're together again, happy as doves!"

"I don't know," Mrs. Tuttle said. "There's a P. S." She picked up the last page of the letter.

"DEAR FOLKS: I wrote this five days ago. Charlie hasn't come yet. I don't know why he doesn't come. There is a girl here trying to get him. But she won't. There are a lot of things I can do if I have to."

Mrs. Ickenberry caught the arm of her chair.

"What does she mean?" she said sharply. "I wonder—what she means!"

Mrs. Tuttle put the letter in the envelope and slid it down inside the fern box.

"I don't know," she said. "Bonnie always was a girl that could take care of herself."

She reached for a bottle on the center table—witch-hazel—poured a little pool in her hand, doused it on her neck. "Oh, my!" she said. "I hope it ain't shingles!"

. . . . .

DAYS fold together like the parts of a telescope; one crowding past the next, it seems, to be gone! And Time, when you cling to it, only hurries faster!

Bonnie begged every hour to stay, to last just a little longer, to wait just a little for Charlie to come! He'd come down the shore, hands in his pockets, hair ruffled in the wind. "Hello, sweetheart!" he'd say. "Can you forgive me? I'm sorry!" And she'd be in his arms again! If she could only hold back the tears and keep her heart from breaking—

Every night out on the deck of the float she could hear him laughing and talking in the little crowds between dances; shadows moving above the colored tails of light reflecting in the water; voices sounding with eerie distinctness, *his* voice most of all. The same little things he'd used to say: "Well, folks, get happy! Take it *now!* Don't *wait!*" so close it seemed she could reach out and touch him! Yet the farthest distance in the world away—the distance of unmindfulness!

The distance of hours that had come—and gone!

"Greetings, baby," Speed Carson called down the board walk.

He came and peered in the pie case.

"A blank on the apple?" he said. "Say it ain't so!"

His white silk shirt clung damply. For the night of the twelfth of September it was warm! The flares along the shore made changing streaks of green and red across his black and white striped trousers and his white shoes with black scalloped toes.

"Well, baby," he said, "I guess it's the grand finale! Lock the doors and give the wild ducks a break. What's your route card after the shutters go up tonight?"

"Just Chicago," she told him, "when Charlie goes."

"Yeah?" he said. He walked around the stand to the row of high stools under the flaring gaslight.

"Listen, baby," he said. "I don't carry no ballyhoo artist. I've got to spiel for myself. But I ask you—have you ever took a real good look at me? There's pictures that comes in a lot worse frames that somebody loves besides their mothers. I've got money enough to pay installments on any little thing a sweetie would want, beginnin' with a trip to Reno."

He reached out and shut his hands over hers, reached over that oilcloth counter and looked squarely, steadily into her eyes.

"Baby," he said, "for two weeks I've been tryin' to steam up to tell you if you want the prize it's yours!"

The lights of the Ferris wheel hung on the trees. A toboggan crashed into the water with a scale of shouts and laughter. Bonnie's curls were pinned under a tissue-paper carnival cap—another disguise for shadows and tears in her eyes.

"Speed," she said. "Oh—I'm sorry. I know Charlie's just waiting till we can get back to Chicago to fix things up and start over. He knows I'll go back when *he* goes.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-TWO]

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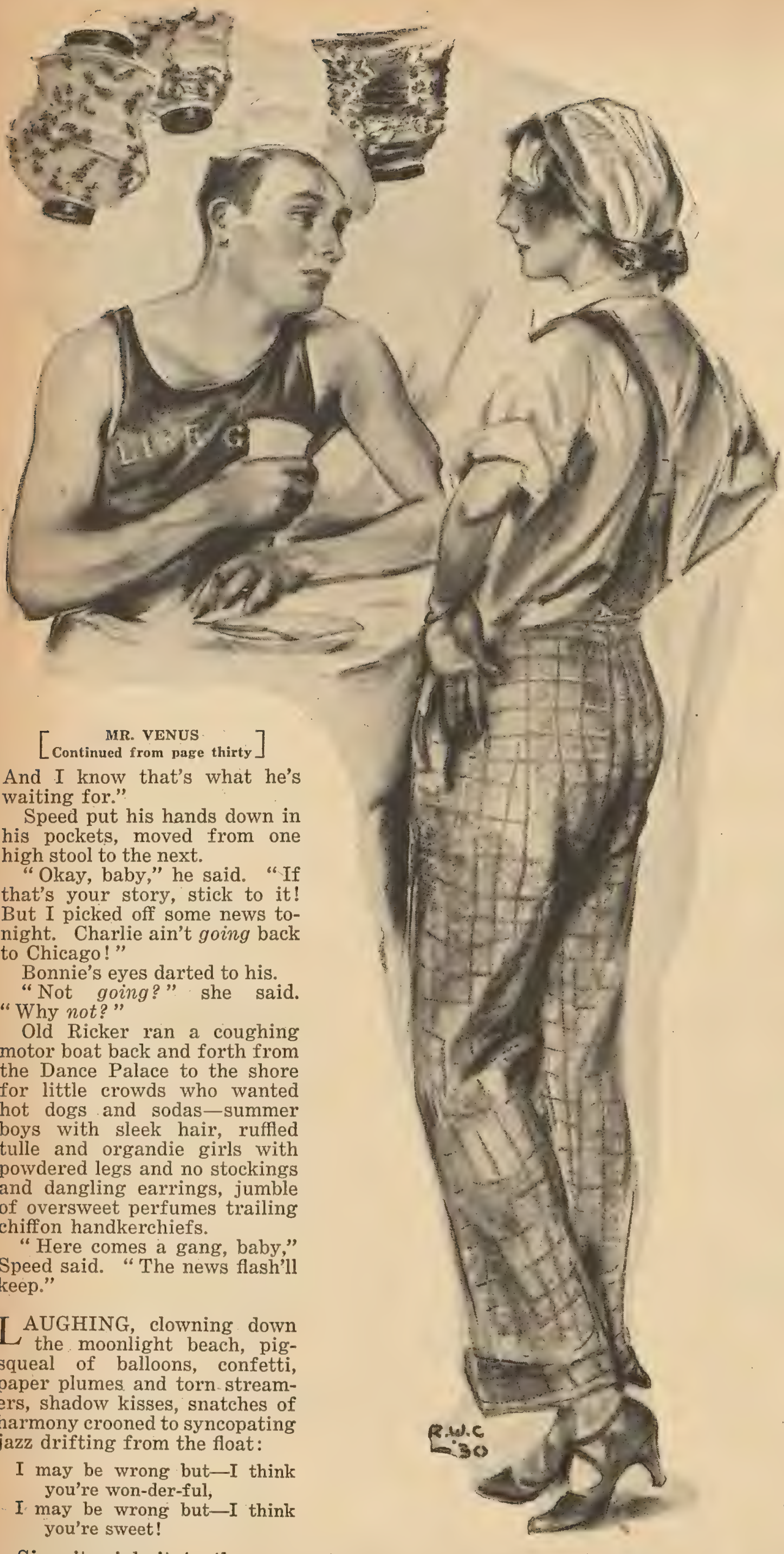

*"Gimme two," the bronze life guard said to the girl in the hot-dog stand. "Plenty mustard."*

MR. VENUS
Continued from page thirty

And I know that's what he's waiting for."

Speed put his hands down in his pockets, moved from one high stool to the next.

"Okay, baby," he said. "If that's your story, stick to it! But I picked off some news to-night. Charlie ain't *going* back to Chicago!"

Bonnie's eyes darted to his.

"Not *going?*" she said. "Why *not?*"

Old Ricker ran a coughing motor boat back and forth from the Dance Palace to the shore for little crowds who wanted hot dogs and sodas—summer boys with sleek hair, ruffled tulle and organdie girls with powdered legs and no stockings and dangling earrings, jumble of oversweet perfumes trailing chiffon handkerchiefs.

"Here comes a gang, baby," Speed said. "The news flash'll keep."

LAUGHING, clowning down the moonlight beach, pig-squeal of balloons, confetti, paper plumes and torn streamers, shadow kisses, snatches of harmony crooned to syncopating jazz drifting from the float:

I may be wrong but—I think
you're won-der-ful,
I may be wrong but—I think
you're sweet!

Sing it, sigh it to the eyes nearest yours—

"Strut your stuff, baby," Speed said. "I'll stick around."

Crowd up to the stand: babble, jostle—

"Mustard?"

"*Long* mustard! Onions and pickles! Give us the works! Snowballs on the pie! Eight on the hot dogs and decorate the pie! And step on it, will you, sister? The ark'll go back without us! There he goes! Holler at him, Ed!"

"Hey, Rick! Relax!"

"Gimme a banana split. Double! My frail's paying the check. Get a load a that! I pick 'm willing!"

Buns, mustard. Push the dipper down into the steaming ice cream. Coffee. Coffee. Coca-cola. Music drifting from the float — contagious — tantalizing. Johnny and Ed and Skinny bunching their heads together — whispering tenor, husky barytone, uncertain bass.

You may be wrong but—you think
I'm mar-ve-lous!
I think you're right but—I may
be wrong—

CLING to the last note! Hold it! Sob it! Slide into nothing!

"*Mean* and *nasty,* what? Hot-dog Trio! We think we're good, *but*—we may be wrong! We'll warble for Charlie and tell him we'll work cheap on the big wheeze!"

"What do you mean 'big wheeze'?"

"The dance float Charlie's flashing in Miami! When's he going, Skinny?"

"Right now! Key West Special six o'clock tomorrow morning! But does he want music? Don't be funny! He wants privacy! He's taking Geraldine! Choke down your pie, Johnny! The orgy's over! What's the grand total, sister? It's my birthday! Big surprise! I'm throwing the party! There goes Rick! Holler at him, Ed!"

Racing, tumbling down the beach—Bonnie left stark and white! Red lips and burning eyes like a vivid mask!

"Speed," she said. "Get Charlie! I've got to see him!"

She watched Speed row out to the float—and saw him come back alone. Charlie was sorry. It was closing night. He couldn't leave. She wrote a note and sent it out. Speed came back without any answer. Charlie was sorry. There *wasn't* any answer! She sent Speed to tell Charlie if he'd wait for her after the dance, she'd come out. Speed came back—with Geraldine.

She was like a doll, blue eyes framed in heavy beaded lashes, face too pink and white, hair too golden, dress too iridescent.

She came with spangled high satin heels across the sand.

"Charlie's so busy tonight," she said. Her voice was high and "ingénue."

She pulled down the loops of four strings of pearls with a hand hung with bracelets.

"He asked me to come and see if there was anything important you wanted. He's leaving for Miami on the Key West Special at six in the morning to open his new pavilion, so he's very busy. He's sorry, but he won't have any time after the dance tonight. He has to close up the float, so he's very busy out there—"

She glanced in the mirror over the gum machine, shaped vermilion lips with a brightly manicured finger.

"He thought maybe I could get the message—"

"The message," Bonnie said, "was for you. I just wanted to tell you not to wait for Charlie at the train in the morning, because—he won't be there."

Geraldine's china-blue eyes, in the mirror, flashed for one startled moment to Bonnie's reflected there too. Then she laughed and tucked her hair under a band of lace and sequins.

"Well, *really*—after *all*," she said with an amused lifting of bare shoulders, "Charlie's over twenty-one!"

. . . . . .

SPEED took Geraldine back to the float, plied the oars in one of old Ricker's rowboats. She sat facing him, her hands crushing a diaphanous scarf.

"That was funny, wasn't it, Mr. Carson?" she said. "Her saying, 'don't wait, he won't be there'?"

"Yeah," Speed said.

"I can't imagine what she meant. Can you, Mr. Carson?"

"No," he said. "You never know what a skirt's got in their dome."

"But how can she keep him from going, Mr. Carson, when he says he's *going?* I don't see how she can stop him! How could she stop him, Mr. Carson, unless she'd—shoot him or something?" She put one hand over her heart and shivered. "Oh! She won't do anything terrible like that, will she, Mr. Carson? Just because he loves *me?*"

"No," Speed said. "Not while I'm compis mentis. Some reasons is worth less than bullets."

Geraldine looked at him with wide eyes.

"Why, Mr. *Car*son!" she said. "I don't know what you *mean!*"

He cut the boat through the square black shadow of a yawl at anchor.

"It's a code," he said.

Geraldine shifted sideways, rocked the boat, caught at the sides of it. The scarf dropped, trailing across her feet.

"Mr. Carson," she said, "if I'm crazy about somebody and they care for me and his wife doesn't understand him and he knows it was a mistake and he begs me to help him for-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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MR. VENUS
Continued from page thirty-three

get, what can I say, Mr. Carson? I'm only human, and when somebody's lonesome that wants to make me happy —should I say no?"

The boat shimmered across a ribbon of ragged moonlight.

"For that ballad," he said, "a sheba like you has only got one set of words. You've sang 'em!"

They passed a fat white buoy and a sailboat, tacking silent as a phantom back to shore. Speed dipped the oars deeply—swiftly.

The clock three miles away on Parson's Point chimed twelve.

"If you mean I only did what anybody would," she said, "I'm certainly glad that's how you feel. What anybody like you thinks means so much to me! I wanted to make your acquaintance so many times. I said to Queenie Phalen at the hotel all summer long, 'Can you imagine? I and Speed have never met yet!' And she said it was the same with her. And I said, 'Well, I guess we'll have to drown to meet him!'"

Speed lifted the oars; let the boat drift into the circle of the lights of the Dance Palace.

"A smart oyster like you," he said, "shouldn't give away big idears."

Moving feet, shuffling to the rhythm of the jazz. He caught the rail along white steps; assisted Miss Macey out upon them.

"Well—" she said. She wound the scarf around her shoulders and looked down at him, uncertain just what—if anything—was left to say. "Aw revwore, Mr. Carson."

The music climbed the scale and fell down, groaned, moaned, sobbed. The feet shuffled.

"Get that sax," she said. "It's a panic!"

She bent her knees, zigzagged, and snapped her fingers; then suddenly reached down and put her hand over Speed's that was pushing the boat away.

"Mr. Carson," she said. "Nobody can keep Charlie from going, can they? He doesn't want to see Bonnie. He says, why a sob scene on the last night!"

GERALDINE'S hand, locked over Speed's was all that held the boat, the water gurgling, babbling against it.

"Listen, Mr. Carson," she said. "Will you promise me something? Promise me you won't let anything happen so he doesn't get that train! Gee! I'm crazy about him!"

Speed looked up at the white moon, shirred one eye together.

"You should asked me before midnight," he said. "I never promise anything—on the thirteenth."

Abruptly he opened his hand and released hers.

"So long," he said. "Treat Miami gentle. Don't expose all the phony real estate and stop the boom!"

The space of dark water widened between them as he dipped his oars in the star-filled lake. . . .

Speed left the boat on old Ricker's shore and went back to Bonnie.

"Hello, Speed," she said.

"Hello, baby. Got a cup of coffee for me?"

He drank the coffee she gave him, crumpled the cup, and dropped it on the sand.

"Baby," he said, "do you mind tellin' me just what song and dance was on your mind when you put over the hot shot about Charlie passin' up the Key West Special? Just where was you goin' to look in Hoyle for rules to stop him?"

That paper cap on her head mocked her eyes.

"I've only got one way to stop him," she said. "And that's to believe he won't go. I'm just going to believe it will mean enough to him that I love him—and asked him to come to me—that's all."

The words caught in her throat.

Speed reached for her hands and pulled them into his, and made her look at him—winked one eye at her and then the other.

"Well, baby, you win!" he said. "He *isn't* going. He says to tell you Miami's all off, and you're the only ripple! He says if I come out after the dance to help him close up, he'll be over here so fast the lake'll smoke!"

She looked at him—frightened almost, pushed her hand back over that broken paper cap. It whispered to the floor.

"Oh!" she said. "I knew he'd come. I *knew* he would!" She began to laugh and cry, her fingers pressed against her eyes.

Old Ricker's launch coughed in to his dock from the float.

"Baby honey! Here comes a gang! Get yourself in gear!"

"Oh, how *can* I?"—laughing—crying. "Put out the light, Speed! I'll make hot dogs in the dark! I can't let them see me!"

He turned out the flaring gas. The colored lights on the toboggan made a comet against the sky.

"I'll do a breakaway," he said. "I'll be down to the dock."

The snake dance of the crowd from the float came up the beach, flash lights looking for the hot-dog stand.

"What's the eclipse! We ain't a raid! Only a famine!"

"Added feature entitled 'Jazzing the Bread Line!' Positively one night only!"

"The bloodhounds are good, but they've got poor support! Slice an onion so we can find the place!"

Speed went down to where old Ricker's three-legged chair was stuck in the sand.

"Got a Lucky, Rick?"

OLD Ricker pulled a plug of tobacco out of a shapeless coat pocket.

"Have a smush a that. I'll learn ya ta spit."

"I wouldn't steal your style!"

"Suit yourself!"

Old Ricker pried off a corner, two teeth clamped over it sideways.

"Rick," Speed said, "what's the line-up for closin' the Palace?"

Ricker filled his cheek with the chew.

"I'm gettin' the crowd off at three," he said. "Charlie and the ticket taker closes up—nothin' to do but hang up wooden windows—nothin' out there but chairs and a ice tank. Charlie's leavin' at six on the Key West."

"Yeah?" Speed said, and doubled his arms into wings, and stretched them out again. "Well, he's goin' to change his mind."

"He ain't goin'?" Rick said, and spat across the sand.

"No," Speed told him. "I got a girl friend that'd rather he'd go to Chicago. I'm goin' out after the dance and let him know."

Old Rick hung his thumbs in what was left of armholes in his vest.

"Charlie's already got his leg pulled for a ticket to Florida," he croaked. "No use askin' him to change his mind *now*."

"*Ask* him?" Speed said, and laughed. "I ain't *askin'* him—I'm *tellin'* him!"

Ricker turned around to Speed with a quizzical squint in his eyes. Moonlight and red and green torchlight streaked the sand with fitful shadows.

"Considerin' the amount of hot dogs you've got away with lately," he remarked, "it'd look like Charlie takin' the air would be about what you'd want. If you ain't been makin' a play for the hot-dog kid, I'm a June bride!"

Speed looked out over the lake.

"Yes," he said. "I have. She's headlines for me, all right. She's got me countin' sheep, and I don't mean maybe. But if he's the one she wants—that's the refrain. I ain't such a weak sister I can't sell out to make her happy. So he ain't going."

Old Ricker shoved his hat over one eye and scratched the back of his ragged hair.

"Had you figured," he croaked, "on maybe Charlie havin' some idears of his own?"

"Charlie's got a pretty *good* idear," Speed said, "of the piece of fancywork I done on Bill Auger last spring when he left his wife and kids. Charlie was right in the front row watchin' me take Bill apart. I won't have to waste no time hearin' any idears from Charlie. Leave a boat out for me, Rick."

The crowd came away from the stand, laughing, swaggering.

"Scrubby's got mustard in his ears! Duck him!"

"Rest your pipes! Push me in the lake and I'll tell Satan!"

Speed saw Bonnie lighting the gaslight; saw her looking down the beach for him, leaning over the counter, her chin tucked in her hands. He went back. . . .

At two o'clock little crowds began to leave the public beach, swings empty on the Ferris wheel, toboggans dragged up on the sand.

"Well, baby," Speed said, "we might as well stack the plates. The customers are walking out on us!"

Bonnie laughed at everything he said—did everything he told her.

"Okay, Napoleon," she said.

They piled the dishes and put them in the oven and in the pie case.

Speed stood on the counter and handed Bonnie mustard and onions and sugar from the shelf to pack in a pasteboard box.

On the float a crowd was still dancing. Then at three the music crashed into Good Night, Ladies, and Till We Meet Again.

"There goes summer!" Speed laughed and snapped his fingers. "Shoot a nickel!"

FROM under the bathhouse, Gus Johnson came dragging out the shutters that belonged to the stand; dragged them over and left them on the board walk with a hammer and a box of nails.

Boats came away from the float, red tail lights streaking the water, gay confusion of voices, musicians booming the drum, squawking the horns and clarinets. Suddenly the amber letters "Dance Palace" were gone off the sky. Blue dome, purple pin wheels gone; the lake swallowing its waggling reflections. Only one light left—the light that meant Charlie was still there. Speed saw Bonnie watching it.

"Well, baby," he said. "I'll be steamin' over. But keep yourself right side up. This ain't no minuteman stuff. Wooden windows don't get made like a hot dog. Keep your shirt on!"

The last boats from the float scraped up on the sand along old Ricker's dock. The anchors grated. Down the board walk to the horseshoe where cars were parked straggled the little dozens and fours and threes and twos of the last dancers.

Merrily we roll along,
Roll along, roll along—

Voices still singing. Cars leaving. Voices fading away.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

"—if an Italian recommended it—I knew I could ask for nothing better!"

. . . *writes Mrs. Fox*

Corn Products Refining Company,
New York City

Gentlemen:

As a salad oil, Mazola is certainly without an equal. For several years I had used olive oil for salad dressings—with no particularly unusual results.

One day I was in a fruit store and was amazed to see some cans of Mazola on their shelves. Knowing that the men were all Italians in this store, I said to the manager—"How is it you have cans of Mazola on your shelves and no olive oil? I know very well that all good Italians never would use anything but the best olive oil!"

"Why, we use Mazola all the time," said the fruitman, waving his hands to aid his explanation and to add to his enthusiasm. "No more olive oil—this Mazola is very, very fine. You try it some time!"

So I did. I tried it then—for if an Italian recommended it—and with such whole-hearted enthusiasm, I knew that I could ask for nothing better—and I can't! It is far more economical, more time-saving and more space-saving—by no means small items of importance. Perhaps it is laughable, but it is very true, that I do not like salad dressing made with olive oil any more!

Here is our favorite French Dressing and I believe that a French Dressing is the best test of oil:—

| | |
|---|---|
| ½ teaspoon paprika | 1 teaspoon salt |
| 4 tablespoons vinegar | 8 tablespoons Mazola |

This is delicious on either lettuce and tomato salad, watercress or cole slaw.

*Very sincerely,*
*Mrs. Walter S. Fox*
*Brookline, Mass.*

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| Third prize | 150.00 |
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| 10 prizes each of | 10.00 |
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*The Rules*

1. Use pen or typewriter as you prefer and write on one side of sheet only.
2. Your letter must not be longer than 500 words.
3. Write your name and address clearly at the top of each sheet (in CAPITAL LETTERS).
4. Address the envelope to—Secretary Prize Contest, Dept. L.5 -1-30, The Ex-Lax Co., P.O. Box 170, Times Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
5. Contest closes June 30, 1930. Letters postmarked later than midnight of that date will not be considered.
6. Anyone may enter this contest except employees of The Ex-Lax Co.
7. By your participation in the contest you authorize The Ex-Lax Co. to use your name and your letter, all or in part, in Ex-Lax advertising, if the Company so desires.

*The Judges*

JAMES O'SHAUGHNESSY
*Business Manager, Liberty Weekly*
W.B. MAC LEAN
*Eastern Adv. Mgr., Liberty Weekly*
MISS PAULINE CLARK
*Director of Ex-Lax Research*

Announcement of the awards will be made in an early Fall issue of Liberty

Keep "regular" with

EX-LAX

The safe, gentle laxative that tastes like chocolate

MR. VENUS
Continued from page thirty-five

"Don't seem like it could be the last night," Speed said. "Don't seem like you'll be gone tomorrow. I guess this is all the chance I'll have to say good-by."

He brought her suddenly into his arms, his voice suddenly husky.

"Baby, I wish you wouldn't forget—I love you. What I mean—I *love* you!" Her eyes—vagrant hair so close to his lips! He laughed and let her go.

"Call the keeper," he said. "I'm slicin' off poetry!"

The searchlight on the hotel roof went out; the last beacon flashed for the last time in the tower on Parson's Point. Only three lights were left: one on the float, the gaslight in the hot-dog stand, and a light over the bathhouse. Gus Johnson taking the cars off the Ferris wheel, stacking them on the ground, covering them with canvas.

Bonnie watched Speed pull away from Ricker's dock; click of the oarlocks, dip of the oars; saw him reach the float—and for two hours, as the starlight grew pale and the sky turned gray and broke across a seam of purple and lifted into a frill of gold, she watched that little boat out there rocking against the float.

Gus Johnson clanked the padlock on the bathhouse.

"Tell Speed to shove the hammer under the sidewalk," he called out. "If I don't see you any more, be good to yourself."

The sky changed from night to dawn. In the lake lay the rose and violet of morning.

AND then Speed and Charlie came out on the deck of the float and Speed untied the little boat!

So, after all, Charlie came along the shore; hands down in his pockets, hair ruffled in the wind.

Speed—and Charlie—coming back to her—together!

There is an amazing underconsciousness that now and then, as suddenly as a star falls, flashes understanding upon us!

Or is it that we clothe, with the dreams we have, the first manikin who can wear them, and then, with astonishment, discover the misfit!

Suddenly, upon Charlie, Bonnie saw her dreams hanging, shapeless and sagging, garments made for a *bigger* man!

Suddenly she knew it wasn't *Charlie*, but only her *dreams* he wore, that she wanted back!

"Hello, sweetheart!" he said. "Can you forgive me?"

He kissed her.

"I've been waiting a long time to forgive you, Charlie," she told him. "How's everything?"

He didn't know as she looked up at him, smiling at him, that he was giving back her dreams. But one by one they dropped into her hands! Ideals she had fitted like a poor tailor!

"You've got confetti all over your hair," she laughed. She brushed it out—made his hair into little horns. "I'm sorry I didn't get to see the float."

"Why didn't you come out?" he said. "There's no restrictions. What's doing in Chicago?"

"A lot of heat. Mama's had a terrible summer. In August she got chicken pox. I promised her I'd hurry back. Want some coffee, Charlie? Speed—want some coffee?"

Speed, leaning over the counter, went on reading the newspaper wrapped around the dishpan—an April Sunday supplement of two years before. He didn't want any coffee. And Charlie didn't.

"YOU don't leave the float out all winter, do you, Charlie?"

"No. Pull it ashore. How was the hot-dog business?"

"Great," she said. "I learned a lot. Mrs. Ickenberry was asking for you in the last letter I had from home. Why don't you drop her a postal sometime, Charlie—from Miami?"

Speed turned around from the counter.

Charlie looked at him quickly.

"If the train goes at six, Charlie," Bonnie said, "maybe you'd better step on the gas. I'm glad you came—to say good-by. Gee, it's funny how different you look to me since I know Speed. I guess *you* knew all the time I was—shooting at the moon. But *I* didn't know it till now. And now I know why you came back. Speed *made* you come. But it's still only five. And I want you to go, Charlie. I *want* you to. It's funny, Charlie, but, honestly, all you look like to me, now, is left-over champagne!"

Speed pulled a little bundle of green paper out of his hip pocket, and crammed it into Charlie's hand—a bundle of railroad tickets.

"Fade out fast," he said shortly.

The bus from Parson's Point came by, stopped to pick up Gus Johnson.

"*Wait!*" Speed shouted.

"They want you to wait," Gus Johnson said to the driver.

"Bon, you're a great kid," Charlie said. "I'll always say so."

He hurried across the board walk.

"The bus gets to the hotel at five thirty," Bonnie said. "It isn't too late for Charlie." She looked up at Speed. "I hope it isn't too late—for *me*."

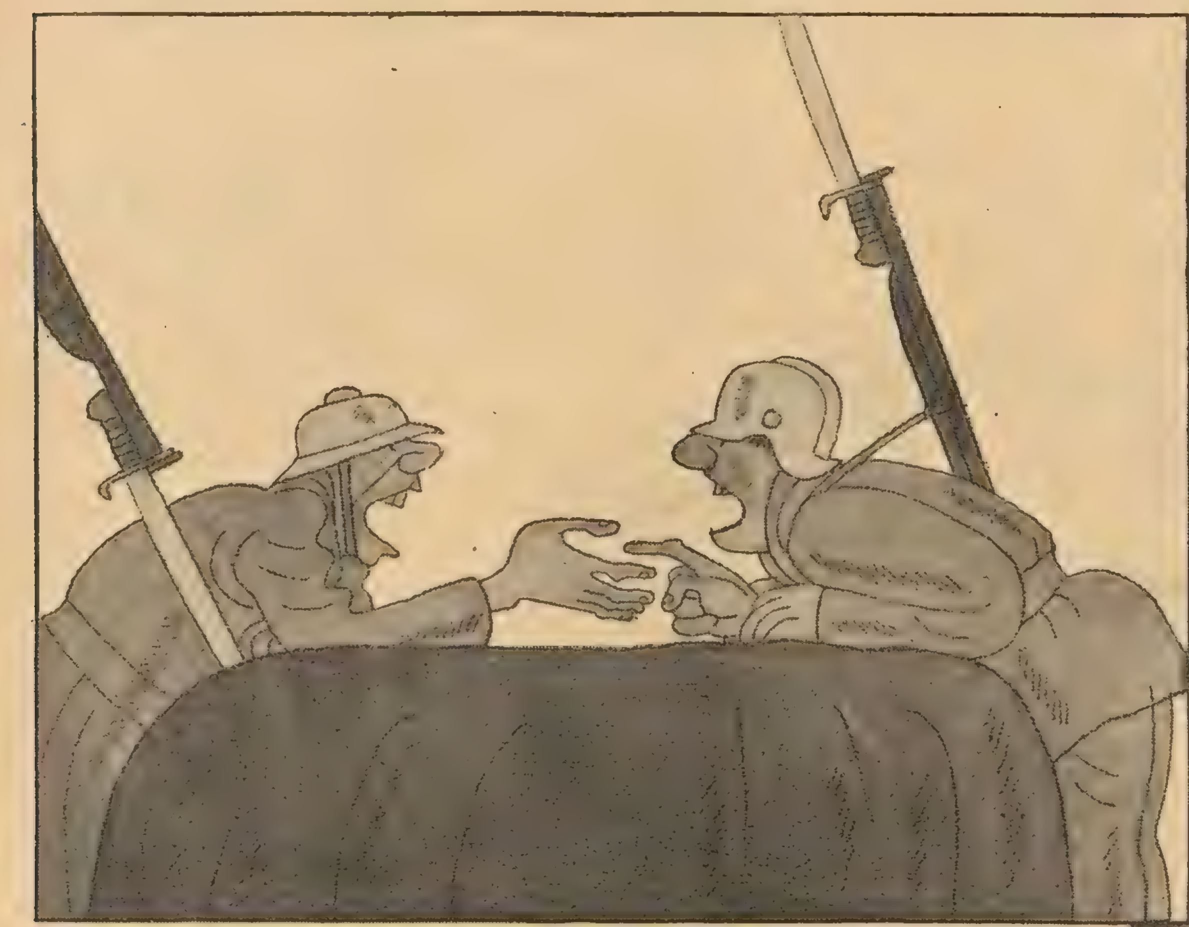
"Baby—too *late?*" he said, his arms reaching for her. "Say, you'll be the big racket with me till I'm holding my last bo'quet!"

THE END

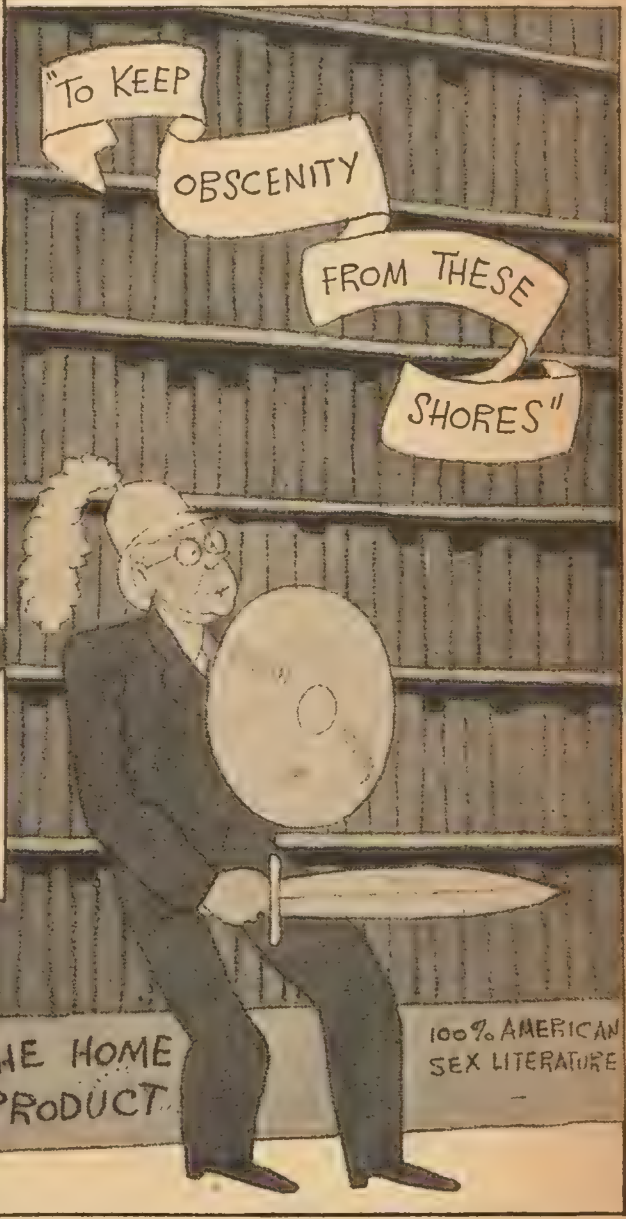
**GRAPHIC SECTION**

# News of the World

**By RALPH BARTON**



A PEEP INTO THE FUTURE. The Peace Conferences have their effect on trench warfare in the next world conflict.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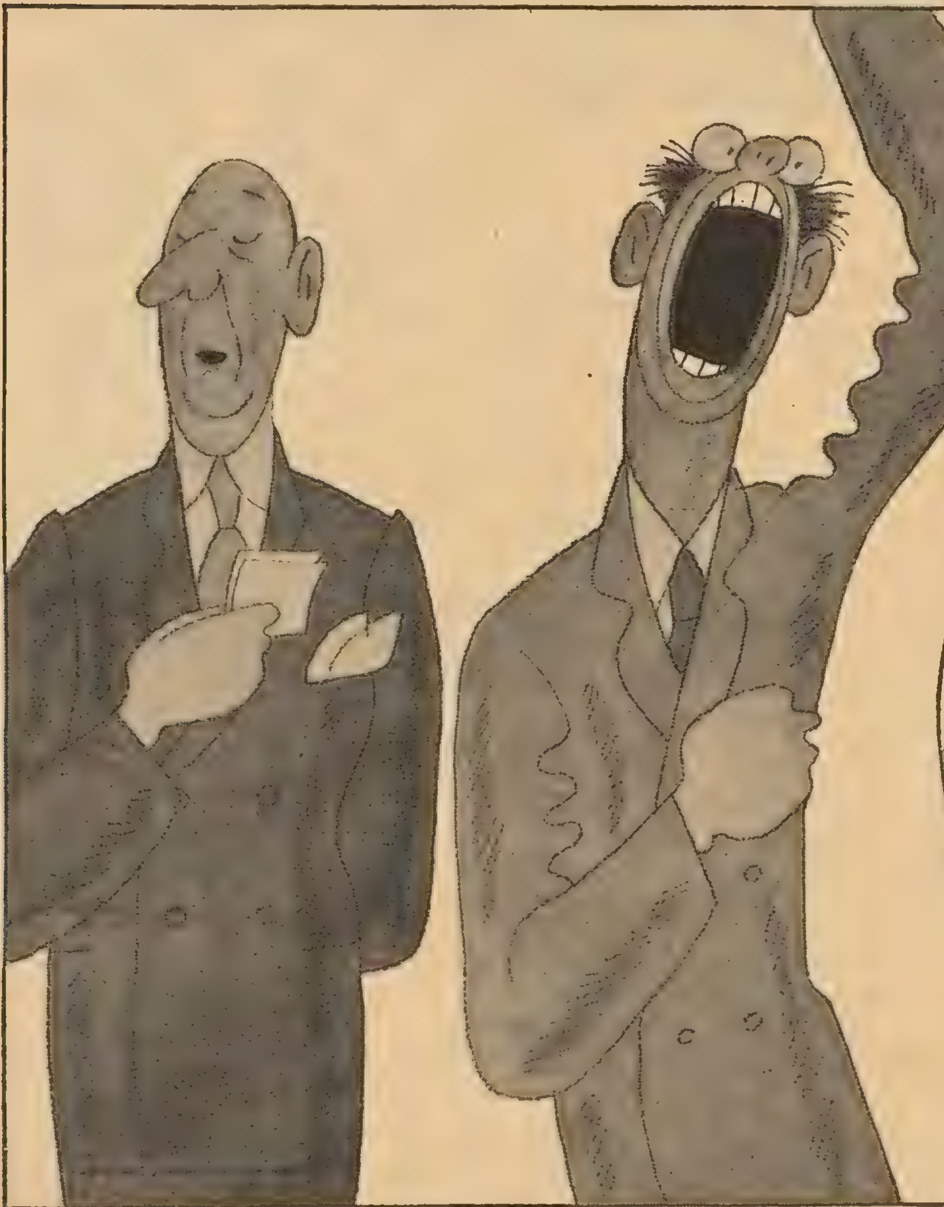
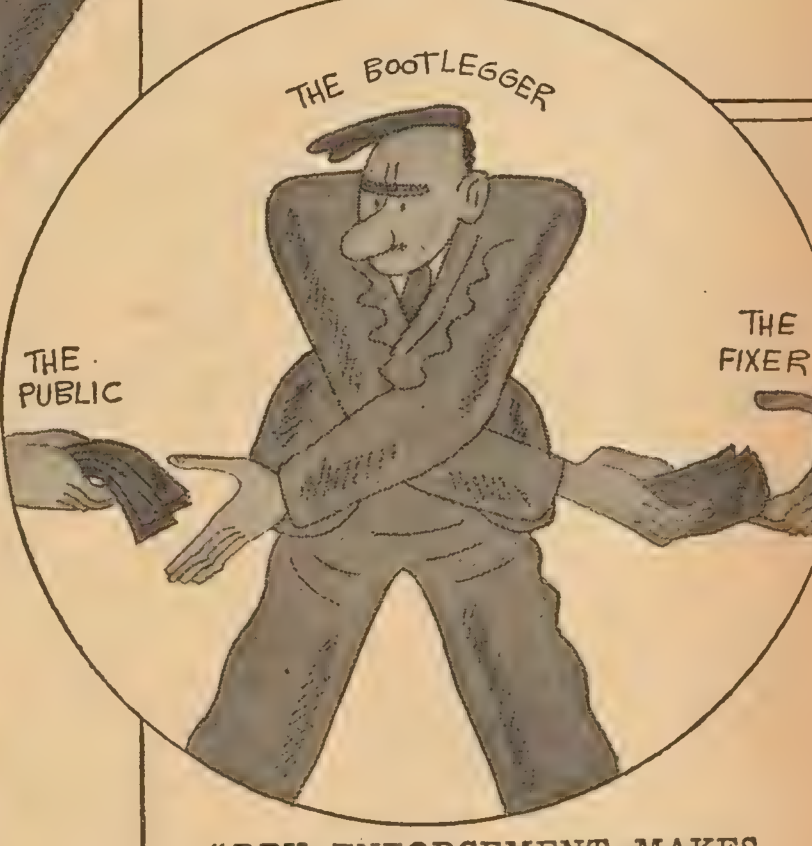


HUMAN BEINGS ARE FUNNY THAT WAY. Studies (left) of an orator speaking *for* something and (right) of an orator speaking *against* something.


THE BOOTLEGGER
THE PUBLIC
THE FIXER

"DRY ENFORCEMENT MAKES STEADY GAIN"—*Headline.* And just as steady an outgo.

# Miss Gish Finds Her Voice

## *In a Lovely Picture with a Banal Title*

Two Pages of Movie Reviews by

KATE CAMERON

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

### ★ ★ ★ ★ ONE ROMANTIC NIGHT

FERENC MOLNAR'S play, The Swan, under another title—and what a banal one—is, nevertheless, just as charming on the screen as it was on the stage. Lillian Gish makes her audible début in One Romantic Night and a happier medium could not have been chosen for her. She is lovely as the unsophisticated princess and her voice records harmoniously. Her acting is much more restrained here than it ever was in the pure pantomime of the silent pictures and she has learned to move with greater grace. Gone are the little jerky movements that were so often irritating to the onlooker. She makes Princess Alexandra a real flesh-and-blood person.

Paul Stein, Jr., directed the picture for United Artists in the same spirit in which the stage play was produced. Molnar's light touch is preserved.

Mr. Stein has selected an excellent cast with one exception. Rod La Rocque as Prince Albert is that exception. He is good pictorially, but his voice destroys the illusion he ought to give of a royal personage. Conrad Nagel as the tutor, Dr. Nicholas Haller, carries off his one big scene very well, and both he and Miss Gish give a touching performance in the farewell scene. O. P. Heggie, as the benevolent Father Benedict, is fine throughout, and Marie Dressler gives an amusing but slightly overdrawn characterization of Princess Beatrice, the matrimonial-scheming mamma.

There is no theme song for the picture and none is needed. Hugo Riesenfeld has arranged some charming dance music, however, for the ballroom scenes.

It is a lovely romantic picture with just enough whimsicality in it to make it entirely delightful.

*The personable Buddy Rogers, Jean Arthur, and Paul Lukas in the film of flight, Young Eagles.*

*Renée Macready and Richard Dix—you'll see them at the right—in the comedy, Lovin' the Ladies.*

### ★ ★ ★ MAMMY

Warner Brothers present Al Jolson in a new Vitaphone production that brings the famous entertainer to us in the rôle of a black-faced end man of an old-fashioned minstrel show. It is a fitting rôle for Jolson, and if he'd only been given one or two smashing song hits by the composer and playwright, Irving Berlin, Mammy would have been great. But it lacks even one good song.

The opening and closing long shots of the minstrel parade are fine and Jolson is at his best in each.

Michael Curtiz directed the picture and he selected a fine cast to support the star. Hobart Bosworth, the old reliable, gives a good characterization of the owner of the show, and Lois Moran is pretty and appealing as his daughter Nora.

Lowell Sherman, as Al's pal and the interlocutor of the minstrel show, is good. Although Tully Marshall is featured in the cast, he has such a small bit as a hobo that he is gone from the scene almost before you realize he's been on. Louise Dresser, well known as a character actress of the stage, as well as the screen, plays the part of Al's Mammy in a sympathetic manner.

### ★ ★ YOUNG EAGLES

William Wellman displays something less than genius in his direction of Young Eagles for Paramount. Nevertheless, he has made a good flying picture and he has brought Buddy Rogers back to us in an aviator's uniform.

Wings, in which Wellman directed young Rogers, was a great picture with a more plausible story than the one Young Eagles is based upon, but it is almost impossible for a director to imitate his own great success.

The material of two short stories by Elliott White Springs, who sponsored War Birds, was used in making Young Eagles. It is an interesting story in which a German ace figures prominently, and we have a chance to see him not only in the air but as a prisoner who is treated with respect and even affection by his captors.

The part of the German is played by Paul Lukas. Jean

Lillian Gish speaks from the screen in One Romantic Night. The lucky man with her is Rod La Rocque.

Enter William Haines again. This time it's with Leila Hyams, in The Girl Said No.

The minstrel-show singie, Mammy, gives Al Jolson the limelight. The girl is Lois Moran.

Arthur has the feminine lead, and while her acting is, at times, a trifle self-conscious, she is good pictorially.

Stuart Erwin, who plays Rogers' pal in the picture, has all the comedy lines and he makes the most of them.

If you go to Young Eagles expecting another Wings you will be disappointed, but if you go prepared for something less, you'll enjoy it.

★ ★ LOVIN' THE LADIES

R. K. O. presents Richard Dix in another comedy. The first half of it is delightful and it gives Dix plenty of opportunity to shine as a comedian. I'm sorry to say the second half of the picture isn't up to the first.

The plot is based on a bet which two idle men make in an idle moment and the elaborate arrangements which one of the betters makes to win the bet and prove himself right should have been funnier than they were.

From the time the party starts in Jimmy Farnsworth's house, the action slows up. Renée Macready, who plays Betty, a bored young society woman, to whom Dix, an electrician, is hired to make love, is partly responsible for the slow motion of the second half of the film. She is so frightfully bored herself that she just naturally bores anyone who has to look at her. Lois Wilson has the feminine lead, but she has little to do except to present a pretty picture against a lovely moonlit background.

★ ★ THE GIRL SAID NO

The William Haines fans will love their idol in his latest picture, The Girl Said No. He is just as outrageous as he can be, and he gets away with it.

As Tom Ward, fresh from college—and when I say fresh I mean too fresh—William Haines gives us a breezy and speedy performance. There is not a dull moment.

Leila Hyams, as the girl who keeps on saying no until she is forced to say yes, is pretty and demure. Francis X. Bushman, Jr., as Tom's rival, gives a perfect imitation of a prig.

A good fast comedy, but not distinguished in any way.

### *Do you know that—*

High Treason, a Gaumont picture produced in England, is having a hard time getting a permit to be shown in this country because it pictures the Atlantic States, of which New York is the capital, on the verge of war with the United States of Europe ten years hence? . . . Jack Buchanan, an English theatrical star now playing in New York, has been signed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer?

### *Three- and four-star films of the past month*

Three stars—Captain of the Guard, Sarah and Son, Mamba, Be Yourself, Only the Brave, A Lady to Love, Slightly Scarlet, Roadhouse Nights.

Four stars—Song o' My Heart.

# Blazing New Trails

## *How I Guided 14,000 Pounds on Wings Across the Ice-Tipped Andes*

As Told to Richard Carroll

*By*

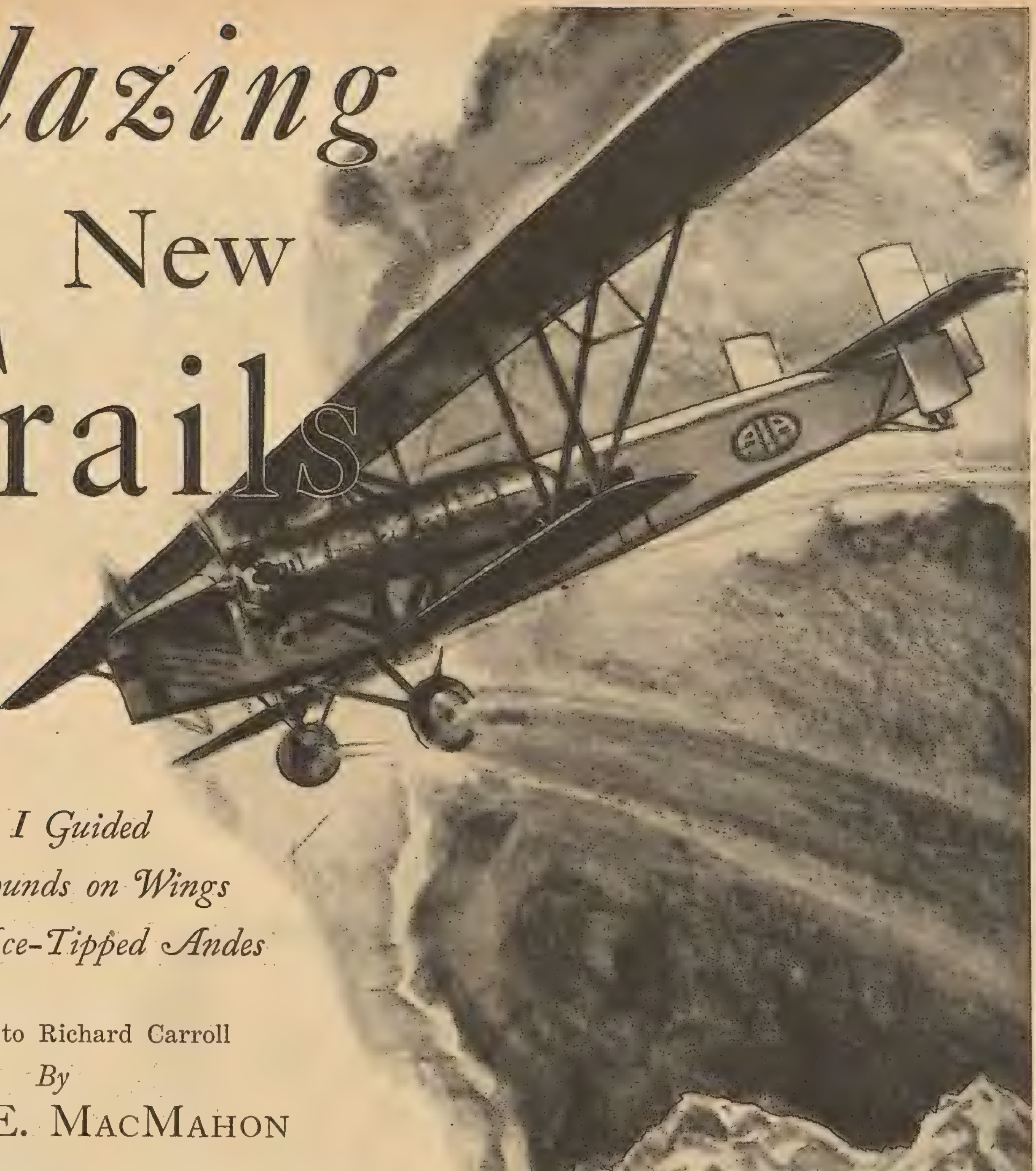
HAROLD E. MACMAHON

NOTE: Harold E. MacMahon, crack pilot of American International Airways, Inc., gives here his own simple account of what was actually one of the greatest flights ever undertaken. In his aërial pathfinding across the treacherous Andes, MacMahon carried fourteen passengers and a total weight of 14,000 pounds. His ship, a huge twin-motored Sikorsky, was by far the largest ever flown in that territory.

**Pilot Harold E. MacMahon**

Mac is no chicken in the air. As far back as 1917, the United States Army sent him to ground school at the University of California. After seven years he left the service and joined that famous array of air pioneers, the "barnstormers." He was a member of the Gates Flying Circus; he got tired of that and started one of his own, with Patrick Vincent Doyle. Then he joined the Curtiss outfit and soon became senior pilot. In April, 1929, he went over to American International as chief pilot with the job of blazing new air trails.

In 1928 Mac hung up a record that will take a long time to beat. In twelve months he flew a total of 1,354 hours in the air. Ask the next old-time pilot you meet what that means. And in his more than 6,000 air hours he had never seriously injured either himself or a passenger. He was born in Des Moines, Iowa, thirty-three years ago. R. C.



Picture by Clayton Knight

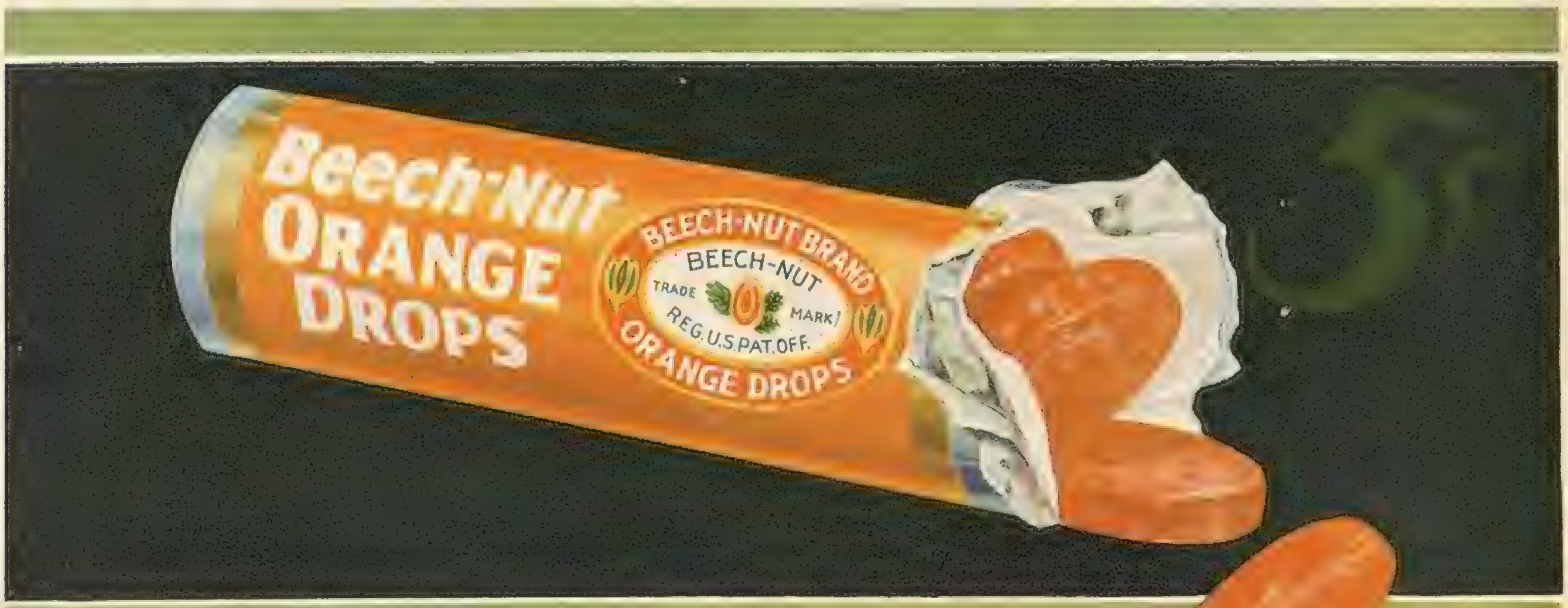
*Turning left with the valley, we found in front of us, to our amazement, mountains rising 1,000 feet higher.*

IT took the poky little train thirty odd and weary hours to bump over the mountains and rattle along the plains that separated Santiago, Chile, from Buenos Aires, Argentina. Then the American International Airways got it into their heads to do the 875 miles in seven hours.

That was all right, save that the Andes had to be crossed, and they were 16,500 feet up at the lowest part of

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-FIVE]

# Beech-Nut Fruit Drops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ORANGE DROPS
5¢

REFRESHING as the fresh fruit itself are these Beech-Nut Orange Drops. All the fresh fruity tang of the sun ripened orange brought to you in these convenient candy drops that you can carry with you anywhere.

SO WHEREVER you are—walking, golfing, driving, sailing, up aloft in the pilot's cockpit or sitting cosily at home—keep a package of these refreshing candy drops on hand. They're double wrapped and sealed air-tight in moisture proof wax paper to keep them always FRESH and CLEAN.

ORANGE ◆ LEMON ◆ LIME ◆ *flavors*

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TIRES · TUBES · BAT

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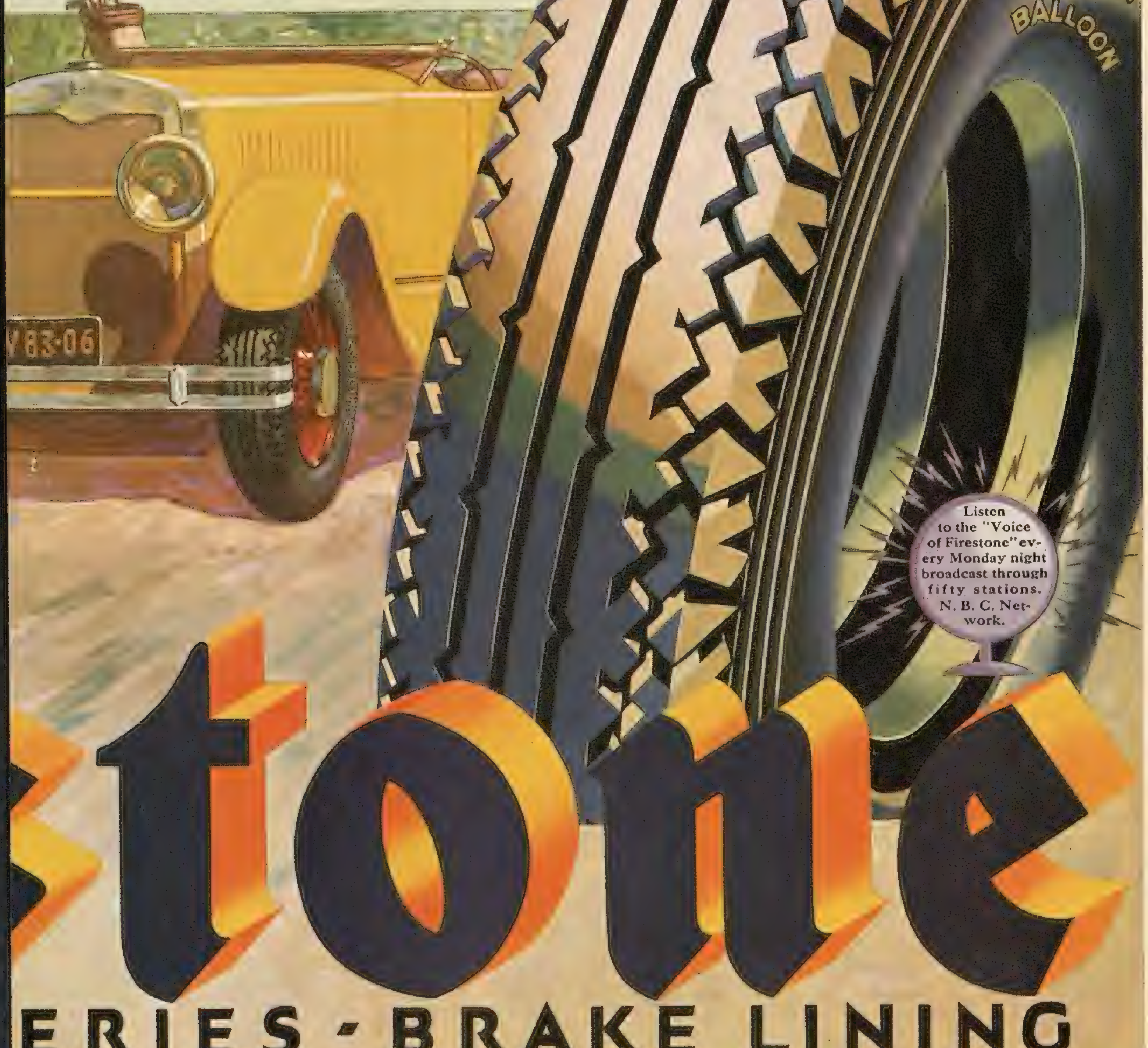

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When you're not getting away with something you're supposed to do well . . . do you smoke lots of cigarettes? That's one time to smoke Spuds. Then, at least, you'd be mouth-happy! Spud's cooler smoke leaves your mouth and throat in moist-cool comfort. Spud smoke is created 16% cooler to heighten your enjoyment of Spud's full tobacco flavor . . . to keep your tobacco senses always alive to Spud's choice leaf and blend. This is why smokers from coast to coast hail Spud as the great, new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment. At better stands, 20 for 20c. The Axton Fisher Tobacco Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky.

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JUDGE SPUD...Not by first puff, but by first pack. Surprise soon forgotten . . . continued coolness heightens enjoyment of full tobacco flavor.

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"SMOKE 16% COOLER BY TEST"...a little book telling how Spud's greater coolness was proved scientifically and what it means to you...sent gladly on request.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY]

the pass, and there were 200 miles of them, jutting above the clouds. The mountains had been crossed before, of course, but not by any plane carrying a load. George Cuddihy had wandered up and down them in his light navy ship, and Jimmie Doolittle—who has flipped his varied planes into almost every possible and semipossible, and sometimes impossible, landing field on the North and South American continents—he had spun over them. This venture was to be something else again.

*The Southern Star at Tampa, Florida, just before her take-off. At the extreme left are Ben Sherman and, next him, Louis Medina; they were the mechanics on the flight. Fourth from the left is Captain John K. Montgomery, president of American International Airways, Inc. Next him are Mrs. MacMahon and her husband, the author; next to Pilot MacMahon is Hubert S. Huntington, the navigator. At the extreme right is Mayor McKay of Tampa.*

As chief pilot for the company, I got the job of blazing a trail for the line. To do it the firm gave me the Southern Star, then, with her sister ship, the largest commercial airplane built in the United States. She was a twin-motored giant Sikorsky with a wing span of 102 feet and a lift capacity of 24,000 pounds. She could carry comfortably twenty passengers; she held her gasoline in tanks behind the pilot, in two more behind each engine, and in the wings. When we were ready to start from Mitchel Field, Long Island, she had Jupiter motors of British make.

Best of all, she carried a complete sending and receiving radio set.

My first thought was a nonstop flight from Tampa, Florida, to Santiago; gas there, and hop over the hills. We spent several weeks preparing for it. The company chipped in with the best instruments and equipment procurable.

On the morning of May 28, 1929, we hopped off. Captain John K. Montgomery, president of the line and himself an aviator, came along as co-pilot. Hubert S. Huntington was navigator, Louis Medina, Henry Bertaud, and Ben Sherman, mechanics, and an expert from the Bristol company and Mrs. McMahon were passengers. After a stop in Washington to take on 900 additional gallons of gas we pushed on through poor skies, rain-filled and foggy, to Florida.

NEARING St. Augustine one of the Jupiter motors froze up and quit. That was awkward. We had on board eight people with all their baggage, an accumulation of spare parts, two radio sets, and sundry other things, which with our supply of gasoline made a total of 15,000 pounds to be carried on one engine.

Along the shore the tide was high and the wind was off the sea. Only a narrow strip was available for a hurried landing. We tried keeping aloft with one motor. After five minutes I saw the temperature shoot up and dumped 400 gallons of gas to lighten the ship. The tops were off the tanks in the fuselage, and as the weight of the gas became less the air pressure got under the rest of it and sent it in a fine spray over the interior of the cabin. The radio operator, working just behind the tanks, got the full shower. Mrs. MacMahon had assured him before dumping the gasoline that we could fly perfectly on one motor. When the gas enveloped him he doubted it.

There was nothing left for me to do after that but try a landing on the beach. The big Sikorsky handled nicely and rolled to a peaceful landing in the soft sand.

There we found on inspection that the ship had consumed seventy-four gallons of oil on the trip so far and that we had too little left to be any good.

Promptly we decided to pull out the Jupiters. Captain Montgomery and myself left for New York to get a pair of Pratt & Whitney Hornets. These we finally obtained from the sister ship of the Southern Star. The company sent two engineers from New York to superintend the installation. But we lost four weeks.

On the morning of June 24 we landed, all set for the main event, at Daytona, Florida.

We had intended to make several load tests there, as on our nonstop flight with the necessary 2,200 gallons of gas on board, we would have a total of 24,000 pounds to carry. But the delay on the beach had thrown us into the rainy season near the equator, and we decided on making the flight to Santiago, Chile, in several hops, thus lightening our load. We flew over to Tampa for the official start.

TWENTY thousand people saw us off at two o'clock on the morning of June 29. The Sikorsky took its 19,650 pounds into the air without dropping a thrill for the watchers, unless they could get the thrill of a perfect take-off. It must have been a wonderful sight for them. Only the lights from our cabin were visible in the darkness as we rose into the night.

In the past I had never had much success with radio. I asked for some carrier pigeons for emergency, and a Mr. Wall of Tampa gave me six of his best.

We headed for Key West after following the coast to Fort Myers, and struck across the Gulf of Mexico. Here we tried out our radio and found it working perfectly.

Over Key West the clouds broke and the stars were reflected in the waters below. At Key West the street lights were shining brightly, but the lights seemed to us additional star reflections in the sea, and we had a hard time determining that it really was the city.

After this we released our first carrier pigeon. Huntington opened a navigation hatch in the roof of the cabin and stood on a chair to reach out as far as possible, to enable the bird to clear the ship. As he let it go the blast from the propeller caught it and whirled it out of sight. We never heard from it again.

We changed our course and headed for Cuba, and sent a radio back to Tampa that we had released our first pigeon. The message was answered by Mrs. MacMahon, who had remained behind at Tampa, and who now sent us best wishes. It seemed queer to me to thus receive word from her back in that populous city as we sped over the silent waters with no human sign in sight.

Huntington served us with sandwiches after we passed over Cuba and continued, now through sunny skies, toward the coast of Yucatan. Our radio kept us in constant touch with Tampa and we talked to passing boats.

At Belize, British Honduras, a sudden rainstorm forced us down to 300 feet, and visibility getting worse even at this low altitude, I started to climb above the storm, flying entirely by instruments. For nearly an hour we climbed steadily through the blinding rain. At last we saw the sun. But also I saw the left motor meter registering a high temperature. We had some mountains ahead of us which it would be unsafe to try to negotiate with a hot

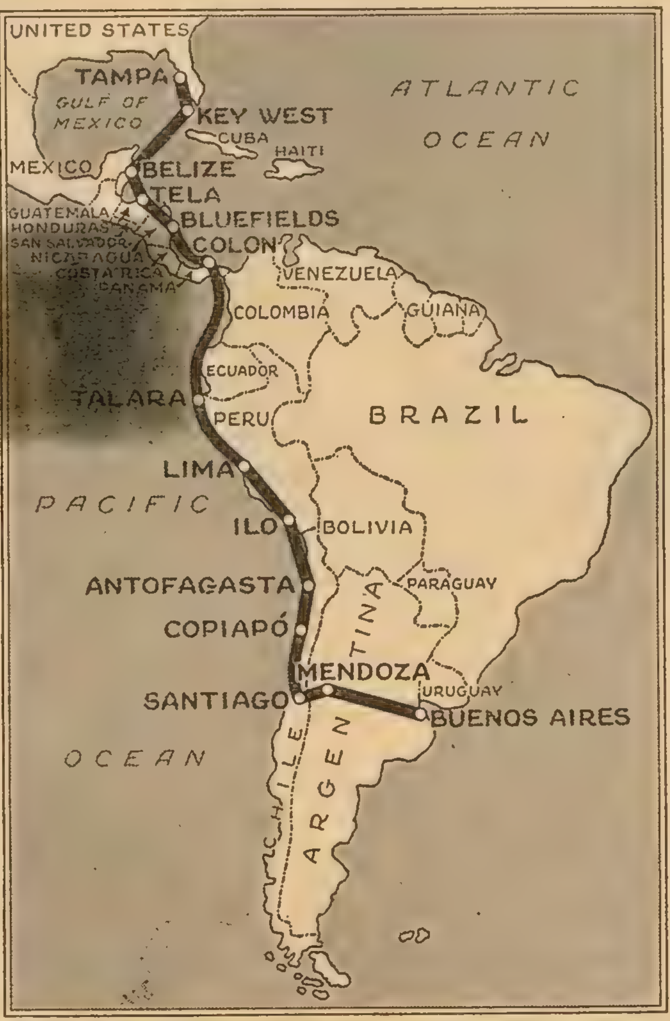
[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

BLAZING NEW TRAILS
Continued from page forty-five

motor, so we decided to land at the next available place, a shipping point of the United Fruit Company at Tela, Honduras. Here the Fruit Company's officials entertained us and put us up for the night.

On July 1 we left Tela and immediately ran into clouds. I climbed to 7,500 feet to keep above the mountains. High winds held us back. Once over the mountain range, however, I came down under the clouds and into a solid sheet of rain. I changed our course and climbed again. At 9,000 feet we were still in the clouds and I had flown two hours blind before a rift showed me the earth below.

We had not taken on gas since leaving Tampa, and were using up our supply fighting the winds and in climbing. We could not reach Panama with the supply we then had. Nearing Bluefields, we radioed ahead for the size and location of the landing field. The operator at Puerto Cabezas, Honduras, with whom we had kept in touch, informed us that there were no landing places between his station and Panama. We were 130 miles from him on our way to Panama when we learned this. There was nothing for it but to get back if our gas supply would let us. I turned the ship and "leaned-out" the mixture, at the same time idling the motors to the most economical speed. At the end of an hour and a half we reached Puerto Cabezas to find we had but forty gallons left in our tanks. We still had 535 miles to go for Panama.



*The route of the Southern Star from Tampa to Santiago, Chile, and thence across the Andes and the plains to Buenos Aires.*

On the morning of July 2 we left in a rainstorm which stayed with us until we were 100 miles from Colon. The water drove into our cabin, drenching us, and finally shorting the radio. The entire crew helped put out the resulting fire. Huntington then radioed a friend at Colon to meet us there on arrival.

We passed over the entrance to the canal with its locks and adjoining fortifications; somehow from the air, it didn't seem very much fortified. We landed at France Field and found to our amazement it was small and poorly equipped; we had been expecting, in this important defense post, to find the largest and snappiest field in the whole military layout. Actually it is worse than the military field at Washington, D. C., and that's terrible.

OUR next hop was to be 1,150 miles, more than 700 of it over the Pacific Ocean, keeping 200 miles offshore, to Talara, Peru. After spending five days in Panama checking the motors and ship, we put 1,000 gallons of gas in the tanks, filled the oil tanks, and, on July 7, took off.

We did this through mud and water several inches deep and over a runway 1,800 feet long. Once more we had to take off in the dark, and it was not easy to get the heavy ship out of the mud and into the air. We finally got up to 1,000 feet and, heading for Gatun Lake, passed over it at 2,000.

We set our course out over the Pacific and promptly ran into a rainstorm. Over this territory rain is reported about 90 per cent of the time and we were in the middle of that percentage. For 600 miles we flew on, seeing neither sea, sky, nor land. Huntington kept trying to steer clear of the electrical storm areas and zigzagged us nearly all the way across. Halfway over, the driving rain got into our radio and again a fire, with nearly 800 gallons of gas on board, gave us something to think about.

After seven hours' flying with drenched clothing we came out of the rain and into a heavy fog. Another hour of this, and we shot suddenly into bright sunshine over a rolling mass of fog. I removed my shoes and poured the water out of them.

Huntington took a shot at the sun and worked our course. We were twenty miles offshore and dead on our reckoning. At Talara the fog had vanished and we landed dry and thankful.

The next day we left for Lima. For several hundred miles we flew along a shore line where rose forbidding cliffs, against which the rollers of the Pacific dashed in mighty waves. Motor failure anywhere along here would be fatal. The cliffs would smash us or the waves crush us if we had to land above or below.

But the weather was ideal. In the area we had just passed it rained nearly all the time. Here, it had not rained for twenty-five years. Most of the houses we passed had no roofs. They didn't need them.

At Lima the officers of the Peruvian air force entertained us. I met a Peruvian major whom I recognized as a fellow student with me many years ago at Carlstrom Field, Florida. It was easy to remember him, for on my first solo cross-country flight he had been along in another ship, doing the same thing.

LEAVING Lima with a heavy load of gas, we were just able to get into the air. Then we found the ship unbalanced, and I had to get all the passengers back in the tail until we used up enough fuel to reduce the weight. At Ilo darkness overtook us and we had to land. The only available field was strewn with huge boulders. While looking for it we sighted a string of mountain burros wending their peaceful way across the plateau that overlooked the town. The roar of the engines frightened them and they scattered in all directions. We landed between the boulders without hitting any of them.

Taxiing up near the town, we found the entire village out to meet us—nearly 150 grown-ups and about 1,000 children, all dressed in nondescript clothes and headed by an elaborately uniformed official whose gold braid and buttons covered him from head to foot. His job was to examine our papers, but as he had seen only the two battered ships that comprised the Peruvian air force at Lima, the big Sikorsky proved too much for him. But he carefully stamped all our papers, including a couple of tradesmen's bills I carried, and ordered several of the huskiest men present to carry our baggage into the town. He then led the way to the hotel, or what passed for one, with the entire village at his heels. We went immediately to bed to rest for an early start next morning.

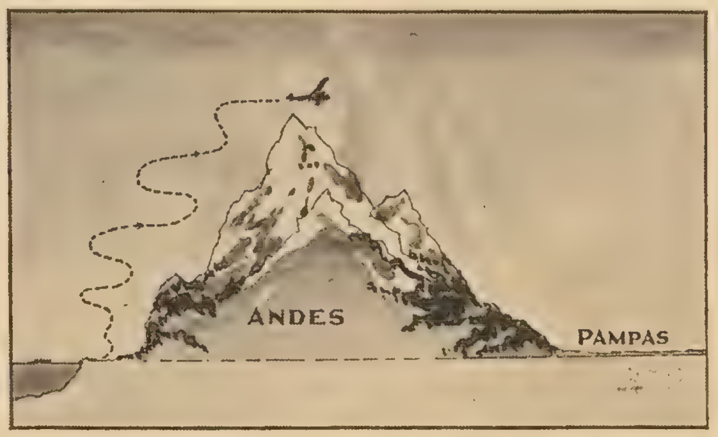
Safely next day we flew down the coast to Antofagasta, Chile, where we found the Chilean government operated an air-mail line to Santiago, using English Avians. The route lay down a valley which itself was about 6,000 feet above sea level and with an occasional mountain in it. We decided, as we had no maps, to follow the Chilean pilot when he started out. After gassing up we started off after our new-found friend. We had not gone very far when we sighted a ridge of mountains rising about 12,000 feet, and I climbed to get over them. Our ship was too fast for the mail plane and we lost him.

After a few hours' flying the valley closed up and left us entirely surrounded by mountains. Our navigator was asleep and I woke him up to get our position. While he was figuring it out I sighted a railroad and, near by, a copper mine. From them I knew our position. Then

Huntington gave me his findings and to my surprise I found him right to a dot. The mountains seemed to be getting higher in front, so I headed across them for the coast, intending to follow that down to our destination. At Copiapo we landed and found the mail pilot, who knew every step of the way, had arrived there half an hour before us and had already left for Santiago. We stayed overnight and next day took off for that city, our final objective before tackling the crossing of the Andes.

After flying most of the day and finding ourselves still with a long way to go, with night coming on fast, we decided to cut across the mountains straight for our port. At five o'clock, with darkness but a few minutes off, we cleared the last mountain, dropped with motors wide open, from 12,000 feet to 2,000, rounded a hill, and saw the lights of Santiago twinkling below us in the twilight. Fully 10,000 people were on hand to greet us.

A friend of mine, McMullen, who is with the Curtiss outfit in Chile, ran up to the ship and climbed up the undercarriage to shake hands. My cockpit was fifteen feet from the ground, so I leaned far out to grasp his hand. At that moment a Chilean photographer touched off his powder pan almost under my nose. The suddenness of it so startled me I barely caught myself from falling head first through the still whirling left-hand steel prop. Swell end for a 7,000-mile flight!



*How the Southern Star climbed from sea level to surmount the Andes.*

We had arrived, and now began preparation for what it was all about. The Andes Mountains separate Santiago and the Chilean coast from the Argentine and Buenos Aires grasslands. The railroad trains, after crossing the mountains, had to negotiate the pampas with its frequent sand storms and swirling dust. Our company had figured that if it were possible to establish an air route across the mountains we could carry passengers and freight in paying loads in one-fourth the time.

We figured an eight-hour schedule. From Santiago across, the mountains were 16,500 feet high at the lowest point in the pass. The total distance was 875 miles, about 200 of which were over the peaks. No passenger- or freight-carrying ship had ever made the trip. Jimmie Doolittle had reported rough and treacherous air currents and a wind that blew 100 miles an hour.

We had not yet tested the ceiling of our ship, and I set about doing this first thing. With seven or eight passengers aboard I took her up to 19,000 feet. She could have gone higher, I think, but that was plenty. One of our passengers, a Mr. Griffin, Eastman Kodak manager for the territory, had taken the trip by train to Buenos Aires several times and knew something of the route. With him as guide I decided on a trip of exploration before venturing with passengers.

WE took off and selected a small valley with mountains high on either side. It was ticklish work, as the wing spread of our ship would make turning difficult in case of emergency and I had never as yet tried an Immelmann in her—didn't know that it would be possible. We climbed to 18,000 feet and the temperature dropped to twenty below zero. The peaks were coated with ice; the air and the country were as rough as I had met with in all my experience. There was one place where any kind of landing would have been impossible, a twenty-five-mile stretch of ice 18,000 feet above the sea, where in the light air a landing speed of 100 miles an hour would be necessary to avoid a stall. Most of the way, however, it would be an easy matter to glide down to the giant valleys and find a landing spot.

Returning to Santiago, we made all necessary preparations for the flight. Twelve newspaper men were invited along as passengers. Captain Montgomery still acted as co-pilot and with myself to make a complement of fourteen we were ready for the take-off. The motors were cranked. One of the mechanics threw his wrench to the ground. It hit a prop and when we stopped the motors we found two blades badly bent. It was noon before they could be straightened. We decided to go anyway.

After leaving the ground we found one of our motors had fouled up, causing it to miss. I juggled with it for a time and it cleared up. We headed north up the valley to reach the base of the divide. We kept an altitude of 12,000 feet until we were ready to head across. Then, taking advantage of a strong west wind that struck against the sides of the mountains and shot up into the air, we got up to 17,000 feet. Here we found the air so smooth we decided to keep at that altitude and not fly so high as I had on the trial flight.

We started up the pass that wound its way across the mighty range. We kept steadily along until we passed a ridge that we figured was the crest. Turning left with the valley, we found in front of us, to our amazement, mountains rising nearly 1,000 feet higher than our ship's level. I immediately maneuvered the ship around and headed back. Climbing high enough this time, we approached again and sailed over with 500 feet between us and the twenty-five miles of bad country we had charted on our first trip.

We headed the ship north from Mendoza, Argentina, lying on the other side of the range. When we had figured we had only a few remaining miles to get out of the mountain territory, we caught in a down current. The ship rolled and pitched; I fought the stick for all I was worth, taking time only for one glance at our passengers. They were struggling to hold their seats—some of them were sick.

THE ship continued to roll and rock. Just as I thought we had cleared this current, and as suddenly as it had first caught us, we dropped like a plummet. In forty-five seconds we had fallen 3,000 feet. We hit the bottom of the depression with such force I thought our wings would leave us. Immediately our climb indicators and altitude meters started registering a climb. In less time than we had taken to fall we shot up 3,500 feet, or 500 feet higher than we had ever been during the crossing.

Ahead of us was one more ridge of 12,000 feet. But now we had learned to respect the findings of Jimmie Doolittle, and we flew down a safe valley until we found a spot where we could cross regardless of air currents. By this time I was a physical wreck. I felt like the losing end of a prize fight. I was glad enough to land at Mendoza. So were the passengers, and so was the crew.

Leaving Mendoza next day we flew over rolling country where landings were not difficult. Two hundred miles of this, and the country flattened out completely, and for 400 miles we had under us a perfect airdrome. At four o'clock we landed without incident at Buenos Aires and were met by an excited crowd who hailed this first passenger flight across the mountains. We had made it, at that, with a total load of 14,000 pounds.

After five days in Buenos Aires we fueled up for a nonstop return flight. Again we had fourteen on board and in addition 930 gallons of gas, 100 gallons of water, and about eighty gallons of oil. We flew easily across the pampas and, on approaching the mountains, climbed to 19,000 feet, as at this height we had found smooth going. We made Santiago in plain sailing.

After that we made another flight at this height and found no difficulty. On still another flight, while crossing the pampas, a sand storm blowing 6,000 feet into the air forced us to fly blind for a time. But it was easy enough to rise above this. Three times after the first flight I took the ship and guests across. Then the line was opened officially and paying passengers were carried. Two Wasp-motored Fords replaced the Southern Star, which is held at Santiago for emergencies or until another route has to be explored.

THE END

# Vox

### *Doctors and Their Ethics*

CLEVELAND, OHIO—The millions of people who have been lied to needlessly by surgeons and hospitals welcome Grace Robinson's article, "Doctors and Their Ethics."

Granted that a physician should not broadcast personal matters to the neighborhood gossips, and that confidences should be respected—all the more reason why the patient or the one who pays the bill should be treated as an intelligent human being, and be given the information he pays for.

The layman thinks all this talk about improving the health of the race is the bunk, because physicians don't want their patients to learn the rudimentary facts about medicine.

Infinitely more dangerous is the evasive, lying, secretive, domineering attitude of the modern palatial hospital, for here unethical lying is coupled with the gross ignorance, inefficiency, and helplessness of the average hospital nurse.

These institutions are exempt by law from the usual civil liabilities for negligence.

They refuse to show their records to the patient or his family, or even to the one who signs on the dotted line that he will pay and pay and pay. They escape taxes and solicit funds through public drives on the ground that they are "charitable institutions not conducted for profit," yet they pay enormous alaries to their officers.

The biggest part of the pillage is seen through the fact that the hospital advertises the surgeons affiliated with it; the public imagines that the more expensive the hospital, the better Dr. So-and-So must be to be on its staff. Thus the sponsoring surgeons get cases and publicity, establish reputations, and become wealthy overnight, while the doctor who has no such connection is squeezed out by the racket.

What about the thousands of cases where patients have died or leaped out of windows because the distress bell was not answered for a half hour? What about the dozens of cases, known to every person, of friends and relatives who have suffered by reason of neglect, inefficiency, inexperience, or plain ignorance?—*H. R. L.*

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—I have just bought your April 5 issue, and must write right now to tell you that the article, "Doctors and Their Ethics," by Grace Robinson, is the best I have ever seen in any magazine or paper outside of real health magazines.

Everything she says is more than true. Her only fault is, she didn't pour it on heavy enough.—*William Plampin.*

OTTAWA, KAN.—I read Grace Robinson's article and just marveled at the real intelligence displayed—marveled at the ease with which anyone could absorb the inside of a profession and the secret pacts involving this profession in its attempts to hoodwink and hoodoo the poor people with whom it comes in contact.

When she gets through looking over the transom at what the medical profession is doing—which, perhaps, does not meet the approval of an outsider who has never had the problems of the ages with their best solutions handed down to her—let us hope she will be curious enough to look under the door. Then she will find out why men like Koch, Gorgas, Pasteur, Lister, Senn, Murphy, and hundreds of others will labor a lifetime in an effort to find out things which are of untold and lasting value to the human race, only to give their knowledge to the world.

Where would she be if it were not for the kindly administrations of the physician when she was entering this world?

Where would she be if no one had ever found out how to treat diseases of childhood and thereby decreased the infant mortality rate by more than 60 per cent in the last thirty years?

If she will look for the real achievements of the medical profession and the great amount of work done by it without hope of financial reward, it might change her heart and give her the opportunity to realize that it is poor pay she is getting for misrepresenting a profession which has lasted through the ages. —*Just a Doctor.*

### *And You Didn't Think Fast Enough to Ask Her How She Knows It's Horrible?*

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Halting at a "stop sign" on the outskirts of the city, I was asked by two very nice appearing ladies if I would give them a lift to the city—they explaining they had missed the bus and were late and in a great hurry.

During the ride I tried to make myself agreeable and was accorded permission to call by one of them.

As I helped them out, one of them dislodged a newspaper on the seat—which caused a copy of Liberty to fall on the pavement.

Instantly she turned upon me and I was horrified to hear her say: "The very idea of a man of your age, and with such nice manners, reading such a horrible magazine! You can just forget the permission to call upon me"—and away she flounced.

In sorrow—*L. B. Kinney.*

### *It Seems They Have a Lot of Peace and Quiet in Nicaragua*

RANDOLPH FIELD, TEX.—I have just finished reading Alicia Patterson's article, "Tarpon Fishing in Panama," and enjoyed her description of Central American countries immensely.

Then, the young lady had to spoil it all by trying to describe conditions in Nicaragua. In my opinion, she should stick to writing fiction, as her exaggeration about this tiny but important republic gives me the impression that her imagination is indeed highly developed.

I had the pleasure of spending five months there, serving with the American Electoral Mission, as a "canton," or precinct chairman.

Here are some of the true facts of the case:

The penalty for murder is death, more often than prison. All citizens were disarmed at the outbreak of the revolution in 1927. The penalty for possession of firearms is rather severe.

It is an injustice to the struggling populace of that country for her statements to be published as the truth.—*Albert C. Jordan.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Miss Alicia Patterson, I spent nearly one year in Nicaragua, during the last revolution of 1926-27. I was in Bluefields, Rama, Corinto, Chinendega, Leon, La Paz, Centro, and Managua, the capital. I did not find fighting the favorite pastime, neither do they kill each other off as casually as we would shoot crows.

Try killing some one in Managua, or any other part of Nicaragua, and you will find that the thirty days spent in jail, according to your article, will be the longest thirty days any one ever spent in the penitentiary—not jail.

Having myself patroled the streets of Managua during the months of January and February, 1927, I can truthfully state that, even then, when the country was in a state of revolution, I never saw any one walking the streets armed with a revolver.

I did notice a few native police officers armed, but the majority carried clubs.

On page seventeen of your article appeared a photo of mountains, with the caption: "An air view of El Viejo, a volcano in Honduras."

When I last saw "El Viejo," the "old man" was in Nicaragua, near the town of Chinendega.

Perhaps a freak of nature has since placed this volcano in Honduras, and no one is aware of the fact excepting Miss Alicia Patterson, who, I think, will do better to write more stories on aviation and less on fish.—*Domenico A. Pagano.*

KANSAS CITY, MO.—Tell that person who signs herself Alicia Patterson to give us another helping.

Some more like "Tarpon Fishing in Panama."

She knows her flying and she knows her fish—even if she didn't get very intimately acquainted with those tarpon. —*Jake.*

# Pop

### The Case of Atheism

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—I just read your editorial, " Atheism Is a Religion," and it made me *mad* clear through.

Well! I guess the Communists will get to heaven just as quick worshiping Lenin's bones as worshiping a saint's bones.

I don't wonder they went from one extreme to another one. All these years the Catholic Church was supreme there. What did the church do to educate the poor and downtrodden?

It (the Catholic Church) had its chance to make something of the people, but it failed, so, in the end, it was kicked out.

Instead of bettering the people it took their money and built beautiful churches with it. What cared the churchmen if the people were ignorant and starving, as long as they had their churches?

Russia will come through with colors flying in the end.—*A Reader of Liberty.*

BLUEFIELD, W. VA.—Your editorial, " Atheism Is a Religion," was amazing.

Atheism is not a religion. It is exactly the opposite of all religions. You recognize this in your editorial in the sentence: " His actual religion is the hatred of all gods, but particularly of the Christians' God."

Religion is the belief in and worship of some supernatural being, thing, or god. Just the antithesis of atheism, for the mental attitude of the atheist is: There is no evidence to convince me that God exists, therefore I do not believe in Him.

Your argument that the Communists resort to the Christian practice in persecuting those who disagree with them, and hence are religious, is specious. Because fanatical atheists practice the atrocities of Christians is no reason to conclude that atheism is a religion.

Then you say: " There is need in the human breast to believe in something beyond one's self. Few of us are content to think that this is all, and that there are no better times ahead."

What has this to do with atheism? There are times in the life of the sanest atheist when he feels his complete helplessness, when he wishes dreadfully that he had some power to appeal to; but his intelligence tells him that there is none.

No real atheist believes in life after death and he is convinced there is no power greater than he.

May not this " need in the human breast " you speak of be a hangover from a less intelligent era — race memory brought down through the ages? And may it not be as foundless in fact as the story of Paul Revere or Santa Claus?

I think it a slander upon the great atheists of the past, and now, to include them in the class who follow Marx, Lenin, and Stalin. Hundreds of strong-minded intellectuals are not attempting to force others to accept their opinions, but, on the contrary, are fighting to free the human mind from the darkness of fetishes and allow each man to think for himself.

You need not worry about our great-great-grandchildren worshiping Marx as John the Baptist and Lenin as Jesus; for they will not. It is my humble opinion that they will not worship anyone or anything. Why should they when they learn to think straight and act honest and stand alone?—*Washington Lee.*

### Let Us Know if You Find It

HOUSTON, TEX.—Can you imagine my delight and interest when reading " Smoke Screen "? I've followed Sally's car every inch of the way. I happen to live one block off Telephone Road, in Lawndale, one of the new additions.

" Smoke Screen " is going to be a dandy. Why, I've even searched for the burned house!—*Sally Ann Meadows.*

### Well, Live and Learn

SAUGUS, MASS.—I read Liberty and like it! What of it? Just one question: Where did Lawrence and Saunders learn all 'bout news-reportin'? In the first episode of " Smoke Screen " they have a state cop stepping courteously back and touchin' his cap when he finds out little Sally is an honest-to-God reporter. Zounds! I'm leaving for Texas!

I've been pushin' print on the front page for six years now, and, believe me, if all those endearing young charms are included in Texas policemen, the next National Press Club convention should be held in the Houston police station.

In Massachusetts and a few other states, the constab's remark to such a situation would be: " Lost your little badge? Now, ain't that too bad! On the Boston Globe? Ain't that just dandy! And now, get along with ye! " —*Walter L. Roy.*

### Kind Thought for a Demon Editorial Writer

PORTLAND, ORE. — Your editorial, " Kittens, Gulls, and Ducks," certainly expresses the thoughts of a perverted mind. You express surprise that a number of kind-hearted people took exception to the picture on Liberty's cover showing a child pulling a cat's tail, and say that you always thought that a cat's tail was made to be pulled—and still think so.

Nobody but a demon could harbor such thoughts. Are you not aware that a cat's tail is merely a continuation of its spine, and as such is supersensitive?

Try to put yourself in a cat's place and imagine how you would feel having your spine continually aggravated.

You speak about the pleasure to be derived from killing ducks. People who derive pleasure from killing ducks—and all other animals, for that matter—not needed or wanted for food, are in a class with the worst possible criminals, such as Hickman, Loeb, and Leopold.—*Yours for Giving Animals a Square Deal.*

### That's Just Dandy

DETROIT, MICH.—Your mystery story contest, run by Sidney Sutherland, is doing more to relieve the unemployment situation than the proclamations of President Hoover, the Congressional three-ring circus, and the antics of the Methodist Church Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals, all combined.

Typewriter manufacturers are increasing their output; new paper mills are starting up; the planting of pulpwood trees is progressing rapidly; inkwells are being pumped dry; and the demand for steel for pens is showing in the reports of the steel corporations and iron mines; while the increased revenue from the sale of stamps will undoubtedly place the Post Office Department on a paying basis for the first time in history.

With all other agencies trying to find the solution for unemployment, you solved it.—*D. B. Hinckley.*

### For Mr. Gilpatric

NEW YORK, N. Y.—In Guy Gilpatric's " Hidden Hands," in your issue of April 5, the author has Father Mulholland droning his " Dominus vobiscum. Et cum spiritu tuo." May I inform him that a priest only says (not drones) the " Dominus vobiscum." The altar boy and the congregation answer " Et cum spiritu tuo."

Further, no priest has ever said eight Masses on the same day, as Gilpatric would have Father Mulholland do. The law of the Catholic Church is that a priest may offer only one Mass a day, except on Sundays and holy days of obligation, when he may offer two Masses, provided some of his congregation might not be able to assist at Mass if he did not offer a second one.

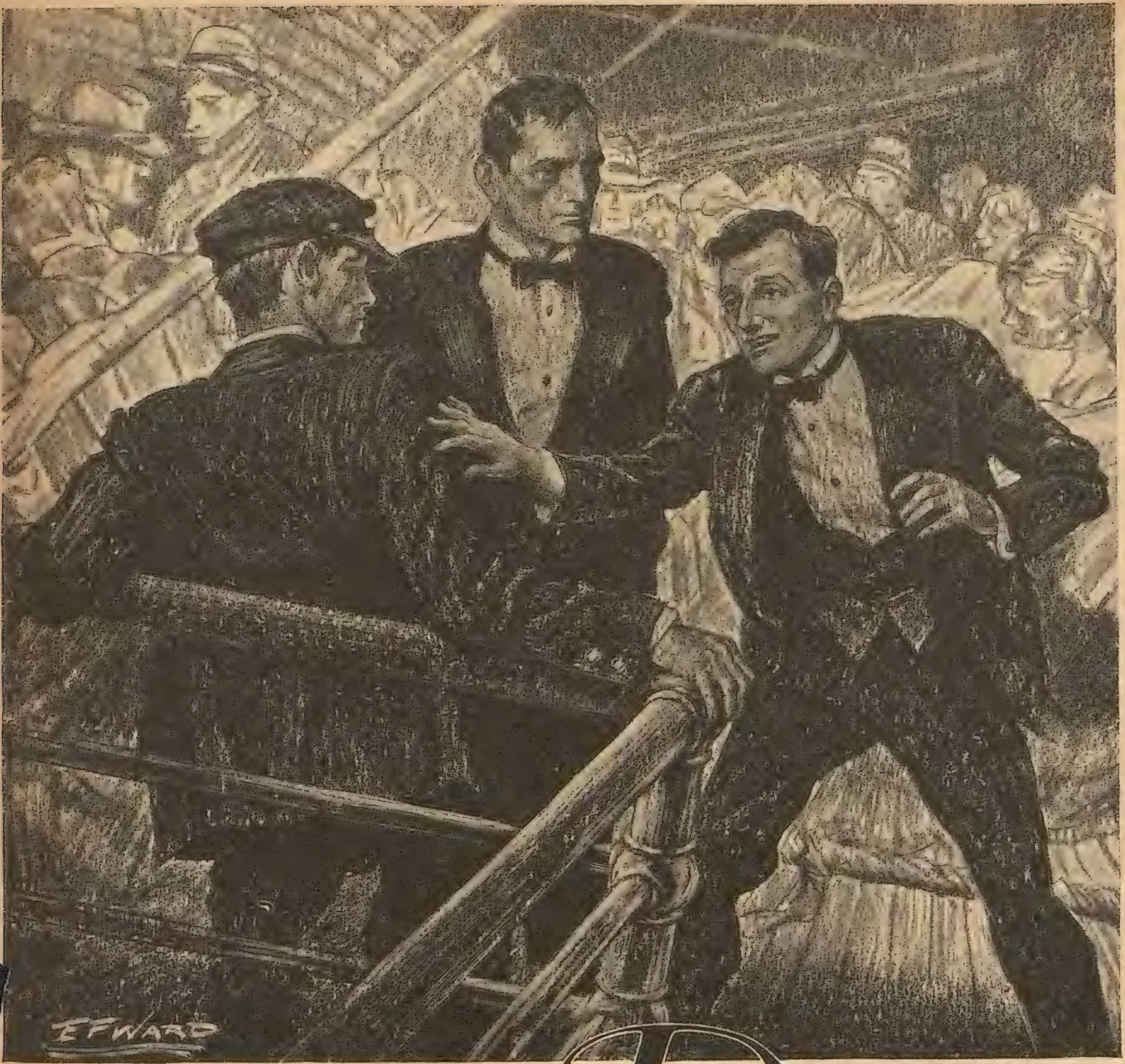
On All Souls' Day (November 2nd) and on Christmas Day three Masses may be offered.

There is absolutely no deviation from these regulations, as every Catholic knows.—*Guli Jose Fran.*

### Parting Shot

DAVENPORT, IA.—How about getting a little more brains into Liberty? America's young people read your mag. Why sell them on the idea that our country's laws are wrong?

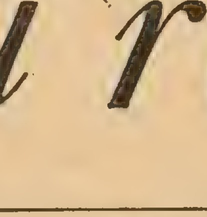
Any damphool can drink. It isn't smart. It's a symptom of too much stomach and too little sense.—*H. D. Mason.*



# "You're Dead"

By

## WILSON MIZNER



*a Californian educated in Guatemala, now living in Los Angeles. He was on the Klondike River when gold was discovered there; built and ran the first hotel in Nome, Alaska; managed Stanley Ketchel; and has collaborated in the writing of plays and vaudeville sketches.*

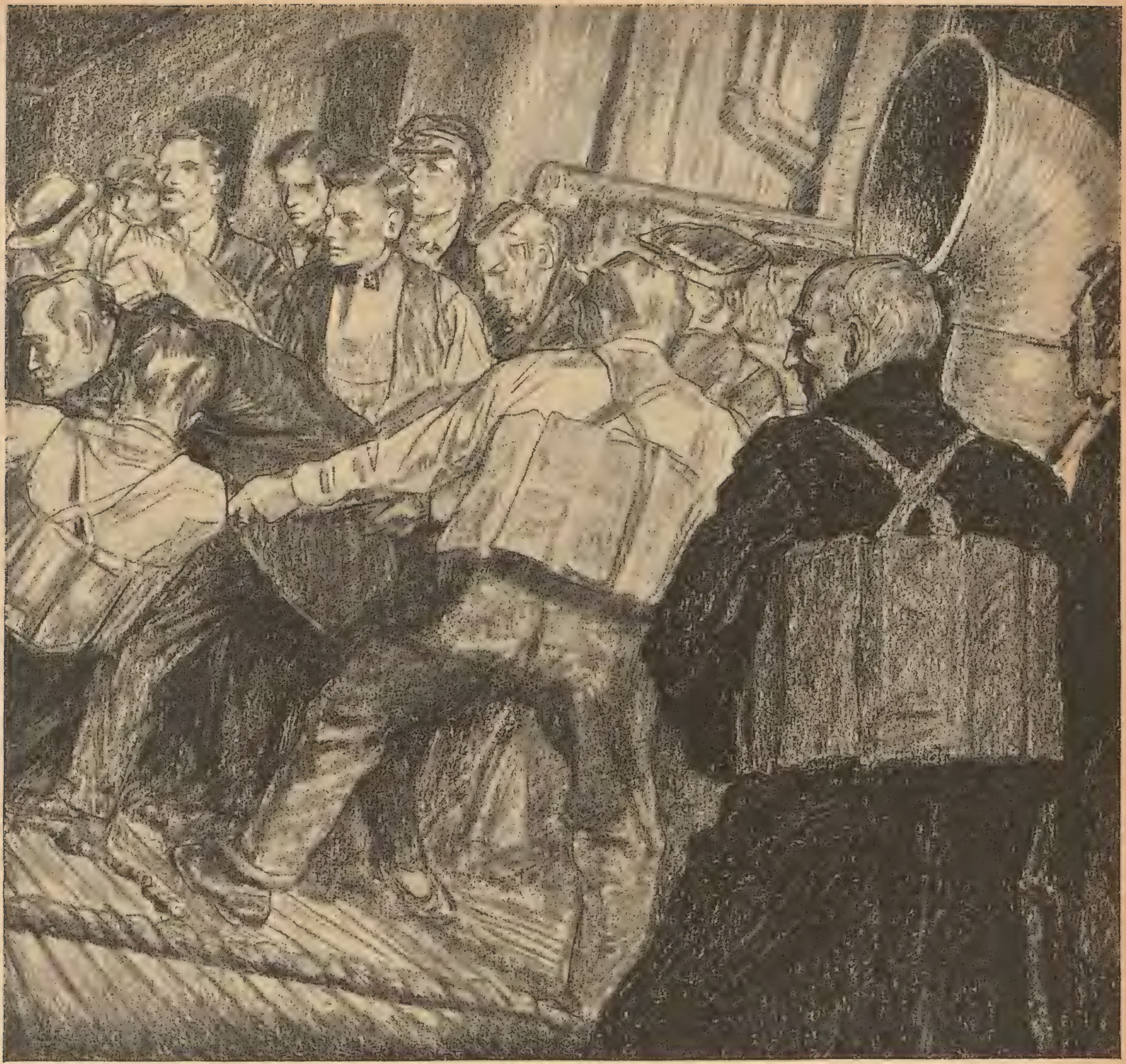
*Pictures by* E. F. WARD

DO you remember the Titanic disaster? Well, whether you do or not, I had a couple of cheating pals on her—Harry Rodney and Little Bert.

God, how vividly I remember the way pretty May, Harry's wife, came sobbing into my old joint on Forty-fourth Street the night the Titanic sank!

May and I both knew there was no rat in Handsome Harry Rodney, and, for once, this knowledge was regrettable to both of us, for his decency and unselfishness would lessen his chances for life in a disaster such as the present one. Cheater he was, but with plenty of class.

Little Bert, his old partner, was, of course, with him. They hadn't worked separately in years. Trying to suppose Harry at sea without Little Bert would be like imagining him without his clothes—naked. It would be a supposition as logical. Not alone was this unity attributable to financial exigencies (they were invincible as a pair), but their mutual devotion was an axiom, even in the Tenderloin, where friendships are naturally tighter than among the law-abiding. Thieves



"He was the nearest thing to a ship's officer we knew. He might help us get into one of the boats."

# The Story of a Living Ghost

automatically isolate themselves and comfort each other.

There was no one we knew to personally mourn Little Bert, but the entire underworld would regret the passing of its master card sharp, for Little Bert had no peer.

Beautiful hands always sort of hypnotized me, and surely Bert's were the last word. Long, slim, colorless, and pliable—as innocent looking as a pair of altar lilies, but as cunningly accurate as asp and adder. Bert could do more with fifty-two soda crackers than any other ocean grafter with a new deck.

Yes, like all great artists, he would at least be moderately missed.

May Rodney stayed in my joint through those murderous days of suspense. That first night we got news that the S. S. Carpathia was tearing to the rescue. Then the word that she had arrived too late—the Titanic had sunk. Pitifully brief was the list of names that she wirelessed as saved. Neither Harry's nor Bert's appeared on the list; they weren't likely to—not their right ones.

At last, after endless hours, the Carpathia came to port. Police reserves held the heart-torn searchers in check. May and I were on the pier when the big liner pushed her load of rescued out of the night. Her rails were lined with the saved, but as she slipped into her berth, the crowd on board fought to get under the deck lights, so that the waiting dear ones on the dock might have the earliest proof of their safety. There was a second or two of tiptoed silence, then a diabolical god stepped on the loud pedal, with a diapason of mingled joy and anguish splitting the fog.

Drifting down the gangplank they came—women and children mostly—creating infinitesimal islands of re-

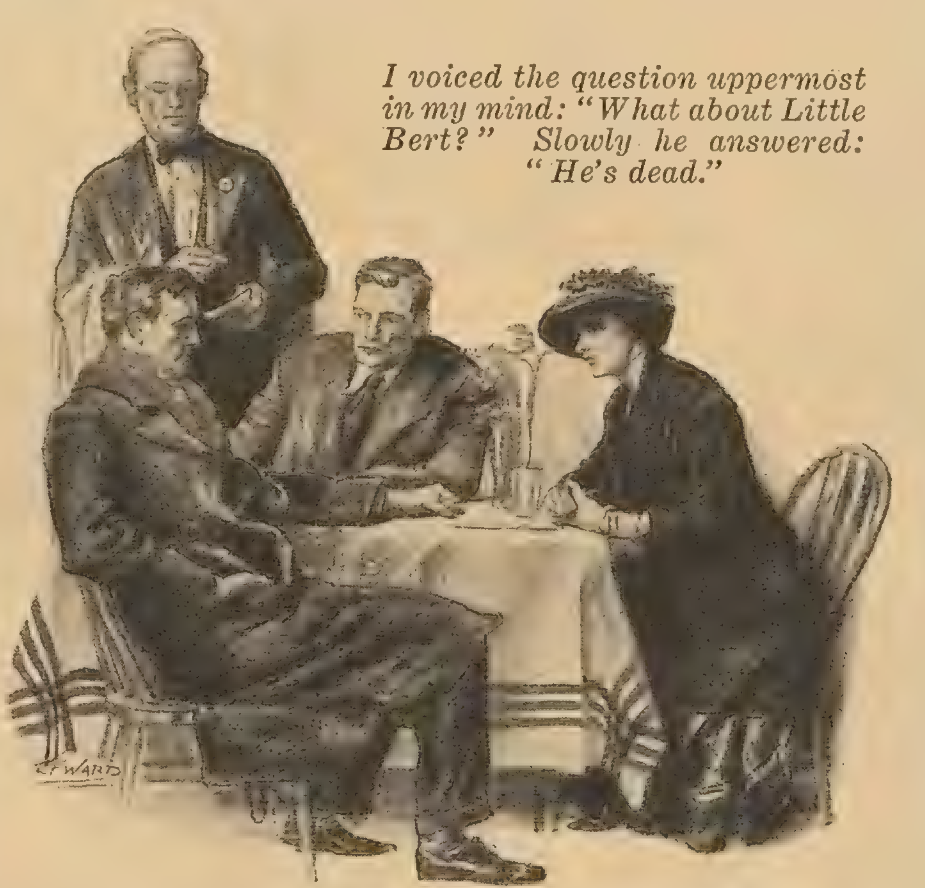
[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"YOU'RE DEAD"
Continued from page fifty-one

joicing in the tearful swamp of waiting humanity.

A tall man, muffled to the ears in a concealing overcoat, appeared at the gangway. Love, I guess, is an instinct. May recognized her man, and like a wild woman started through the crowd. Ships use a foghorn, fire engines a gong, as a warning to keep out of their way, but the furtive brotherhood, needing a signal more secret, do it with a hat. Just a natural motion—it would go unnoticed by a mug—but pregnant with warning to one of the "mob." Right in the middle of the gangplank, Harry made this cautionary gesture, barely giving me time to grab his wife, thus preventing a scene.

Under ordinary circumstances, with a normal number of police about, a silent landing would meet with Harry's utter approval, but now, with the extra reserves on hand, it would be like parading him at police headquarters. With his record, it was no time nor place for a demonstration.



*I voiced the question uppermost in my mind: "What about Little Bert?" Slowly he answered: "He's dead."*

We trailed him to the street, where he ducked into a little coffee shop—May and I close behind him. Once under cover, there was no reserve, and if tears are commonplace, I guess Harry and May were just ordinary people. After a time I welcomed him, too, and voiced the question uppermost in my mind: "What about Little Bert?"

Slowly, and with infinite sorrow, he answered: "He's dead."

Did I say with infinite sorrow? Yes, of course, that's what it was, and yet—

Rodney never went on the ocean again. Not that he reformed, for his subsequent record amply proves that he didn't. The might of the sea seemed to have horrified him.

HARDLY a week went by, in the following eight or nine years, that we didn't spend at least one night together—the disaster the chief topic of our conversation. He would tell, at tortuous length, how he was picked up by a life raft after he had lost consciousness from the cold; how people had died around him, and what they had said, ere going. His imagination was terrible. The ocean's depth, especially, appalled him.

"Just think, Bill, she's lying down there with two miles of water over her. God, I never dreamt it was that deep!" And in saying this he would shudder.

Then he would visualize the ship's eerie passageways and staterooms—particularly on B deck—guess at the grotesque positions of the dead, and ask anxiously if I thought sharks and octopuses could live way down there with two miles of water pressure on them. Now, I happen to know that Harry's stateroom was not on B deck, but there was something indescribable about the man that forbade the voicing of curiosity. I never mentioned B deck. His conjectures as to how horribly a person trapped in a stateroom would drown were terrorizing.

"Took her two hours to sink," I would protest. "Nobody was sucker enough to be in a stateroom."

"Yes, there was," he declared, and then added with alarming positiveness, "One I know of."

This declaration seemed to me like a slip, and the speech that followed, an effort to cover it up.

"Women were fainting all around, weren't they? Why not in a stateroom?"

"No chance," I muttered, a bit bewilderedly, for that crack of his, "One I know of," had not been made clear by that forced generality about women fainting. With a merciful change of subject in mind, I said, "Didn't Little Bert have marvelous hands?"

"Rotten," he snapped venomously.

Now, the most notoriously efficient hands in card-thieving history just couldn't be rotten, so I chose to accept this statement as comic and burlesque. But I knew Harry meant it. He went no further in this direction, and someway, somehow, we kidded ourselves on to other aspects of the wreck.

The green bay tree and suspicion grow, I am convinced, with equal rapidity, and before sleep came to me that night I was sure that Harry Rodney was guilty, in some way, of his partner's murder. Why he should do it, I couldn't guess. One does not give confidences where the electric chair is even a remote possibility! In this respect, the gang is thoughtful and considerate; they go on the supposition that every friend is laboring under the staggering weight of his own crimes.

AS the months slipped by, Rodney markedly changed in appearance. "Handsome Harry" as a moniker had become rather pointless. His features, though predatory as ever, were still fine as they had always been, but it was his mouth, I guess, that made the change. Perfect teeth had been his main attraction, but now he didn't smile any more. He died two years ago—in poverty. Now, remembering that he died without a dime, read on a bit, for maybe that very poverty will prove that, cheater though he was, he had plenty of class. . . .

For once in my life, I have been definitely scared. It was a novelty, for fear, I always thought, was based on the possibility of loss. One must have honor to fear discredit, health to fear disease; and life must be dear to one who dreads its end! Therefore I was always brave. It came off in this wise:

In company with three or four gag men and continuity writers, I was sent to Palm Springs, way out on the desert, to write a comedy for Ray Griffith. There is a belief here, among the executives of the moving-picture industry, that writers must be sent to secluded spots to produce their best work. They use the word "sequestered," but "segregated" would hold more meaning, for a movie comedy is a nasty and suppurating thing. But, anyway, to Palm Springs I went, like a literary lioness slinking away to whelp her pups of artistry.

The hotel there is a low Spanish affair, which rambles amid the sagebrush and over the alkali. To the south stretches a forbidding range of mountains, which climb almost perpendicularly into their caps of perpetual snow. On the north and east the desert falls away in limitless reaches beyond one's puny vision. It was night when we arrived, and a sneaky moon, spying on the scene, lent nothing of warmth or charm. It was all forbidding enough. The hills, the desert, and the ghastly moon were its most cheerful aspects, for on crashing into the barnlike dining room, so characteristic of American-plan joints, I learned that I was in a health resort, and the gasping, hacking coughs on every side branded the place as the consumptive's last stop.

My room being at the extremity of one of the hotel's far-flung wings, I decided on having company at any cost, so suggested a ten-cent poker game to keep my companions near me. It was two or three in the morning when the game broke up and, reluctantly, I found myself alone.

Someone had brought up the subject of the Titanic, and after they had left I sat by the poker table gazing out at the moon and unwillingly recalled that greatest disaster of the seas.

How long I had been alone, I don't know. Then came a scratching at the door, followed by a feeble knock. Three times it was repeated, that being the correct formula for admittance into hop joints and gambling houses. I thought it all a dream. On the off chance it wasn't, I called a cautious "Come in."

Someone entered, turned quickly, and locked the door from the inside. This movement brought his back to me for an instant and I saw a weazened, shrunken form, over which a bath robe fell, draped sepulchrally. Making sure the door was locked, the figure turned and came silently to the table. Spellbound I watched him. A withered and ghastly thing he was—the silence hurt like a scream. Then a terrible weakness seemed to claim him. He fell back into a chair opposite me, the table between us. Then came a paroxysm of coughing and the handkerchief he pressed to his lips showed bloodstains.

At last he spoke—his manner disinterested, his tone flat. "Don't you know me, Bill?" he asked.

I couldn't answer and my blank face must have enlightened him as to my ignorance, for he continued: "I'm Little Bert!" Then, sneeringly, "Who's been dead so long."

In greeting, he extended a long, slim hand, drab and spreckled like a trout; but had I been in a bottomless pit and this hand before me the hand of succor, I couldn't have touched it. He grinned—the sort of grin one sees with a high fever—and the long fingers, to conceal their disappointment, shuffled a stack of poker chips rhythmically.

A chill wind came sighing off the snow-covered mountains and whispered frigidly along the window casements. But, contradictorily enough, I sweat, if possible, more profusely at its touch. Remember, pal, I had the choice of but two decisions: either I was crazy and there was nothing in the seat opposite me, or the sea had flung up its dead! Admitting either contingency was horrifying. I just sat there rigidly while he gasped for breath. He sensed my panic and the cause of it, and tried to reassure me by saying:

"You're all right, big fellow! . . . I'm here alive. Not for long, as any sucker can see, but I've got my first death to die."

THE first impact of his entrance on my nerves was dulling a bit with the passage of the minutes. I now felt that I could speak, stuttering perhaps, but I decided to make a try. However, I had hardly started with: "Harry said—" when he cut me short.

"Certainly, I know! Harry told you I was dead. He told everybody that, and it took me years to learn why. Let me tell it to you, Bill. Just want to see what you think of it. We'll go way back to the start."

Seeing his explanation would be of some length, I lit a cigarette with trembling hands and nodded for him to cut loose. While he groped around for a place to start his tale, and my nerves being now somewhat under control, I had my first chance to study him. Even if I had the power to describe him I wouldn't. The proximity of the grave was too terrible, and the hands of death on a cheater is pathetically incongruous, like rouge on a corpse, or worn-out shoes on a scarlet woman, but he had started his story:

"Tough luck, wasn't it?—that wreck? We had a great poker game under way with nothing but financial whales around the table—not a pan-fish in the bunch. There was no way to miss making the biggest ocean score on record. We had only been working an hour, maybe less, and were about twenty grand to the good. And, just think, it was *my* deal when the crash came."

That "crash" which so rudely interrupted his manipulations was to be the death knell of some fifteen hundred human beings. But Little Bert seemed to take it as a personal affront of the fates. He even expected sympathy.

"Rotten break," I agreed.

"Rotten!" He repeated my words with shrill contempt. "Rotten ain't the word. Any time it takes an

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Give Brown the Job

Smith Lacks the Appearance

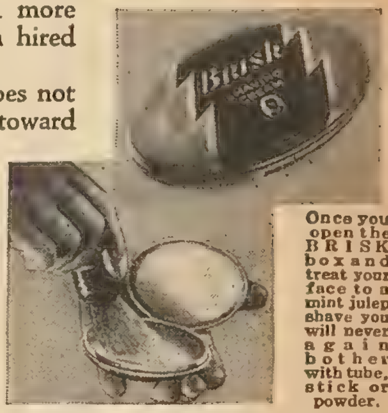
Success Demands You LOOK the Part!

Business firms are becoming more and more ticklish about the presentability of men hired to represent them in any capacity.

They realize that, while appearance does not make the man, it goes a long way toward helping the man make good.

Every man is justified in looking his best at all times and the wise man pays as much attention to the condition of his skin, hair and fingernails as he does to the cut of his clothes.

To help man increase his face value, a special line of men's toilet needs has been created. Here it is:



Once you open the BRISK box and treat your face to a mint julep shave you will never again bother with tube, stick or powder.

BRISK, the Florian Mint Julep Shave. ZEST, the Florian bracing after-shaving lotion. SMOOTH, the Florian powder that kills shine without showing powder. TRIM, the Florian hair dressing . . . in cleanly stick form. STIP, the Florian modern stoptic that closes cuts and stops bleeding instantly.

In these five essentials man's toilet needs are completely fulfilled. Each is as male as military brushes, cigars and suspenders. Each is designed to increase man's face value.

Mix Yourself a Mint Julep Shave!

It's easily done. Simply take a little BRISK Shaving Cream and warm or cold water.

BRISK makes a shave that is truly "Mint Julep" because first, it makes plenty of lather—and plenty of lather is the first requirement of a good shave! BRISK produces two to three times the lather because it absorbs two to three times the amount of water. That means not only a profuse lather, but one that stays moist on your face until you finish your shave!

Secondly, BRISK lubricates the cutting stroke of the razor. You know how a bit of soap on a saw eases its passage through a log—well, that's how BRISK smooths the path of the razor. The razor does not "pull," skip or chop, but glides sweetly over the skin, mowing down the hair cleanly at each stroke.

And as a finishing touch, BRISK acts as a balm. Leaves the skin soft and supple as a fine kid glove. Puts your face in good humor for the day.

BRISK, at 50c, is a good "buy" from the quantity as well as quality standpoint. You get an amazing lot of shaves from a box because you have to use so little.

A Powder that Kills Shine without Showing!

Smooth
POWDER FOR MEN

Here's the powder made expressly for men. It kills "shine" instantly. It does not show on the face. And it has a refreshing, manly scent. Just snap back the top of the box, click the cap, apply the powder and smooth out with your finger tips. SMOOTH, a man's powder for men, in a package for men . . . 50 cents. FLORIAN Inc., 1316 Book Building. Detroit, Michigan.

Brisk

"THE MINT JULEP SHAVE"

and his 4 brothers

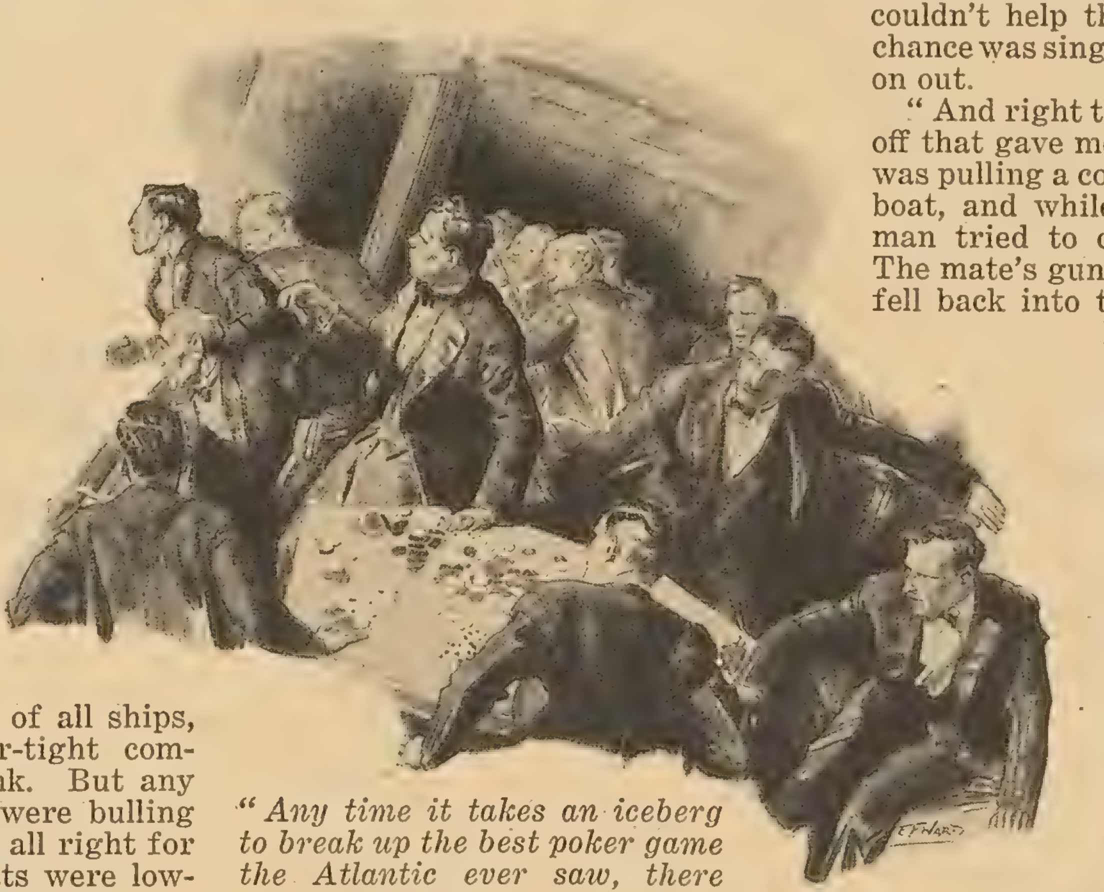
ZesT ~ Smooth ~ Trim ~ Stip

"YOU'RE DEAD"
Continued from page fifty-three

iceberg to break up the best poker game the Atlantic ever saw, there ain't no word to cover it!"

Having thus voiced his resentment, he continued: "Everybody tore for the deck. I hunched Harry; told him to collect some cash from the losers. He just told me to shut up. Not much of a chance, anyway; everybody was milling around. So we left all those checks, a whole bucketful of 'em, in front of me. I'd made Harry get all the best hands, so there's no telling what he had had in front of him. Well, we never saw those checks again, or the saps who lost 'em either."

Again he looked abused, but I didn't interrupt.



*"Any time it takes an iceberg to break up the best poker game the Atlantic ever saw, there ain't no word to cover it!"*

"We got on deck," he continued, "where everybody was asking or answering questions. Nobody seemed to know what had happened! But some weren't far off—you could kinda *smell* it. People were telling each other that this most modern of all ships, with her many water-tight compartments, couldn't sink. But any sucker could see they were bulling themselves. It worked all right for a while. Some lifeboats were lowered and pulled away half full. People were scared to take a chance getting in them on a false alarm, then being kidded for doing it when they had to come back again. And, all the time, that big modern paddler was sinking right under us!" He stopped to cough.

I'd heard all this a hundred times before from Harry Rodney, but now I hung again to every detail with a morbid interest. Bert was obviously explaining some long-endured injustice. Sort of having his "day in court" to show he wasn't dead, and to find out why Rodney persisted in saying he was. His manner was resentful; his voice, what there was of it, hard.

FROM here on the story would evidently be from a new angle. I waited, and for some strange reason, fearfully. I leaned towards him, for his voice was growing weaker from the strain of so many words.

"Pretty soon it got bad—she was way down by the head." He demonstrated the position with a playing card. "We moved over where a crowd was rushing a lifeboat. You remember Mickey, that old thieving smokeroom steward who seemed to be everywhere on the ocean when a 'touch' came off? Always got his bit, too! Well, he was one of the stewards on the Titanic, and 'in' with us, of course. Whether you wanted him or not, he was in. He was there with his crowd around one of the lifeboats, dapper as ever in his brass buttons and uniform. He was kinda a welcome sight to us. The nearest thing to a ship's officer we knew. He might help us get into one of the boats. At least, that was what I figured.

"The second mate was holding the mob back with an automatic. Just dealing strictly with women and children. Didn't look like we had a chance. Then we saw this mate catch Mickey's eye and office him towards the lifeboat. That nod was just like giving a man his life back, but that sucker steward shook his head and kinda hid himself between us. Harry was thinking quick. He dug out our bank roll, about five grand, and forced it into Mickey's hand. 'Take this with you and give it to my wife. Hurry now and get in the boat,' he ordered.

"For a second that daffy steward looked like he was going to slug somebody; then his heels came together and his hand flew to his cap. 'I'm an English seaman,' he declared, and he handed the dough back. And as he did it Harry took his hat off respectfully and begged his pardon. This sort of straightened Mickey out a bit and he offered to fix it for Rodney to get in the boat. And now, get this! Harry said, 'No,' and then kinda with a grin, 'I'm an ocean grafter.' They shook hands proudly.

"Can you imagine a bunch of chatter like that with death at your hip? But they weren't kidding. One sure thing was—they wouldn't be any help to me when they couldn't help themselves. My only chance was single-handed from there on out.

"And right there something came off that gave me an idea. The mate was pulling a couple of women in the boat, and while he was doing it a man tried to crash in with them. The mate's gun cracked and the guy fell back into the crowd and rolled kicking along the deck. Well, if women had that much the best of it, I was gonna be one if there was time enough left to grab a dress or an opera cape somewhere. It didn't look like the ship could live more than a few minutes, so I tore out of that crowd and made for the staterooms. Harry saw me leave and hollered something about getting a life preserver, but I didn't stop to make sure what he said. My plan would work if I had time enough.

"EVERYBODY was on the upper deck, so I tore down the main stairway. I met no one. The first deck down was B deck. Even that was already flooded forward, for the ship was almost standing on her nose. So I ran aft along the main passageway. No, I didn't run; that's wrong. I almost climbed from doorway to doorway; that's how steep it was. The doors were all either locked or jammed. I couldn't open any of them. I had about given up when I saw a light from an open door in one of the side corridors. Believe me, I wasn't long getting there. It was a swell de luxe joint. Everything that was movable had slid to the lower side of the room, but the suite was on the low side of the little hall and the door had swung open and stayed that way.

"And lying right down there against the lower wall was a woman. I could see blood on her face. Naturally I thought she had killed herself in panic, but I didn't give it much thought right then.

"She was wearing a fine fur coat with a big collar, and there was a scarf over her head. It was just the rig-up I wanted. She was all dressed to take to the lifeboats, even had her jewel box in her hand. She looked just my size, too. I was down to her in a second, tumbled her out of the coat, grabbed the scarf, and was on my way. Not a split second too soon either, for as I reached the doorsill the ship seemed to lunge downward. Her stern lifted and the lights went out. I thought it was the blow-off. I remember taking a long breath to get ready for the plunge, like a guy does getting ready to dive. But she didn't go any further—just hung there. After a while I took a chance on another breath. I could feel the black dark squeezing me like a strait-jacket. Suckers will tell you it was the air compressing as the water came in, but I won't go for that. It was just the solid dark. I could taste it. I found a box of matches in my pocket, got one out, and had it against the box ready to strike when she screamed."

"Who screamed?" I asked unnecessarily, for he had indicated the door behind him with a gesture.

He answered impatiently, "The woman in the stateroom. Brought her to, I guess, when I broke the string of pearls off her neck."

He had omitted the pearls in his previous inventory, but in a case like this what is a mere detail?

"God!" he continued, "how she screamed! I put the match back in the box. She would see the light. As I crawled away, the screams stopped.

"Groping inch by inch, I reached the main passageway and stopped, for right there I had to make a choice on which way to go. Either uphill towards her stern, or downhill to the main stairway, as I had come. But the ship had tilted plenty since then. The incline was twice as steep. So I figured the sea was at the stairway by this time and that way out cut off.

"There was nothing left but the uphill climb towards the stern. A route I didn't know anything about, but there was surely some way to the upper deck that way. So with the box of matches I had a fair chance of seeing the sky again. That's the way I figured it, anyhow.

"I had just made this decision when I heard something crawling along the hall behind me. Then that same scream again, but this time it seemed right in my ear, she was that close. She probably heard me bumping around and had followed the sound. When I stopped to make up my mind which direction to bet my life on, she had lost my noise and had screamed for help again. In another second she would be on top of me, so I crawled around the corner into the main passageway and, helping myself by the doorsills of the staterooms, started silently up.

"SATISFIED I was well above her and out of the way, I stopped to listen. Probably she only knew the one direction and that was towards the main stairs—down—for she didn't hesitate, but turned that way. I could hear her half slide and half crawl after she had made the turn. Then there was a splash and a spluttering cry . . . God! how close the water was!

"She'd guessed wrong and paid off with her life. I lit the match now and kinda got my bearings. Then—"

"If you had struck the light a few seconds earlier," I interrupted, "she could have followed you out."

"That's just it," he agreed with approval. "Been right on my heels, and me with all her junk."

After all the ages of human development, speech is still the runt in our litter of accomplishments. It's a feeble medium at best. Utterly inadequate here, so I just shut up and let him go on.

"It's tough enough," he continued, "to find your way around any ship with the lights on and a steward to give you directions. But imagine what it's like in the dark with her half sunk, standing on her nose. If the house you lived in all your life was suddenly laid on its side it would mix you up a bit, wouldn't it?

"I don't know how I got out. My good angels, I guess. There seemed to be millions of doors and passageways and it was hard to light a match cluttered up with furs and things.

"But it was a match saved me. Not with what it showed in its light, but the way the flame flew off the stick. Air was coming in from a hall on my right. The flame slanted away from it. It didn't take long to find the little stairs it came from, and I was on the upper deck in no time.

"Everything was panic. Two thousand people with the terrors. But, God! the noise sounded good after that silent death trap behind me. It was fairly dark, too, so it was no trick to undress myself down to the skin, put on that big fur coat, and tie the scarf around my head. You see, it would have been foolish to take a chance with even one piece of my own clothes that might tip off my sex, so I ditched everything of mine.

"The fur wasn't as warm as I thought it was going to be, and my bare feet and legs didn't add to my comfort any. Looking back at it all, I know it was right there that my lungs started to go. I've never shed the cough I got that night.

"A gang of stokers came charging by, evidently with some set destination. I dropped right in among them, and was carried along in the jam right up to an empty lifeboat.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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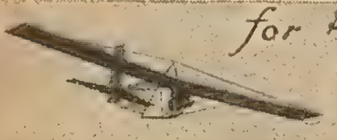

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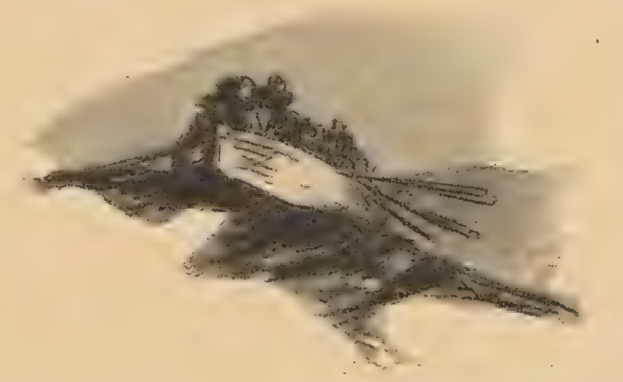
"YOU'RE DEAD"
Continued from page fifty-five

We were up to our knees in water on the deck, and the boat was swung inboard on her davits. There wasn't a second to lose and those burly mugs didn't lose one. There were over thirty of them. Some of them cut her free of her lashings; some literally lifted her out of her cradle and pushed her over the side. And I was safely in her in the bow when she floated. A couple of the gang even helped me in. They got out the oars and pulled like maniacs. We weren't two hundred yards off when the ship's stern rose straight up. People flew off her like off a springboard.



"She hung a few seconds against the dark sky line and then dove under. The great Titanic had called it a day.

"It was hours before the Carpathia picked us up. All the time I sat huddled up in the bow of that lifeboat, and just about froze, at that. I kept the collar of that fur coat turned up around my head and the scarf hid my face. I never spoke at all, just a phony sob once in a while."

"They didn't pay any attention to you at all?" I asked incredulously.

"Only once," he explained. "A man noticed I was barefooted and gave me his shoes. Swell guy, wasn't he? You see, there was plenty of excitement to keep their attention off me. They were pulling people, mostly women, out of the water all of the time. After a while the boat was so loaded she didn't have any freeboard at all. Her rails were about even with the water. If there had been even a ripple she would have filled quick.

"Then we saw smoke on the horizon and everybody cheered. In a few minutes the Carpathia came hurrying into sight. As she got closer, we could see she was picking up lifeboats as she came. Not stopping for them, understand, but scooping them up right in her stride.

"THEN it came our turn. It looked for a second like she was gonna run us down. But she swerved just enough to bring us alongside. Then some stray sort of gear caught us and our boat was snatched out of the water, hoisted to her main deck, and swung inboard.

"I know I didn't breathe while it was happening, so it couldn't have taken very long. The first person I saw was Harry. He was searching our boat with quick glances, anxiously looking for somebody. And that somebody, I knew, was me.

"Of course, he didn't recognize me and he looked awful sad and disappointed as he moped off to the rail and stood looking out over the sea.

"Everybody on board the Carpathia wanted to do something for the rescued and I had a tough time getting away from them, but I did, all right. At last, getting close to Harry, I whispered to him who I was. Nobody ever saw Harry excited, but me coming out of the ocean in that make-up startled him some for the first time in his life. But he was a quick thinker and always the leader in everything, so I felt safe now. I was in his hands. Taking me by the arm, he pushed his way out of the crowd around the lifeboat, and we moved to the other side of the ship, where we were alone. Then I showed him the jewelry. Didn't tell him anything, just gave him a quick flash so he'd know what to do.

"They were dealing out dry clothes to the rescued in the main saloon. It didn't take Harry long to go in and get me a complete outfit. When he came back with the clothes, he said, 'This is the smallest suit in there—too big for you at that.'

"I was too miserable and cold to have anyone joke about my size; that's why I remember that crack. I didn't like it."

The verbal pace was telling on Bert, and as he leaned back fighting for air his tortured lungs would not receive, understanding came to me. Harry, without knowing the details, was not enthused with women's jewels off a wreck.

HE was half sour on his rescued pal right then on general principles. What would he be when he knew it all? Oh, how I wanted to ask, but was afraid. Grafters shy at a too pointed interest.

"We found an empty stateroom and I got into the clothes," he resumed. "Then we made a bundle of the fur coat and empty jewel box, weighed it down with a dozen or so dinner plates, and threw it overboard.

"That was that, and I was away clean . . . and unless all that junk was phony—rich."

"You beat a million-to-one shot," I complimented him. "Did you tell Harry the story just as you told it to me?"

"Twenty times, at least," he answered petulantly. "Acted like he doubted it and wanted to make sure I wasn't stringing him. Over and over he made me tell it. And then, just before we got into New York, he gave me my half of our bank roll and told me the safest thing I could do was play dead.

"Nobody would ever know who was saved out of that catastrophe, he argued, and our right names weren't on the passenger list, anyway. His plan was this: I was to keep under cover on the Carpathia and be on her when she sailed back for Europe from New York, while he was to mourn me for dead until I had the jewelry disposed of and the unidentifiable dough cached away somewhere. Personally I didn’t believe all these precautions were necessary, but Harry contended there might be a soft spot somewhere and that I’d better definitely cover my trail with death.

“ I was to keep in touch with him by letter in New York, and he was to tell me when it was safe to come back from the tomb. I agreed to this and we said good-by just before the Carpathia delivered her rescued at the pier.

“ I was at the rail when she pulled in and I saw you and May in the crowd. I never saw Harry again.”

“ Did you have any trouble cashing in the stuff? ” I asked.

“ No,” he grumbled. “ Got a hundred thousand pounds for it in London. Guess it was worth four times that. She must have been a swell, that dame.”

“ DID you write Harry about it? ”

“ Yes, and got an answer.”

“ What was it? ”

“ He said things didn’t look good and for me to stay dead.”

“ Did you write him again? ”

“ Dozens of times.”

“ Did he answer? ”

“ Yes, and after a while he cut his letters down to just two words: ‘You’re dead.’ Naturally I thought some impossible thing had happened, and that the law wanted me. So I stayed abroad in hiding for years. Sick all the time, too.

“ Those foreign croakers said it was consumption. It took them some time to convince me, but when they did I started for America and Arizona, law or no law.”

“ Was Harry in New York then? ” I asked him.

“ Yes,” he said. “ I got him on the phone, but he wouldn’t see me. Said it was too dangerous. So I sneaked out of town without showing myself to anybody and started my tour of sanitariums in the great southwest—and here I am.

“ Now you’ve heard the story—what’s it all about? I can’t believe my old pal turned yellow and let fear separate us that way, can you? ”

“ Nobody ever pointed him out as timid,” I replied, “ but he might have changed. I dunno. It’s all so mystifying.”

With a ghastly nod he agreed with me.

I got him back to his rooms and the next day he died.

Some distant relative, the beneficiary in his will, buried him and erected a tombstone. On it—besides the trivial details common to monuments—are a pair of hands, the dismal sculptor’s usual masterpiece.

They are clasped hands, orthodox and supplicant, but it seemed to me that in this case prayer was a waste of time, for if you pried them open, four aces and a necklace would fall out.

THE END

Rita Weiman *writes*

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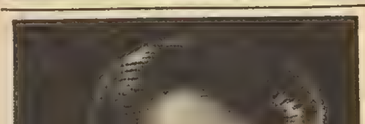

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# Double-Standard CHIC

### By BETTINA BEDWELL

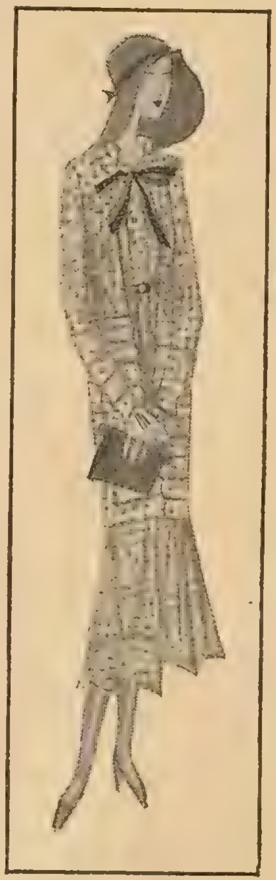
*Paris.*

A NEW conception of Paris chic emanates from the busy brain of Jean Patou. It allows a double standard of dress, and replaces the two formerly prevailing methods of tying up to style. One of these—the sentimental choosing of clothes for pure love of them, whether they could support the personality and life of the wearer or not—has been considered downright immoral by smart women for some time. The other standard—a monogamic adherence to one and only one type of fashion—is more than a little *demodé,* also.

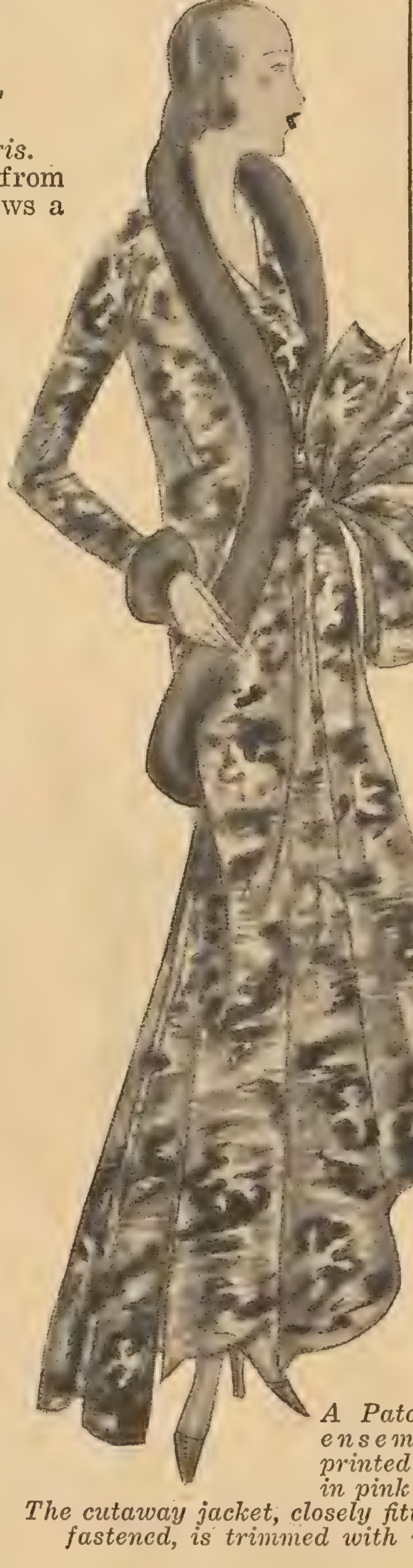
The Patou double standard seems to about fit the bill of clothes needs today and is automatically adopted by many intelligent women.

Ladies of luxury, with Rolls-Royces, yachts, and châteaux, find the double style standard perfect, because their lives are no longer segregated from the everyday of ordinary folks. They are the most ardent supporters of Patou's simple, comfortable half-time fashions, and his complicated elegant modes for the other half.

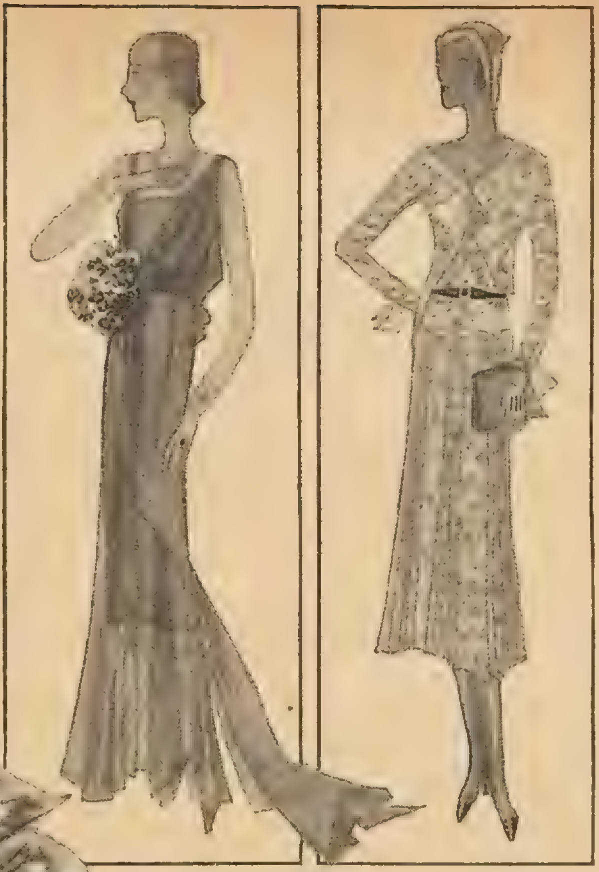
The simple side of style is, this season, being expressed in cottons and unpretentious raw silks and woolens, in hats made of the same stuffs, in shoes that are open, easy, and often low-heeled, and in costume jewelry made of such novelty materials as straw and glass. The long skirt, the fitted silhouette, elaborate trimmings and such details are out of place and out of fashion in such clothes, which are dainty and feminine none the less.



*Patou makes this daytime ensemble of printed cotton crêpe.*



*A Patou dance ensemble of printed taffeta in pink and red. The cutaway jacket, closely fitted when fastened, is trimmed with mink.*



*Above, at the left, a frock of opaline rose mousseline. At the right, a lacy jersey trimmed with piqué.*

ONE example of this style standard is shown in the Patou ensemble illustrated in the first sketch. This ensemble is made of printed cotton crêpe—pink and green sprigs on a white ground. The straight, knee-length coat is trimmed simply with bias bands of self-material. The dress has a longish tunic blouse, with a bow of pink and green ribbon at the collarless neckline, and a cotton crêpe belt at the waistline. The skirt is gathered on to this tunic. The big hat that Patou designed to go with this ensemble is made of green linen with a pink band around the crown, and the bag carried by the model is made of green linen also, and fastens with nickel balls at the ends.

The upper right-hand model shown is another advocate of smart simplicity and is also a Jean Patou ensemble. The dress and bolero jacket are made of pale and dark gray lacy jersey. The dress is sleeveless and has a straight waist reaching to the hipline, where the plaited skirt is attached. A black patent-leather belt holds the normal waistline. The bolero has long sleeves and is attached by a single button at the pointed closing. Fans of white piqué trim the sleeves and neckline.

THE large sketch illustrates the other side of chic—when the perfumed elegance of evening holds sway. Printed taffeta in tones of pink and dark red makes this dance ensemble, which also comes from the salons of Patou. The cutaway jacket is complicated in cut and closely fitted when fastened. It is trimmed with mink. The frock has a closely fitted short bodice and a skirt that is flared by irregular godets. It reaches to the instep at one side of the hem. A huge bow of the taffeta is placed on the left hip.

The third model, of Patou's opaline rose mousseline, is an evening frock draped in the smart new Patou manner, with a short cape at the back of the bodice and a huge bouquet of velvet violets at the front. The skirt touches the insteps in front and has a long, frivolous train at the back. Real jewels are worn with it.

The luxurious side of fashion is governed solely by elegance. Intricate jewel embroidery on coats and dresses is part of it. Purses made of chiffon and mounted on golden and jeweled frames are its fragile containers of money and make-up. Perishable colors and fabrics express it perfectly. Bigger and better diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and sapphires are its opulent insignia.

# Do You WALK or Hobble?

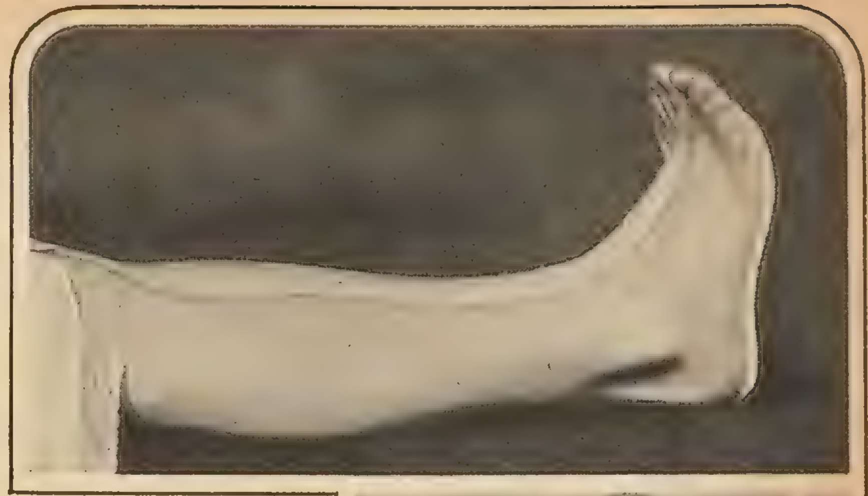
By EILEEN BOURNE

IF you *walk* you will not be interested in exercises to strengthen the feet. If you walk enough, that is. But if you are an habitual taxi hailer or street-car rider because you admit you can't walk, your feet and leg muscles do need exercise.

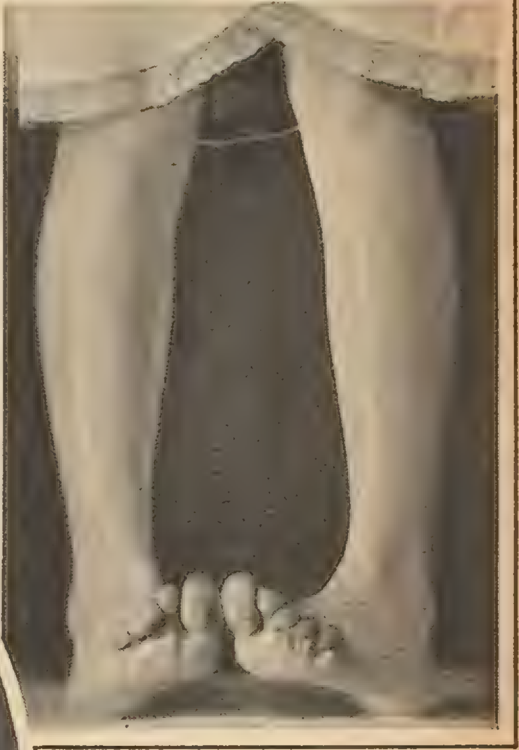
You may not be flat-footed. Nevertheless the arches may be beginning to sag and the bones may be beginning to slip out of place. The distress that follows a short walk indicates there is something wrong besides badly designed or ill-fitting shoes, or misuse of the feet; and lack of exercise of foot and leg muscles is probably what is wrong.

If the distress were limited to the feet, it would not be so bad. But it often extends to remote parts of the body. Backache, continued fatigue, poor circulation, indigestion, " nerves," and spinal disorder and pain, often mistaken for rheumatism, may have their origin in the feet.

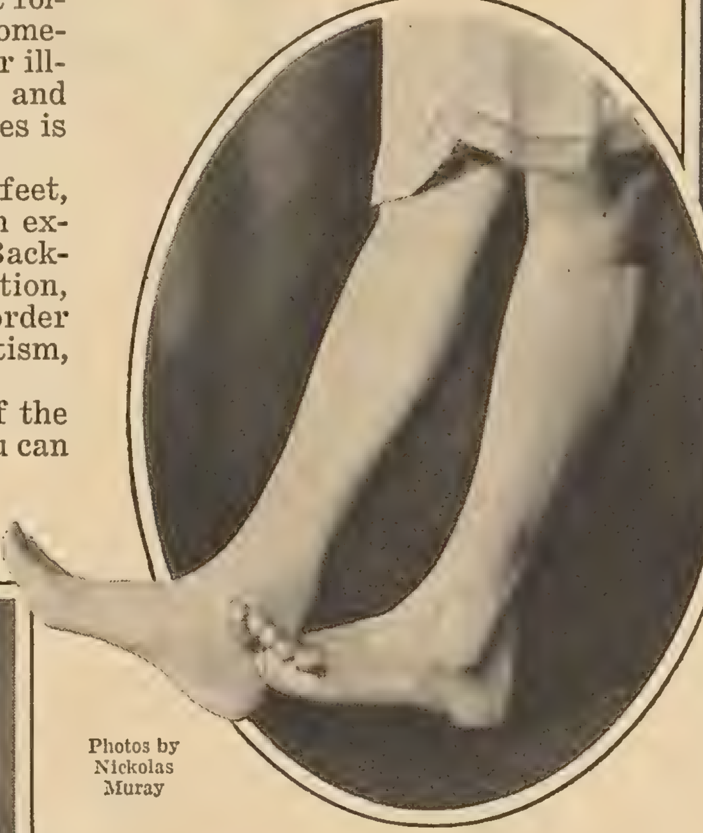
It is no exaggeration to say that if the feet become weakened or flattened you can feel the effects clear to the top of your head.



*Ankle-bending, above. Sit on the floor, your knees stiff, feet and toes stretched forward and down. Count four as you bend the ankles back, bringing the toes toward you. Do fifty times.*

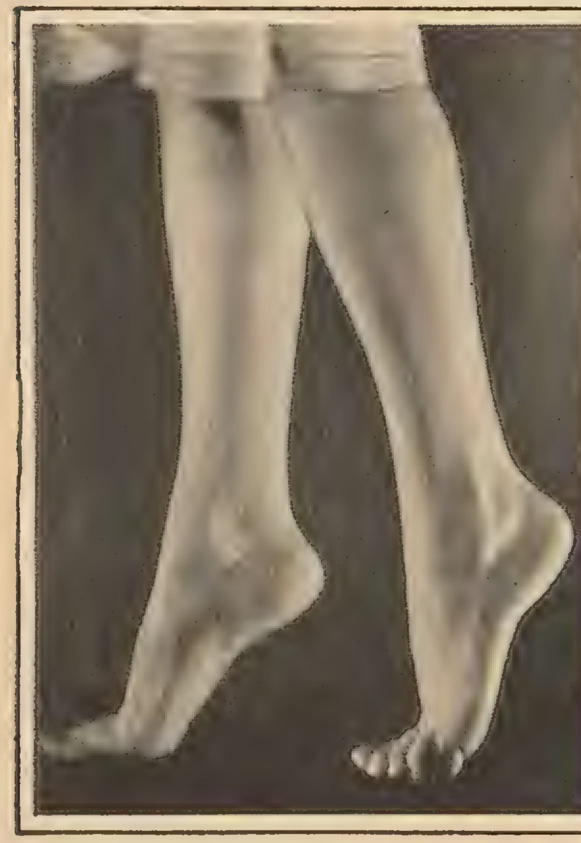


*Foot-raising, above (sitting or standing). Toes together, heels slightly apart, raise feet inward and upward. Up and down twenty to forty times.*

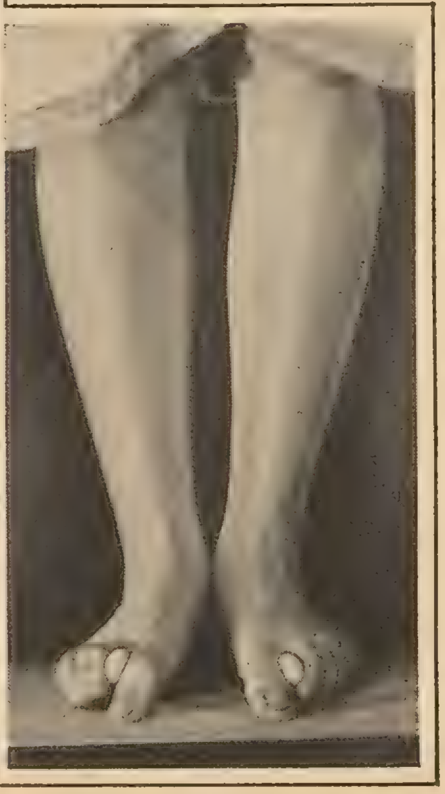


Photos by Nickolas Muray

*At the left, rocking. Rock from the heels to the tips of the toes, shifting entire weight while holding on to a support. Toe in as you rock. Do many times.*



*Walking on toes barefoot, above. Not so easy as it looks, but wonderful for strengthening the feet. Walk on tiptoes until you must drop back on feet.*



*Grasping marbles. Place a large marble, or some such object, between the large toe and the next of each foot, as pictured at the left, and take as many steps as possible without dropping the marbles.*

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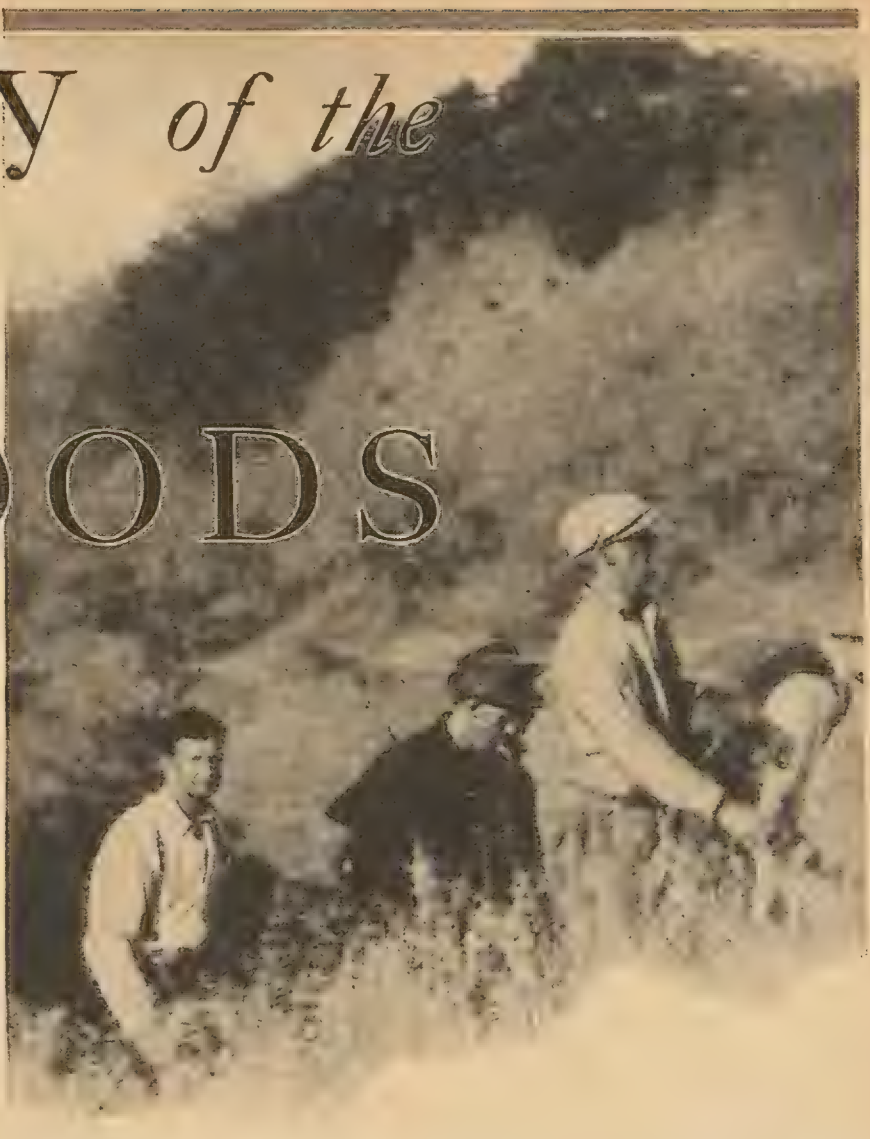
# The Mystery of the Giant Redwoods



## *A Chronicle of Weird Murders in a Mountain Paradise*

*By*

SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

FAR up in the lonely reaches of the Sierra Madre range in northern California there dwell a primitive, isolated, taciturn folk. They pass their simple lives amid scenes of unrivaled beauty, a wild beauty that holds the outside visitor spellbound before the grandeur of the lofty mountain peaks and the endless play of crystal sunshine and purple shadow and lightning-riven storm cloud and starlit velvet night.

The mountains are rent by mighty ravines. Deep within these, icy streams murmur and chuckle as they hurry tumbling onward toward the Pacific. Giant redwoods and cedars and pines cover the ascending slopes and the river banks. Shrubs and creepers and wild flowers carpet the buttes and mesas and valleys and rolling flats.

Game is plentiful, speckled trout crowd the creeks; and herds of cattle and flocks of sheep give meager livelihoods to the mountaineers.

Settlements are far apart. At the foot of the mountains lies the thriving little lumber town of Eureka. Sprawled along the crescent of Humboldt Bay, it is the seat of Humboldt County—both named in honor of the great German naturalist who explored the region a century and more ago.

And for nearly five years the enterprising habitants of Eureka and the level-eyed, silent dwellers in the uplands have striven to pierce the veil of mystery that still enshrouds the murder of Henry Sweet and Carmen Wagner. For only a few persons give any credence to the astonishing confession which, long after the event, purported to solve the puzzle.

About seventy-five miles from Eureka by a climbing, winding wagon road lies Coyote Flat, surrounded by towering mountains. In this valley are a few homesteaders, and at the beginning of this century Joseph A. Wagner was one of them. He tilled a few acres, planted a little orchard, and with his wife and son and daughter lived in a small shack that he had himself thrown together.

Around the cabin he put up a picket fence, and across the roadway upon which the gate opened he built a little chicken house near a huge boulder. The great rock stood between the house, fifty feet to the north, and the orchard of peach trees, thirty-five yards to the south.

Wagner's son was named Kenneth. When his daughter was born there on the ranch they called her Carmen. Carmen was born in 1907, and as the years passed she became as one of the wild things of the mountains. With gorgeous red hair, she was slender and strong, indefatigable and fearless, and she wore a boy's hunting outfit and roamed the hills and forests with her rifle. She was an unerring shot. And she was a beauty.

It was a hard struggle in the mountains, lonely in sum-

### $10,000 for the Best Solutions of TEN REAL LIFE MYSTERIES

THE Mystery of the Giant Redwoods is the seventh of ten stories of famous crimes and mysteries about which I am writing in my current contest series.

Liberty is going to give its readers $10,000 in prizes for solutions of these ten puzzles. There will be eight prizes for each mystery: one of $500, one of $250, one of $100, one of $50, and four of $25. In case of a tie, prizes will be duplicated.

Read the story, decide for yourself what happened, and mail your conclusions to Liberty Mystery Contest, Post-office Box 480, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

It isn't necessary that you be a professional writer, or even a subscriber to Liberty. Everyone is eligible except employees of Liberty and their relatives. *What* you say will count, not *how* you say it. A limit of 500 words is suggested but not required.

Neatness, brevity, logic, originality of deduction—these will count with me in considering your entry. The publishers have decided that I am to have the only and final say as to the winners.

To be considered, all solutions of each mystery must be postmarked within four weeks after the date of the issue in which the story concerning it is completed. Names of winners will be published as soon as is mechanically possible in the printing of a weekly magazine.

---

**It is hoped that the task of choosing the prize-winning solutions of the first problem in this series—The Mystery of Sacco-Vanzetti—can be completed in time to announce the winners in next week's issue.**

SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

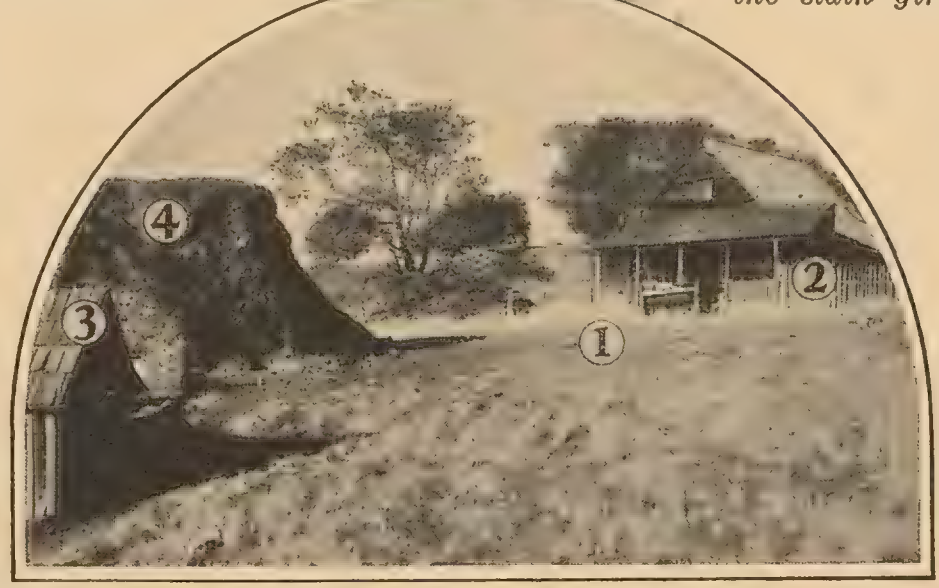
*Members of Sheriff Ross' posse carrying the body of Carmen Wagner out of Mad River Cañon after its discovery by Buck and Pixton.*

*Carmen Wagner, the slain girl.*

mer and gale-lashed through the dreary winter months. Wagner gave up. One day he simply abandoned the ranch. They moved to Eureka, where he did odd jobs, while Mrs. Wagner went to work in a cafeteria, Kenneth in a store, and the girl in a beauty parlor.

By the time she was eighteen years old, Carmen had opened a little beauty parlor in Ferndale, about ten miles south of Eureka. Each morning she went there on the bus, returning to her home when she closed the shop in the evening. Fascinating of features and figure, she was pursued by most of the eligible youth of Eureka and Ferndale, but she seemed to favor Henry Sweet above all the others.

IN 1925, the time of our story, Sweet was about thirty years old. His parents lived in Dyerville, fifty miles by road to the southeast, but Henry himself lived in Eureka, where he drove a truck for a local firm. He was a tall, powerful young man with a pleasant smile, and quite popular except among those who regarded him as a rival for Carmen's approbation. In a small town such jealousy flares easily and sometimes overtly, since the swains often have much idle time on their hands.



*The abandoned Wagner homestead on Coyote Flat. Henry Sweet's body lay on the spot marked (1). At (2) a fence picket was broken, apparently by the bullet that had killed Sweet; (3) and (4) mark the henhouse and the boulder between which a cartridge was found.*

There was a rumor, too, that Sweet might have turned a dollar or two on the side by running liquor from the numerous vessels that put into Humboldt Bay for cargoes of lumber; and one or two hijacking exploits were, it was believed, not altogether beyond Henry's ken. But he had never been molested by the police, even if these did sometimes wonder where Henry got the roll of bank notes he always flashed.

On Wednesday, October 7, 1925, Carmen reached home from Ferndale at her usual hour. At the supper table she told her mother she was going on a deer hunt with Henry Sweet and a married couple named Peterson. Later, Mrs. Wagner couldn't recollect whether Carmen said Peterson or Christianson. But she gave her consent, and Carmen dressed for the trip. She donned riding breeches, mountain boots, a khaki shirt and red tie, a red sweater, a hunting coat, a red tam-o'-shanter, and stout gloves. She got her .25-35 caliber carbine, called Pronto, her little Irish setter, and left the house.

EARLY the next morning Henry drove his Dodge roadster to his parents' home in Dyerville. He said he was going deer hunting, but did not say with whom. He changed to hunting clothes, took his rifle from a closet, filled its magazine with cartridges—it was of the same caliber as Carmen's—and started to leave the house.

At that moment a man about thirty years old, of a medium height and swarthy features, walked up on the front porch. On his head was a large gray felt cowboy hat. He announced that his automobile had broken down and asked if he might leave it there. Mr. Sweet consented and Henry offered to take the stranger to Eureka. They drove away at eight o'clock, and Henry was not again seen by his parents. Nor did the mysterious "man in the sombrero" ever return for his automobile, which was finally towed away by the authorities.

Two hours later Henry and the stranger reached the Highway Garage, on the outskirts of Eureka. Henry had the gasoline tank filled and paid for it with a bill from a huge roll, and they drove away together.

Where did Carmen spend Wednesday night? Where

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[ THE MYSTERY OF THE GIANT REDWOODS Continued from page sixty-one ]

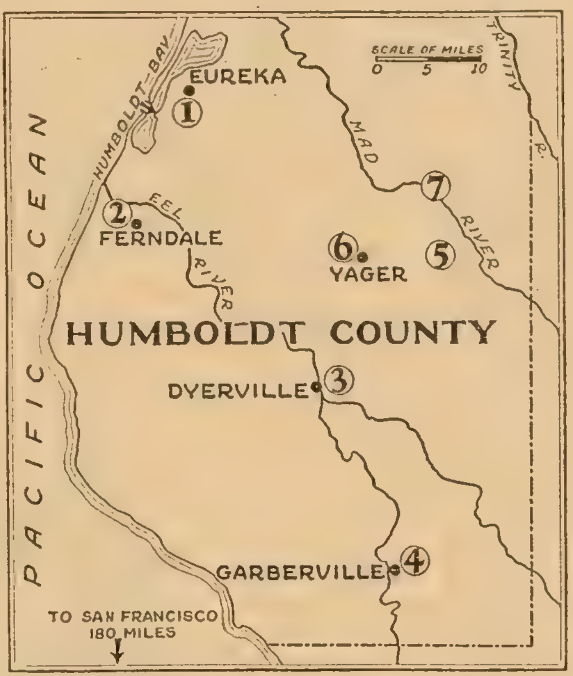
and at what time did Henry pick her up and drive into the mountains? What became of the man in the sombrero?

Five miles from the old Wagner ranch on Coyote Flat was the homestead of Leland Bryant, a typical mountaineer. He hunted, trapped, rode herd, and lived as a hermit in his cabin.

About mid-afternoon of Friday, October 9, Carmen strolled up to Bryant's cabin, carrying her rifle and followed by Pronto. They talked for a while and she said she was going to her former home.

Bryant walked with her for a couple of miles and then pointed out a new path, a short cut, to her homestead. She waved adieu and plunged, a gay figure, into the shrubbery and disappeared.

Bryant told all this later at the inquest.



*Humboldt County, California, scene of the Wagner-Sweet murders. The victims lived in Eureka (1). Carmen's beauty parlor was in Ferndale (2). Sweet's parents lived in Dyerville (3). At Garberville (4), some days after Sweet's murder, a girl resembling Carmen, accompanied by a man, was noticed by two persons independently. The only phone in the region was at Yager (6). The locality where Sweet's body was found is marked (5); and where Carmen's was found, (7).*

Sunday afternoon Walter Craig, a Eureka citizen out hunting, drove along the old wagon road that ran before the Wagner place. He saw a roadster parked there and stopped his own car. On the running board of the Dodge was strapped a dead deer; and on the ground beside the roadster Henry Sweet lay dead. His head was in a pool of coagulated blood, and his body was rigid. He had been dead at least twenty-four hours, and possibly forty-eight.

CRAIG turned his car and hastened to Yager, eighteen miles away, a small crossroads settlement where there was a telephone. He called up the coroner's office in Eureka. Late that afternoon Coroner Oscar Swanson reached the Wagner hut. He decided to camp there that night.

The next morning, Monday, Swanson took Sweet's body into Eureka, but for some reason gave it out that Henry had died of a hemorrhage. He said Sweet must have had a girl with him, because in the roadster were found a vanity case, a bit of silk ribbon, and a woman's comb. At that time nobody knew who this girl was. Swanson explained that Henry probably had been stricken and had fallen and died, and his companion must have dashed away on foot for help.

But the next morning Swanson gave out the facts. He said that Henry had evidently finished tying the deer to the running board, and straightened up. He was apparently unbuckling his belt to remove his pistol and holster, when somebody shot him in the back. His rifle and the roll of bills were gone; and the girl, Swanson concluded, must have been forced to accompany the assassin.

By this time the news had reached the Wagner house, and the parents came forward to identify the missing girl as Carmen. Mr. Wagner was not unduly worried, because Carmen knew every foot of the mountains and was a courageous, resourceful girl.

WHILE the coroner was telling his story, Sheriff A. A. Ross led a posse into Coyote Flat. From distant homesteads and ranches the mountaineers gathered to join in the hunt for Carmen. Among the Eurekans present were Kenneth, Carmen's brother, and Kenneth Walford, an admirer of hers. Walford was voluble with threats as to what he would do to anybody that harmed a hair of Carmen's head, and the mountaineers regarded him with silent interest.

There finally were assembled about 150 armed men. They made a great camp at the site of the murder, and split up early each morning into small posses to comb the crags and ravines. While this was going on for days, a series of astonishing incidents occurred:

Thursday, October 15. Stephen E. Metzler, a Eureka lawyer (whose name it will be well to memorize), reported that that morning he left Garberville, seventy-five miles by the winding roads southeast of Eureka, and started to drive north to his home. A few miles out of Garberville he met a young man and a girl afoot. They hailed him, told him they were quite fatigued, and asked him to turn and drive them into town. Metzler said he was struck by the girl's resemblance to Carmen Wagner. He told them to wait, drove ahead to a wider spot in the road, turned his machine around, and drove back to where he had left them.

They had disappeared in the woods, but in the middle of the highway had left their knapsack, containing cooking utensils and clothing. Metzler went back to Garberville, organized a small posse, and trailed the fleeing couple until their trail was lost on the mountainside.

Sheriff Ross and District Attorney Arthur W. Hill decided this day how Sweet had met his death. Between the boulder and the henhouse a .25-35 cartridge shell was found. Sighting from that spot to where Sweet's body had lain, it was observed that in the fence beyond a picket top had been broken off by the bullet after it had gone through Henry's body. Manifestly, the killer had lain in ambush behind the boulder and had shot Henry in the back when he straightened up after tying the deer to his car.

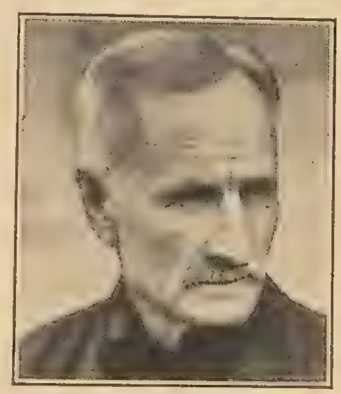
The same night, the inquest over Sweet's body was held in Eureka. Leland Bryant was not altogether a satisfactory witness, and after he had told his story he was asked to keep himself available to the authorities.

Friday, October 16. A constable halted a couple on the southern outskirts of Garberville after noticing that the girl looked like Carmen. She said that she and her companion had a marriage license and were hitchhiking their way to Watsonville, several hundred miles to the south. She said they came from Ferndale and had shipped their goods by freight in advance.

It was then disclosed, to everybody's surprise, that Carmen's beauty shop had been partially dismantled and three packing cases of her effects had been consigned by express to Watsonville. It was further learned that she had not been making money; she had evidently shipped back furnishings of her parlor to her creditors.

SUNDAY, October 18. The Eureka Standard sent a reporter to Coyote Flat with a truck equipped with a short-wave army wireless apparatus and a wireless operator to file instantly any news the reporter should dig up.

When the camp arose at dawn this day, the hunters were startled to discover, in the forks of a peach tree in the orchard, Carmen's little carbine! It is inconceivable that it could have been there for six days while 150 keen-eyed posse members milled about the camp. The sheriff said it had probably been placed there during the night.



*Joseph A. Wagner, Carmen's father.*

There were three undischarged shells in the weapon. It was then decided that the missile that had killed Sweet was not of that caliber; but since the bullet was missing, nobody knew what caliber weapon had been used, the empty .25-35 shell to the contrary notwithstanding.

Tuesday, October 20. To the weird situation another confusing element was added. Henry Selvage, Eureka garage owner, told the sheriff that Carmen had been talking to William Keith, an Oakland automobile salesman, in front of the garage on Monday, October 12, the day after Sweet's body was found and, possibly, three days after he was slain. Selvage was positive as to the date, because he had just returned from a two-day deer hunt, and because of the world's series baseball games.

The next day Keith reached Eureka. He admitted talking to Carmen, but said it was on October 7, and he could prove it by certain sales slips. Just what happened in the matter of checking up these slips and the contradictory statements was not clear, because more important developments crowded into the mystery.

Thursday, October 22. In a cabin on the banks of Mad River, which ripples along at the bottom of a ravine, lived two half-breed Indians, Walter David and Jack Ryan. They were half brothers, their mother having been twice married. They were trappers, hunters, cow hands.

DAVID was six feet tall, slender, handsome, popular, a finished broncho rider, intelligent, kindly, and industrious. Ryan was small, wiry, dark, excitable, generally disliked, lazy, with porcine eyes and a cruel nature. He was a marvelous marksman with rifle or revolver, and he yearned for his red licker. Though the brothers lived together they hated each other and seldom met, for David was always at work and Ryan was always hunting and trapping and fishing.

It came to the ears of the authorities that David's face bore certain scratches, such as might be made by the finger nails of a desperate girl. A posse was sent out to round up the half-breeds and fetch them in.

Friday, October 23. By this time two things had happened in the huge camp. The mountaineers, disdainful of the tenderfeet, and the Eureka citizens, contemptuous of the hill-billies, began to rally round in their respective groups, each side suspicious, sullen, and silent in the other's presence.

And a mad rumor began to circulate, nobody knows how, that the assassin was present in the camp; that the man who had killed Sweet and either abducted or murdered the beauteous Carmen was smart enough to lull suspicion by joining the camp and circulating among the posses. Former admirers of Carmen, especially those who were vocally bitter, were being regarded with uncertainty.

But on this day the climax came. Kenneth Buck and Sidney Pixton went away together to hunt for the girl. They reached Mad River and climbed down the precipitous sides of that lovely cañon. They poked here and there with their rifles in the tangled undergrowth; they looked

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Of Liberty, published weekly at New York, New York, for April 1, 1930.

State of New York, } ss.
County of New York, }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared J. M. Patterson, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of Liberty and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is

(This information is required from daily publications only.)

J. M. PATTERSON, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of March, 1930.

(Seal) THOMAS J. McGUIRE.

Notary Public, Kings County, No. 82, Reg. No. 189.
Cert. filed in N. Y. Co. No. 284. Reg. No. 0-198.
Commission expires March 30th, 1930.

Form 3526 Ed. 1924.

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THE MYSTERY OF THE GIANT REDWOODS
Continued from page sixty-three

under drooping ferns; they explored piles of leaves and débris.

Far down in the depths of the ravine, the afternoon sun etching pink outlines on the naked crags high overhead, they went. The sepulchral silence choked their words, and by an infectious inhibition of the quiet loneliness they grew somewhat affrighted. Young men, they cocked their rifles and trod noiselessly from rock to rock along the spray-lashed rivulet.

On the right bank Buck suddenly stopped and whistled softly. He beckoned. Pixton went back, and in a sandy eddy of the curving stream they stared at a little mound. From it protruded the stiffened paw of a dog, the foreleg of Pronto, the Irish setter. The youths disinterred the rigid body; somebody had shot the little animal. Then, in truth, they walked warily forward, guns held ready as their glances sought further discoveries or turned from time to time up the steep redwood-covered sides of the ravine, as if they feared the murderer was concealed somewhere up there watching them.

*Jack Ryan, who pleaded guilty.*

A few yards farther, under a mossy shelf of shale rock, they found the red tam-o'-shanter. A few yards more, and they came to a pile of driftwood on the outer curve of a bend in the turbulent stream—a pile of driftwood that looked natural there, as if the sticks and branches and twigs had been tossed aside by the rapids and had accumulated.

They moved the driftwood aside—and found the body of Carmen Wagner, half buried in the sand. It was late in the afternoon. Pixton remained while Buck hurried six miles back to the main camp and reported. The officials were grim; the city folk were voluble; the mountain men were silent; former suitors held rifles high and vowed vengeance.

THE next morning—nobody slept that night—they went down and retrieved the corpse. As they emerged from the cool abyss of the cañon the procession of hatless men halted and averted their eyes while a doctor examined the body, since emergence to the outer air had hastened the delayed dissolution of the tissues. The girl had been ravished by the man—or men—who took her life.

While they were returning to camp another posse was arresting Walter David, riding along a road two miles from where the girl was found. He was hurried to the Eureka jail. When the funereal parade reached the base camp they discovered that still another group had brought in Jack Ryan from a wood-cutting camp ten miles away. On his right sleeve were dried bloodstains.

When this group arrived with the half-breed, loud growls of lynching arose. Suddenly the camp was split ominously in twain—the mountaineers, aghast at the crimes but resolved to permit no extemporaneous execution of a mountaineer, even a half-breed, until his guilt was beyond question, facing the city men enraged by the double murder and inclined to vigilante justice. The incipient clash was stilled when the sheriff announced Ryan would be taken to Eureka and locked up.

The body of the girl was returned to Eureka and an autopsy was performed. The coroner announced that it was now certain that both victims had been killed by bullets from a .25-35 caliber rifle. Carmen had been shot in the left temple and through the neck.

At the inquest it was testified that a girl's watch had been found in the half-breeds' cabin. Mrs. Wagner identified it as her daughter's. The prisoners denied knowing anything about it, and suggested that some member of the posse had planted it there.

W. R.—“Wild Bill”—Shields, a friend of Carmen's, testified that certain long white hairs he had found clinging to brush near the spot where the body was uncovered were from white goatskin chaparajos, the sort of chaps Ryan was known to wear.

KENNETH WALFORD displayed a small length of buckskin which he said he had found on Carmen's watch in the hut. He said he had noticed a piece of such a thong was missing from Ryan's saddle.

Meantime, Blaine McGowan, a wealthy lawyer and owner of a ranch near Eureka, came up from San Francisco and declared he would defend David, who had often worked for him and for whose integrity he was prepared to vouch.

The inquest verdict was that both Indians should be held for investigation; but nothing definite, of course, was produced as to exactly when either victim had been murdered, or by whom.

Then, suddenly, it was decided that the bullet taken from Carmen's head was from a .30 caliber Luger automatic pistol—probably because Ryan had such a weapon. Police have a world-wide habit of making the crime fit the suspect.

Tuesday, October 27. E. O. Heinrich, noted Berkeley criminologist and chemist, arrived at Eureka in response to a request from the district attorney. He went out to the Wagner homestead, and a day later reported:

Sweet was killed by a pistol shot after a sudden quarrel.

Carmen was killed to conceal the former crime.

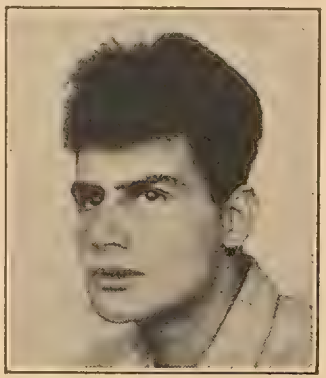
One or more men were involved; more than one had guilty knowledge of the tragedies.

The slayer either knew the countryside intimately or was guided by one who did.

Subsequent doubt as to whether Carmen had been attacked indicated that jealousy of long standing was the motive for the crimes.

The assassin or assassins were known to both victims.

The night before it was discovered, Carmen's rifle was put in the peach tree by somebody in the camp for the purpose of further baffling the authorities.



*Walter David, Ryan's half brother.*

The alibis of David and Ryan were quite credible.

The bloodstains on Ryan's sleeve were human. Whereupon Ryan changed his original story that he thought they were deer blood to a version that he remembered he had had a fight and it was his own blood.

A preliminary hearing was held on November 27, and Ryan was bound over to the superior court on charges of murdering Carmen. The charges against David were dismissed and he disappeared. Old Ryan retained J. Logan Beamer, able Eureka attorney, to defend his son, and on February 8, 1926, Ryan's trial began before Judge Denver Sevier.

Witnesses could give little valuable light on the affair until the experts began to testify as to the bloodstains on Ryan's coat. One proved scientifically that they were human, and the other that they were from some other mammal. Ryan changed his story again, to say that in riding a wild horse it had reared and struck its head against his eye and cut the eyebrow. He had such a fresh wound when he was arrested.

The experts quarreled over the strands of white hair; one said they were from Ryan's goatskin chaps and the other that they were from a white recently washed blanket of dyed fabric.

Thirteen fragments of skin found by Heinrich under the girl's finger nails were, he testified, from another human. But Ryan bore no such scratches.

ON March 11 Ryan was acquitted after the jury thought it over for nineteen hours. It required four ballots, the first three being 10 to 2 for acquittal.

Meantime Metzler decided to run for the district attorneyship. His main plea for votes was a promise to do something efficient and prompt toward solving Humboldt County's famous crime. He was elected.

Then, a year later, a rifle was found in the home of William Bryant. William was a brother of Leland and lived in Grizzly Bluff, twenty-five miles from the old Wagner homestead. A new barrel had been put on the weapon and the wooden stock had been scraped and revarnished. Yet Sweet's friends said they identified it as his by a secret mark they knew he had put on it. William Bryant readily gave it up, and said it had been in the family for years. He said he had bought the new barrel from a man named Garrett in 1925. Nothing came of this discovery.

On February 1, 1927, Metzler suddenly was struck by the idea that maybe the dead girl was not Carmen Wagner. He said it might be a Titian-haired light o' love who was well known in Little Spain, as Eureka's red-light district was called. This girl had vanished about the time of the double murder. It came out that neither of the parents had been allowed to see the corpse of Carmen Wagner, which had been hastily buried in the cemetery at Fortuna, a nearby town.

So the body was exhumed, and the excitement was terrific until a dentist came along with a chart of certain work he had done for Carmen and comparison showed it was indeed she who had been buried.

NOVEMBER 1, 1927, Theodore Porter, a rancher, was out hunting deer. He was riding along the old road near the Wagner cabin. His horse shied and he dismounted. Beneath a clump of bushes Porter found a man's body. He had been shot and his neck was broken, and it was evident that he had been hanged from a tree and then cut down and left there, or, after he had been shot, had been dragged from the horn of a saddle for a long distance and tossed under the bushes.

Examination proved the dead man was Walter David. To this day nobody knows how or why or when he was killed. He had been murdered about ten days before.

In the spring of 1928 Ryan was arrested on a charge of attacking two girls who were going through Coyote Flat. Evidence against the surly halfbreed was strong, though the mountain folk claimed he was being railroaded by city officials chagrined by their failure to convict him of Carmen Wagner's homicide.

On September 13, 1928, Ryan conferred with Metzler and suddenly confessed he had killed Sweet and Carmen. He said he had sold Henry a bottle of moonshine and the latter had refused to pay for it. So he had picked up Sweet's rifle and shot him in the side. When Carmen had reached the scene he had made her walk ahead of him to the Mad River gorge and there killed her and the little dog and buried them.

Metzler rushed Ryan before Superior Judge Thomas Selvage, and he was sentenced to life imprisonment for killing Sweet, since he had already been acquitted of killing Carmen.

This amazing finale would seem to

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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THE MYSTERY OF THE GIANT REDWOODS
Continued from page sixty-five

solve the mystery—except for the bewildering facts that—

First: Sweet was shot in the back and not in the side, and with a pistol, according to the best experts.

Second: The empty .25-35 shell was found near the boulder and henhouse and not near the body, as would logically have been the case had Ryan grabbed Henry's rifle where it would naturally have been, leaning against the auto fender while he tied the deer to the running board and bargained for a bottle of whisky.

Third: Ryan never was able to say what he did with Henry's rifle.

Fourth: A shot fired at the close range Ryan confessed to could not have gone through Henry's body and knocked the top off the fence picket; whereas it could have happened had Henry been shot by somebody behind the boulder.

Fifth: How did Ryan, or somebody else, put Carmen's rifle in the peach tree?

AND, most significant of all, regard this situation: In California, in cases of first-degree murder where the defendant pleads guilty, the court may sentence him to the gallows or to life in prison. But where the state's case is weak and a voluntary confession saves the taxpayers the costs of a trial, it is almost invariably the custom to send him to prison for life.

Under the state's indeterminate sentence statute, the defendant is given a term of from one year to life. After he has served the minimum sentence of one year the state prison board fixes the definite term. With time off for good behavior it is possible for a murderer to be released after seven and a half years.

In ravishment the sentence is from one day to fifty years. Although the prison board may legally fix the definite term of a rapist the day after he arrives in prison, it has made it a rule not to fix the term until he has served at least one year.

THUS, for all practical purposes the sentences are the same.

But in all western states there is an intense aversion to rapists, as is shown by the fate that overtook the Howard Street Gang in San Francisco in 1920. Two of the hoodlums received the maximum sentence of fifty years, and a vitriolic public clamor greets any suggestion of a parole for them. And three other members of the gang were lynched.

Ryan thus stands a better chance for release one of these bright days because rather than wait for a sentence for ravishment he pleaded guilty to a crime of which he had once been acquitted by an unfriendly jury.

---

*In next week's Liberty Mr. Sutherland will lay another real life mystery before you.*

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### *Authors and Authoresses!*

Please remember that if you do not inclose a stamped and addressed envelope with your manuscript we cannot return it to you or write you concerning its destiny. We are receiving an enormous number of short short story manuscripts, and it has become necessary to enforce this rule very strictly.

---

*We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.*

## ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 22

1—The emerald.
2—A member of the native race of Hawaii.
3—A farm horse; a gentle family horse.
4—To place side by side.
5—A short-barreled pistol of large caliber.
6—Infanta.
7—Admiral Jellicoe.
8—Hungary.
9—A whole number and a fraction.
10—A love affair.
11—Hippocrates.
12—A space where something is wanting.
13—Psittacosis.
14—In the National Cemetery at Arlington, Virginia.
15—Sirius; called also the Dog Star.
16—Don Quixote (Cervantes).
17—Contrary to some acknowledged standard.
18—The Congressional Record.
19—Teheran.
20—South Carolina.

# The Feminine TOUCH

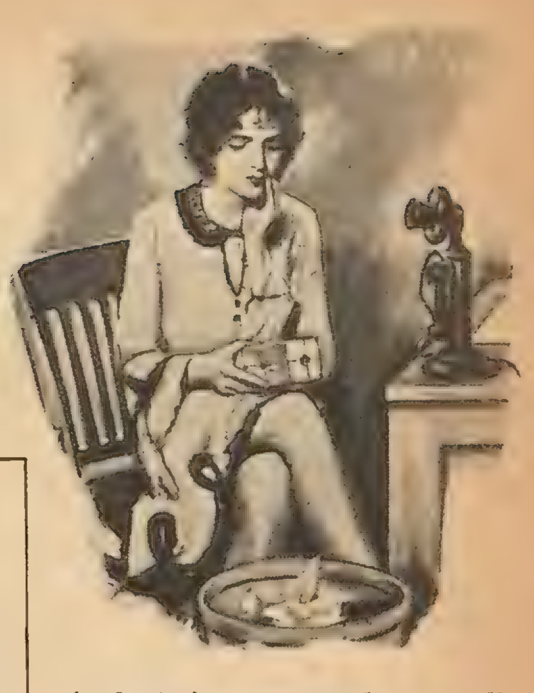
## *A Short Short Story*

By

**FREDERIC ARNOLD KUMMER**

© Pirie MacDonald, N. Y.

*who changed from successful engineer to successful playwright, novelist, short-story and motion-picture writer. He is a Maryland man, graduate of Rensselaer Polytechnic, and father-in-law of Roland Young.*



*At five minutes past three a call for Mr. Endicott was switched into Miss Martin's office.*

MR. ARTHUR WILLIS regarded the muscular gentleman who approached his counter with a rather lukewarm smile. Experience had taught him that athletic young men, even when smartly dressed, rarely made purchases which ran beyond three figures. But when his prospective customer announced himself as Mr. Tyson Endicott's private secretary, Mr. Willis increased the candle power of his smile. Mr. Endicott could buy the entire store, should he wish it, without overtaxing his resources.

"I should like to see something in—er—emeralds," the young man said nonchalantly. "A ring, perhaps. Or a pendant. Nothing expensive. Just a trifling gift Mr. Endicott wishes to make to a—er—young woman of his acquaintance. Ten thousand, let us say, at the outside. For reasons which you can readily understand, he has asked me to make the selection for him. To be delivered at his office, not his house."

Mr. Willis smiled discreetly and brought out his trays.

"Here is a very nice piece at ten thousand five hundred," he said, displaying an emerald pendant. "Or if you prefer something in rings, this one at nine is excellent value. Or this, at eighty-six hundred. But the pendant is a bargain. Notice the size and color of the stone."

For some moments the young man examined the pendant.

"This would be my choice," he said at length. "A trifle over Mr. Endicott's limit, but suppose you send it around to his office this afternoon on approval. You know the address—Corn Exchange Building. Have it there promptly at three, please. Mr. Endicott is leaving early."

"I'll attend to it," Mr. Willis said, beaming.

"You've been very helpful," the young man smiled. "Most salesmen insist on showing you everything in the shop. If you care to give me your card I'll bring it to Mr. Endicott's attention. Might do some good, you know, in future sales."

"Thanks." Much pleased, Mr. Willis handed over his tastefully engraved business card. The young man nodded, dropped it in his pocket, and went out.

AT three o'clock a uniformed messenger from Delacroix & Co. laid a sealed package upon the desk of Miss Pritchard, the efficient young woman who graced the reception room at Mr. Tyson Endicott's office.

"Sign here," he said, presenting his receipt book.

Miss Pritchard signed. Another expensive Christmas present for one of Mr. Endicott's lady friends, no doubt. She almost wished, at times, that she had been a lady friend herself, but a glance at the mirror as she entered Miss Martin's office dispelled the idea. Lady friends had to be beautiful as well as efficient.

"String of pearls for the boss," she snapped, dropping the package on Miss Martin's desk.

"Delacroix and Company," the latter murmured, examining the red blobs of wax with which the parcel was sealed. "We have an account there."

At five minutes past three a telephone call for Mr. Endicott was switched into Miss Martin's office.

"No," she drawled. "Mr. Endicott has not returned from lunch. . . . I really couldn't say. This is his secretary, Miss Martin, speaking. . . . A package from Delacroix and Company? Yes, it's on his desk now. . . . The package was not intended for Mr. Endicott? . . . I see. . . . One of your men will call for it immediately? . . . Very well, I'll make a note of the name. . . . Mr. Arthur Willis. . . . 'By."

As Miss Martin put down the receiver the sound of a buzzer told her that her employer had returned to his office. Dabbing some perfume behind her ears she hastened to answer the summons. Mr. Endicott sat at his desk, an opened package before him, an emerald pendant in his hands. Miss Martin approached swiftly.

"How perfectly gorgeous!" she whispered, and her eyes, as they smiled down into his, were almost as green as the emerald itself and equally gorgeous.

He smiled back. "But how come? I didn't order it."

"Some error," Miss Martin sighed. "They just telephoned."

FIFTEEN minutes later an athletic young man appeared at the railing before Miss Pritchard's desk.

"I'm Arthur Willis, from Delacroix and Company," he announced, handing her a card. "I've come to get that package we left here by mistake. Our manager telephoned—gave you my name."

Miss Pritchard laid aside her brightly jacketed novel.

"I'll speak to Mr. Endicott's secretary about it," she said, rising. But that lady was not in her office. Miss Pritchard was considering the advisability of knocking on Mr. Endicott's door when it suddenly opened and Miss Martin came out, bearing a loosely wrapped parcel.

"There's a man here from Delacroix and Company," Miss Pritchard said, presenting Mr. Willis's card. "About that package."

"Oh, yes." Miss Martin carefully verified the name as she hurried to the outer office. "Mr. Endicott has decided to keep the pendant," she said to the gentleman at the rail. "He will telephone Mr. Delacroix to charge it to his account."

"Say"—the young man's smile suddenly faded; he seemed on the verge of apoplexy. "You—he can't do that. I got orders to take it back—there's been a mistake—"

"Mr. Endicott never makes mistakes," interrupted Miss Martin coldly.

"Jeez!" The young man wiped the perspiration from his brow. His gaze dropped from Miss Martin's beautiful sea-green eyes to the slender platinum chain about her neck, the spot of emerald which showed through her sheer blouse. "Fast work, kid," he muttered, between rage and admiration. "Your racket's got mine beat a mile. I take off my hat to you." With a mocking bow he backed into the elevator.

"What on earth did he mean by that?" Miss Pritchard asked, bewildered. But Miss Martin, cool and efficient as always, merely smiled.

THE END

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CRACK! Z-z-z-z. The ball steams over the pitcher's head. Over second base. Out to center field like a flash. With a mighty leap the fielder stabs at it. Smack! right into his glove and it sticks there as though it were taffy.

"Say, Joe, that's some peachy glove you have."

"You bet, it's easy to pick them out of the air with this mitt and I got it free too."

"What!"

"And that's not all. I didn't pay a cent for these baseball shoes or for that bicycle over there either."

"Gee, I've always wondered how you could afford all the swell equipment you have. How do you do it?"

"Just write to Liberty Magazine, 220 E. 42nd St., New York, and they'll tell you how you can get a stack of prizes and make spending money at the same time. It's easy."

"Thanks for the tip. I'll write at once. I want a stack of things."

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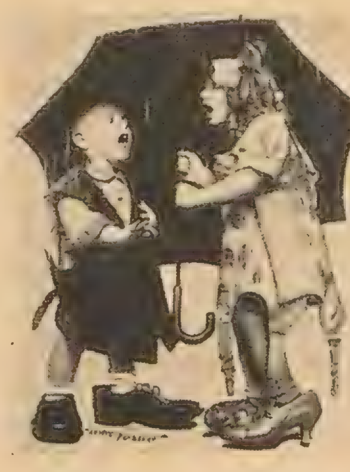
# *Singing* in the *Rain*

## *A New* FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

RAINDROPS bounced on the pavement like millions of dancing dimes. Silver bubbles bobbed in puddles. The wet street was a crazy Coney Island mirror. It shimmered with the wavy outlines of red brick houses. It was alive with the moving colors of passing cars and the whirling reflections of wheels.

"It's raining, it's pouring, the old man is snoring!" Gwendolyn singsonged at her window. Her forehead was cold as ice, pressed against the glass, and her rotating tongue was licking a lopsided circle.



This week's cover picture.

"It's waining—" Ulysses began. "Waining!"

"*Waining?*" she shouted, leaning backward and yanking on a lace curtain. "I said 'raining.' A fish talks better than you. A fish or a bat or a pig or a—or a worm. You're a stupid mama's pet at home, but here in my house you're a drib." She hung her full weight on the curtain and giggled.

"I ain't no dwib," U. stuck up for himself. He eyed her shin, took one look at his shoe—and kicked.

"Stung!" she yelled, swinging suddenly away on the curtain. "You couldn't kick a wall." And she fell in a laughing heap on the rug.

"The radio," she said, hopping up. "The radio!"

"Wadio," he chimed in. "Wadio!"

She didn't bother to mock him. She ran into the sitting room and began to fool with the dials.

U. ran after her and found a little knob to twist back and forth.

" . . . one of America's greatest stores . . . followed by I Love You So . . . . when you think of furnaces . . . good afternoon, neighbors with your darning baskets . . . a thought of you will cheer . . . Floyd Gibbons . . . the horses seemed to be getting restless . . . station IOU . . . when the gong sounds . . . Hooey-Hooey Sisters and the Hawaiian Pineapple Tenors now sing Singin' in the Rain . . . "

"Gee!" Gwen shouted, running from the room. "Let's dress up like big people an'—an' go singin' in the rain!"

She panted with excitement and giggles.

U. puffed upstairs and saw her disappear into a closet.

She came out like a walking clothes tree, draped with her father's mammoth vest and shoes—and her mother's brassière, flowered corsets, and silver slippers!

"O-oh!" U. gasped, pointing to the pink armor. "Oh! W'at's zat funny—w'at's zat funny—"

"These is corsets. My mother wears 'em to look thin. If I wears 'em, I'll look grown up. You'll look like a gent if you wear this." She was hiding him in the vest.

She grunted as she overlapped and pinned the corset around her ribs. And she grunted worse when she felt for the elusive brassière hooks.

Gwen and U. sneaked downstairs. Their borrowed seven-league boots slid off and they put them on again at the front door.

Gwen snatched an umbrella from the stand—and they shuffled out into the Smithers' front yard.

"Sing!" she directed, holding the umbrella over them both. "Open your mug an' sing. We's singin' in the rain, *rain*, RAIN. So happy an' gay!"

There they stood—a side show for passers-by. The dancing raindrops slid from the umbrella and tickled their bare legs. And Mrs. Smithers' best pink corset flap-flap-flapped in the strong April wind!

*(Next week's cover adventure: Kittens)*

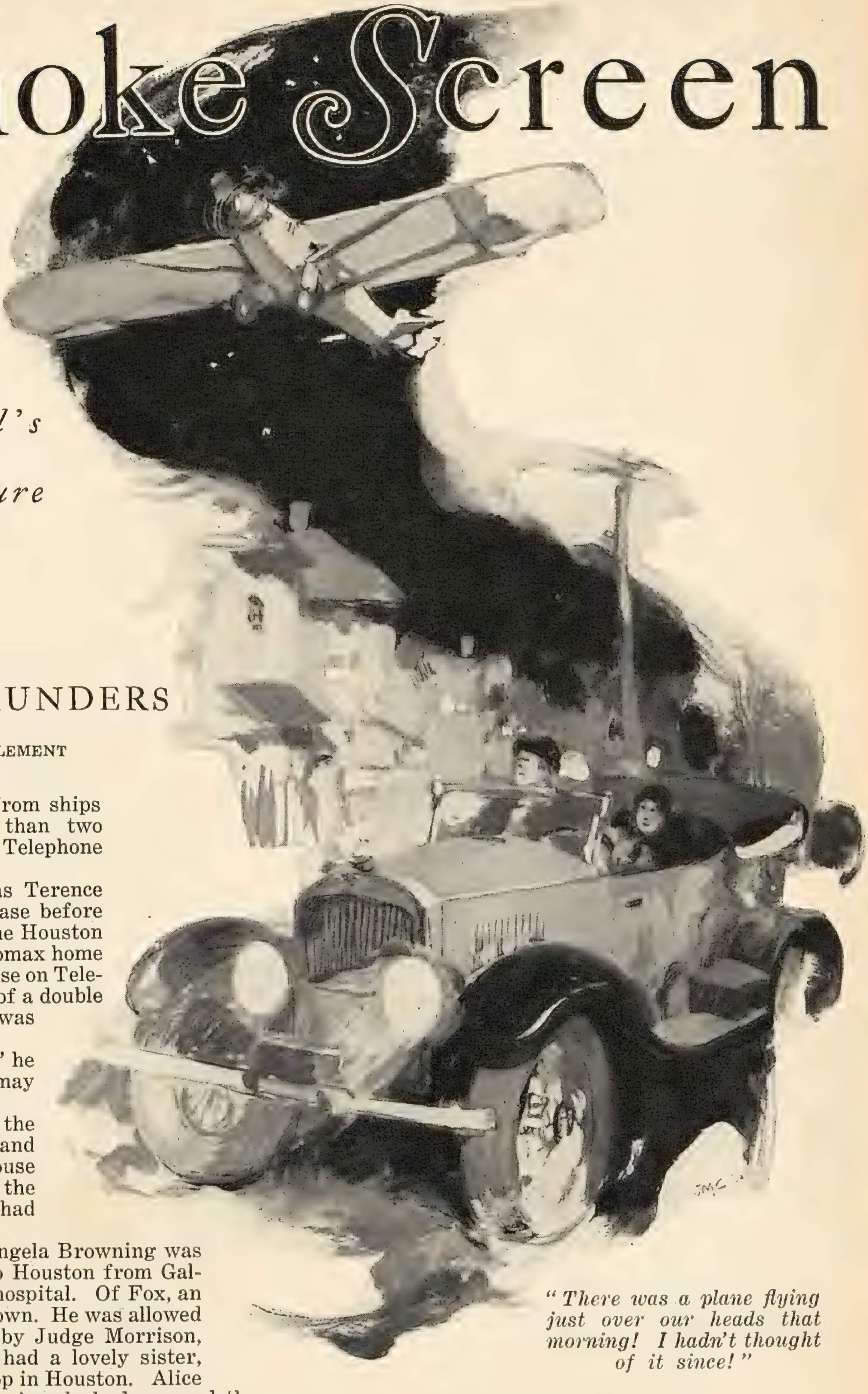
# Smoke Screen

## The Story of a Girl's Great Adventure

By

LAWRENCE SAUNDERS

*Pictures by* J. M. CLEMENT



*"There was a plane flying just over our heads that morning! I hadn't thought of it since!"*

"I'VE been running liquor from ships in Galveston for more than two years, now. That old house on Telephone Road was my depot."

The bootlegger speaking was Terence O'Toole. He was laying his case before Sally Lomax, cub reporter on the Houston Pioneer. He had gone to the Lomax home deliberately to do this. The house on Telephone Road had been the scene of a double murder, and O'Toole knew he was "wanted."

"I didn't do it, Miss Lomax," he said earnestly, "but they may fasten it on me."

The people killed by poison in the old shack were Martin Fox and Mrs. Angela Browning. The house had been set on fire to cover the crime, but the fire department had spoiled this plan.

The last person seen with Angela Browning was O'Toole. He had driven her to Houston from Galveston, where she conducted a hospital. Of Fox, an aged bill collector, little was known. He was allowed to live in the shack rent free by Judge Morrison, an attorney. Mrs. Browning had a lovely sister, Alice Blair, who ran a dress shop in Houston. Alice had been engaged to O'Toole. Angela had opposed the match.

With the double murder still a mystery, Alice was found dead. She lay on her own bed, a pistol by her side.

Now Sally listened as O'Toole voiced the theory that the person who had poisoned Angela and Fox was responsible for Alice's death. Further, she heard some startling facts: that Angela had been a bootlegger, in partnership with O'Toole, that she had had a daughter whose existence she had kept secret, and that there was a man in Houston with whom she had intended "to raise hell." After his talk with Sally, O'Toole gave himself up. Judge Morrison, or his assistant, Potts, was to defend him. The district attorney was Sally's brother, Richard Lomax.

### PART SEVEN—NEW CLUES

SALLY and her brother left the dining room arm in arm. As they were turning into the library, the doorbell rang.

Dick went to the door.

"District Attorney Lomax?" asked a youth in uniform. "Special delivery, sir."

Dick signed the register, and with the letter in his hand went into the library.

"Nothing but a crank letter, evidently," he pronounced, scanning it. "A crank who has a hunch on the Blair case, I'll bet a hat."

He opened the letter. "M-hm. I thought so. Here,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SMOKE SCREEN
Continued from preceding page

you'll be more interested in it than I am." He tossed it over to Sally.

The letter was written on cheap blue-lined tablet paper; the address on the cheap envelope was in pencil, as was the message inside:

> You think your so smart you officers arresting that bootlegger he never killed that woman and old man a dope did it old Fox was just a dope even if he was the best peddler in Houston.

At the bottom of the page, there was an added word: "Airplane."

"What does it mean, Dick?"

"Oh, it's just the first of the smart tricks O'Toole's bootlegger friends will be pulling. I'll get plenty of those in the next week. Always do, you know, and they never amount to anything."

"Don't you investigate anonymous letters, ever?"

"Good heavens, if I did, I'd have to have two extra men on the force doing nothing but that," Lomax answered, picking up the Sunday edition of the Pioneer. "I have a hard enough time getting enough money out of the county to pay for the men I work to death. I certainly have none left over for wild-goose chases."

"Well, Andy says he never fails to investigate every anonymous letter that comes to his desk, and sometimes he gets two or three in a day," Sally remarked, full of pride. "He says he lost a good story once in New Orleans when he worked on the Picayune because he didn't investigate a letter, and he took an oath that he would always look up every tip. He says it's only common sense."

"Yeah? Well, your Andy is smart, no doubt."

"You're right, he is," Sally snapped.

Getting nothing but a grin over the top of his paper from her brother, she folded the note and put it back in its envelope.

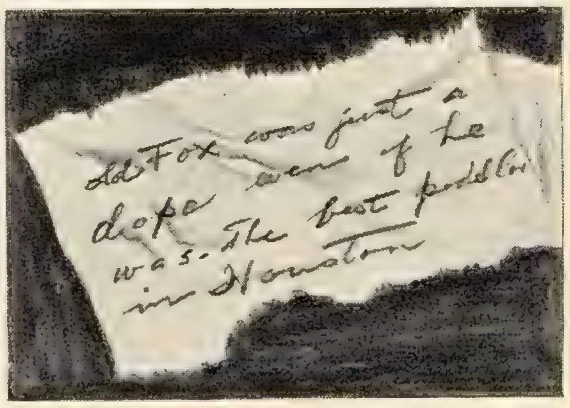
For the next hour she and her brother read, silently, the morning papers, which she had not seen and he had had time to scan but briefly. At five o'clock he left the house, saying he was to meet Bob Morrison at the Houston Club.

"Having supper here?" he asked.

"I don't know, Dick. Are you?"

"Probably not. Bob and I expect to drive down to Galveston. I guess we'll have some sea food down there, somewhere."

After her brother had gone, Sally wandered about the house, disconsolate. She browsed further through the papers; she tried a new novel; it bored her. Finally she called the Pioneer office. To her great relief, Andy answered.



old Fox was just a
dope even if he
was. The best peddler
in Houston

"COME down and gossip with me and Johnny, if you've nothing better to do," he invited cordially. More evidence of her acceptance into their male and inky world. She whistled a tune as she backed her roadster out of the garage and spun lazily up Waugh Drive and along the bank of Buffalo Bayou in the misting rain.

She found the men sitting, feet propped up on the radiator, chairs tilted back, against Andy's desk, in the otherwise deserted city room.

"Pull up a chair and set," Hunt said. "You look a little fresher than you did."

"If the Blair case has many more night sessions, the cub reporter's going on the blink," Johnny offered sagely.

"Has the unknown man, the mystery man, the guy Angela came up to raise hell with, called you yet?" Sally knew that Andy was "giving her the razz," but she didn't mind. "No? Look here, we can't have that! It's been almost twenty-four hours since you brought in a prisoner or a clue. You'd better get busy. You're a hell of a reporter."

"Sunday is supposed to be my day off, Andy. I've got nothing but an anonymous letter to give you this afternoon. It came special delivery to Dick, out at the house. He says it's the bunk, but I thought maybe you'd like to see it."

"I always like to see anonymous letters. Get excellent tips from them. Threw away the best story I ever missed in New Orleans by not following up one."

Sally was politely interested in a story she had heard five times, but she handed over the envelope before Andy got well into the details of that New Orleans fiasco of twenty years back. It halted the story.

Andy read the sheet of paper, studied it gravely, handed it to Johnny.

"What did Dick say?" Andy asked.

"Oh, he thought it was just a stunt of one of O'Toole's friends."

"That's all." Rorke pitched the letter back to Andy. "O'Toole's likable enough, personally. In fact, the bootleggers are getting more and more presentable as prohibition goes on; but I think this one's just pulled the wool over your eyes, Sally. I'm inclined to think he killed the woman and the old man; think better of that solution as time goes on. His story is plausible, but he's clever, and he had four days to polish up his alibi."

"Oh, now, Johnny, if you had listened to that story as I did last night, you would believe it, too."

"TUT, TUT! O'Toole's nothing but a killer who was in love with a gal, and her suicide shot him all to pieces, and he just had sense enough left for one thing: to go to the one person who had believed everything Alice had told her. Meaning our Sally.

"He says Alice was with him in Galveston when the fire broke out. Nobody could prove that alibi but Alice, and now she's dead. And don't forget that Alice didn't say a word about being with O'Toole that night; she told Sally she drove up and down the beach until daylight. We haven't found a soul in Galveston who saw her with O'Toole or without him during the whole six hours she was away from her room in the hotel."

"Well, I don't know, John. I'm inclined to agree with Sally about O'Toole. Especially since he told me about the Bourbon. Have another, Johnny?" Andy reached behind him and pulled out a drawer of his desk, producing one of the bottles he and Sally had found that morning, and three glasses.

"Sally?"

"No, thanks, Andy. I don't like it much."

"Well, I could care for this brand of Bourbon," Rorke admitted, tossing off his drink. "I reckon I ought to be on O'Toole's side, too. But I'm not, whisky or no whisky. You believe that baby because he has good looks and an Irish tongue. Charming people, the Irish!"

"Let's see that note again, Sally." Andy studied it, turned the page over and over, and then laid it down.

"What does that word 'Airplane' down there at the bottom of the page mean?" Sally asked.

"Don't you remember the airplane? The morning of the fire?" Rorke was matter-of-fact. It flashed back in Sally's memory. The motor roaring just over their heads in the darkness! She clutched Andy's arm.

"Andy! There was! There was a plane flying just over our heads that morning! I hadn't thought of it since!"

Andy, a mocking grin on his face, turned on her.

"Was there? Well, it's a fine reporter you are, young lady! You hear an airplane flying low, right at the scene of a double murder, and you forget it!"

"Andy, I hadn't thought of it since. Things were happening so fast. I'm sorry!"

Sally's humiliation was so apparent that Hunt changed his target at once.

"That's all right, honey," he reassured her, mocking at Rorke now. "Little Johnny was on the job. Not that he found out anything."

"What did you find out about that plane?" Sally asked the infallible Rorke.

"Well—and don't repeat this to anyone, darling; it may solve the Blair case—I found out that some of the neighbors had heard a plane fooling around out there twice before, once just before Christmas and once about six weeks before that. Several people heard it each time, and from their descriptions of the noise, I think the bird made a landing on that space, probably on one of the graveled streets. That would be risky but possible. Everybody who heard the plane both times agreed that it didn't stay three minutes before it took off."

"But what would a plane be doing there?" Sally wondered aloud.

"That's exactly what Andy and I have been trying to find out. I haven't had time to follow up on the plane angle, what with this wild-goose chase after your Irish cavalier, but I have a hunch that the plane had something to do with that house and the queer doings in it."

"Could he have been bringing in liquor?" Sally hazarded.

"In this town? With seventy-odd steamship lines running up to the back door? It isn't probable. Liquor's too cheap for it to pay anyone to carry it here in a plane and risk landing, even if he had landing lights on the plane, on those unlighted streets, so close to Telephone Road that there was a big risk of attracting a flock of cars, even at two o'clock in the morning. And then, how much liquor could they unload out of a plane in three minutes?"

"Never mind worrying about liquor, Johnny," Andy cut in. "I know now what the plane was carrying."

"What?" demanded Sally and Rorke together.

ANDY blew a cloud of smoke out the corner of his mouth.

"Dope."

It sank in slowly. Rorke nodded.

"It could be," he admitted doubtfully.

"It could be," Andy repeated. "Linking it up to the tip-off in this note, I've got a hard hunch that it was."

"A man could carry twenty—fifty—even a hundred thousand dollars' worth of the stuff in a cabin plane in two or three suitcases—" Rorke thought aloud.

"And bring it up from Mexico," Andy supplied.

"And dump it out and go back without refueling, if he had auxiliary gas tanks in the ship. There's plenty of commercial jobs that could make it here from Brownsville and back on one load of gas. Um— Risky, but with the profit on dope what it is, worth the risk to any pilot who didn't care how he made his money."

Andy whirled to his telephone and called the police station. He asked for the chief. The girl at the switchboard said he was not there.

"Where can I get him?"

"Probably at his home, Mr. Hunt. Do you want your police reporter? I think he's in the pressroom."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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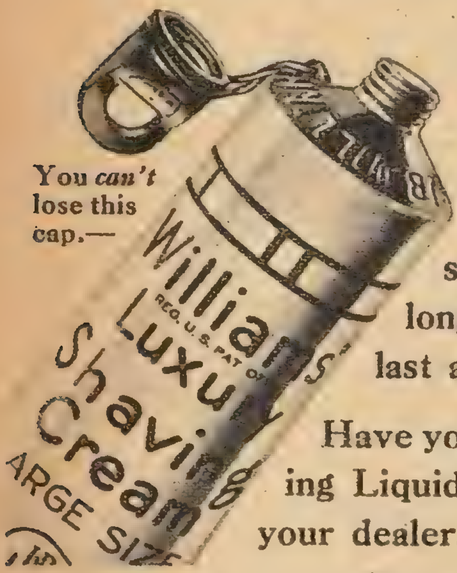

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*Just notice the fine skins of men who use*

**Williams**

SHAVING CREAM

## SMOKE SCREEN

Continued from page seventy-one

"No, I don't want him, and you needn't tell him I called. This is purely personal. I just want to give the chief a drink. Don't say anything. I don't want all those jackanapes down there to know I have a bottle of good likker. Got just enough for me and the boy friend."

The girl giggled. These newspaper men! "You have the chief's home number, haven't you?"

"Oh, yeah, I have that. Much obliged."

Andy called the chief's home.

"Tom? This is Hunt. Say, who's the best dope stool pigeon you got?"

"Why, Andy? What do you want?"

"Get hold of him for me, and find out if old man Fox, this old guy who was burned up, was a dope peddler as well as an addict. And lay low, Tom. Don't breathe this to a soul, and don't let that stool squeak. Get me?"

"Sure, Andy. When do you want this?"

"Everything you can get by tomorrow morning. I'll send Miss Lomax down there for it. Tell her, and nobody else, will you? Much obliged, Tom."

He slammed up the receiver. The three sat thinking. Finally Andy broke the silence.

"John, do you know any commercial pilots around here?"

"I know Joe Smits. He lives down near Ellington Field. We trained together at Ellington in 'seventeen."

"Reckon you could catch him at home now?"

"Might."

"Call him up, and then suppose you and Sally drive down in her car and pick him up and take him to San Jacinto Inn for dinner. Pump him for all he knows about any 'mystery planes' around here. Only don't arouse his suspicions; we don't want him telling somebody else."

"Sure. If it's all right with you, Sally?"

That young woman was already on her feet. "Get your overcoat on," she commanded.

"TAKE this bottle of liquor along," the city editor said. "I suppose your friend drinks?"

"Joe? Don't make me laugh." Johnny picked up the telephone book, looked up the number, called it, and asked for Smits. He talked in a confidential murmur. Presently he put up the receiver and started for the door, the bottle of Bourbon under his arm.

"Wait a minute," Andy called after him. "Got any money?"

Rorke searched his pockets. "Two dollars and a dime," he reported. "Can you cash a check?"

Andy got out his bill fold and shook his head. "I've got five dollars and some chicken feed."

"Come on, come on," Sally said. "I have two twenty-dollar bills."

"Pipe the idle rich," jeered Rorke, over his shoulder, as he followed her out.

As they got into the roadster, Sally reopened the subject of the airplane.

"Dumb little me, forgetting about that plane!"

"Shucks, you've brought in grand scoops every day, Sally. I've had just one little triumph in this story—that money-order receipt."

"Don't be silly! What about the hotel telephone girl?"

"Oh, that!" Rorke changed the subject back to the airplane, the drug traffic, the huge profits in it, anecdotes about it.

Smits was waiting for them. They drove through the twilight mist to San Jacinto Battle Ground, where presently they were attacking oversized oysters while the pleasant odor of frying chicken floated out from the kitchen. The aviator had been fortified on the way down with drafts on the Bourbon bottle; he now had a tall highball beside his plate, looking enough like Sally's glass of ginger ale to pass inspection.

"I'll swear, Johnny," the big fellow rumbled, "that's the best whisky I've had in years. I've guzzled a pint of that bottle, and I'm no more drunk than Miss Lomax, prohibitionist that she is!" He smiled gayly at Sally.

"Sorry I can't get any more from that bootlegger, Joe," said Rorke. "If I had your plane, though, I'd never worry about getting good stuff. Say, are there any planes bootlegging from Mexico these days?"

"I hear there's some guy who comes in about once in two months," Smits said. "Always in the dark of the moon. I don't know whether he brings liquor or not."

"Have you ever seen him?" inquired Sally.

"No, but one of the boys at the field did, about Christmas. He's got a cabin monoplane—a Fairchild Wasp job. Four hundred horses on the nose. A fellow could get to Europe in one of those babies."

"That's interesting. Could he bring in much liquor?"

"Well, not enough, Miss Lomax, to make a lot of money at regular bootlegging. I've had a hunch that he works for some guy who can afford to have a dozen cases loaded down on the border, and flown in, so that he can brag to his friends about it."

"More than likely some of these rich Yankee oil men who want to act smart," said Sally, disgust in her tones.

BOTH men laughed. Johnny leaned closer to Smits.

"I wonder if he could be bringing in dope. You reckon—?"

"You're cockeyed! These yarns you guys get up about dope being flown in here give me a pain! Boloney! If that guy was bringing in dope, don't you know one of those federal dicks would have got him before this? Say, I've got respect left for just two branches of Uncle Sam's family: the postal inspectors and the narcotic men."

"You can't blame me for hoping something would come of these stories," said Johnny. "They are always too indefinite. I pine to pin one down."

Presently, on their way back to Ellington Field, they were singing old army songs with all the fervor and harmony of corn-liquor music.

"It's been a simply grand evening," Sally summed it up as she left Johnny at the door of his apartment in Houston. "That's a good egg, that aviator, and I laughed so much I forgot all about the Blair case."

She drove home, humming Madelon as she turned into the driveway and put up her car. Lying on the hall table was something that brought her back to the realm of reality: a special delivery letter addressed to Miss Sally Lomax. She tore it open.

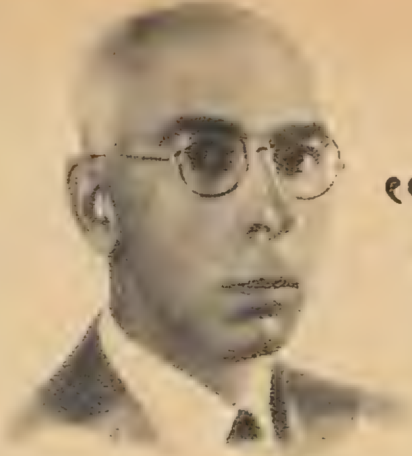
Your right smart but make them give us some coke, we aint had none since the old man burned them up and we are all going nuts.

Sally read the note over and over, upstairs at her dressing table. What did it mean? Why should the person who wrote the letter to Dick send one to her? It was in the same handwriting as that of the note Dick had scorned earlier in the day.

She had never come into contact with a drug addict. She had heard, or read, that they were dangerous. Suppose they attacked her or Dick?

She tiptoed along the hall to Dick's room; its door was open, the room empty.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



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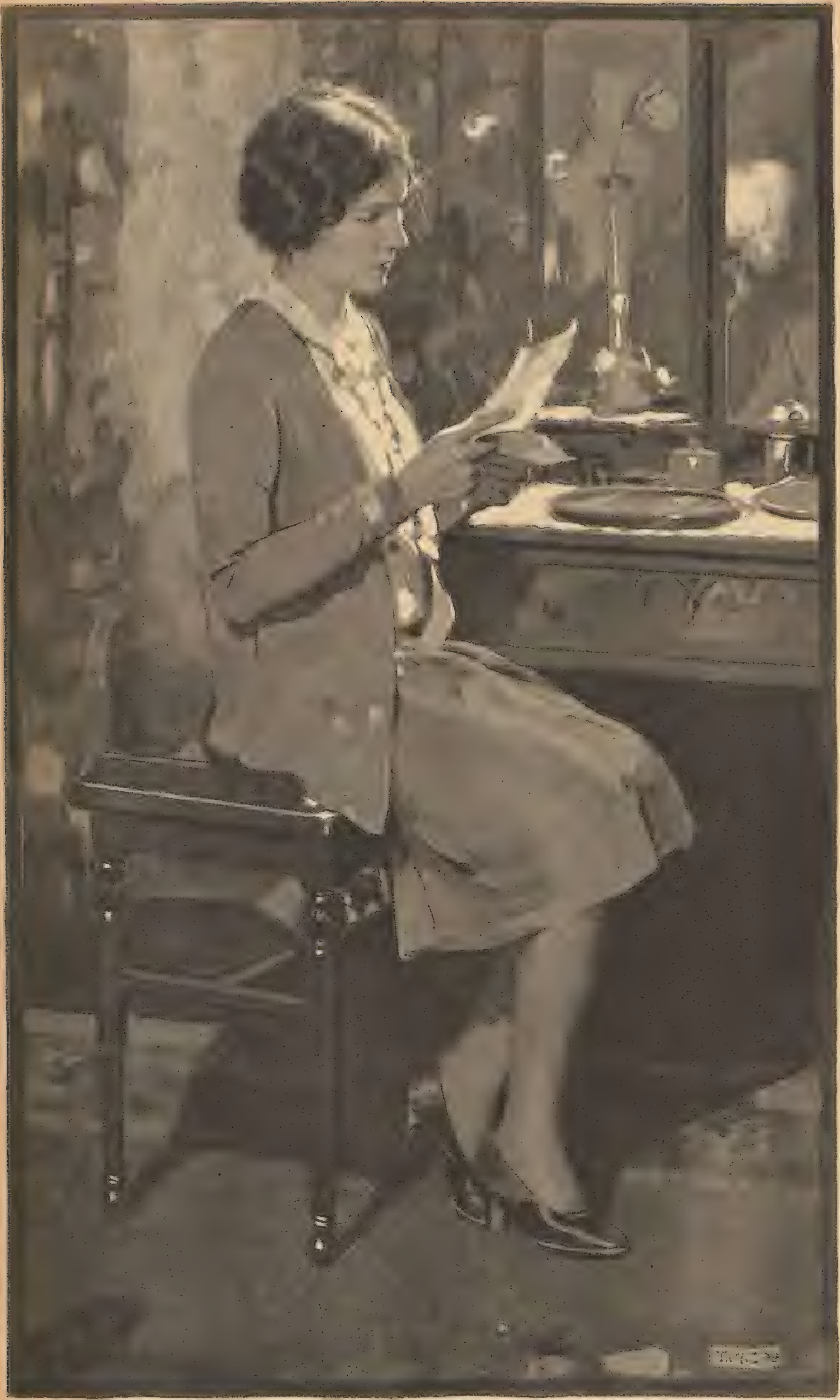

*Sally read the note over and over, at her dressing table. What did it mean?*

SMOKE SCREEN
Continued from page seventy-three

Why didn't he come home? For the first time in her sturdy young life, Sally knew what terror was. In panic she began to put on her coat. She would get out of this empty house. But where should she go? She pulled herself up short, relaxed, took off her coat.

Listening for Dick's key, his step on the stairs, she could not settle herself. She took a hot bath, and got into bed. She tried reading, but couldn't concentrate, so turned out the light.

A faint noise at her door! Had the knob been turned? Her heart roared in her ears. She got out of bed gingerly. The noise came again, faintly. She went to the door.

"Yes?" timorously.

"Meow!" Scratching!

With a sob of relief Sally flung open the door and gathered into her arms the great golden Persian cat.

"Abdul Abulbul Emir!" she scolded, hugging the purring beast. "Don't you ever scare me like that again!"

Abdul purred louder, licked her ear. No longer alone, she slid back into bed, the terrors dispelled. A few minutes later she heard Dick's key and his familiar stumble in the hall. Great dumb-bell, he had been stumbling over that lowest step as far back as she could remember! With a sense of safety almost as smug as Abdul's, she snuggled down beside the cat and went to sleep.

## II

ARRIVING at the office next morning, Sally handed her anonymous letter to the city editor without a word. Andy read it, replaced it in its envelope. He grunted.

"Fair enough, Sally." He tapped the envelope on his hand. "You run over to the police station and see the chief. Get what he knows about Fox and then go down and see your friend O'Toole. Don't tell O'Toole anything Tom gives you, but show him the two letters and see what he has to say. When you've done all that, come on in. But remember everything those two tell you."

. . . . .

"Hello, Miss Sally!" The chief of police was cordial. "I hear you've been doing most of the work on the Blair case. I reckon Dick is jealous, having another member of the family getting famous in his own business. I know I am."

"I don't think so, chief." Her tone discouraged banter. "Mr. Hunt said you had a message to give me for him."

"Sure. He wanted to find out about old man Fox and dope peddling. Well, Andy's a little previous this morning.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTY-SIX]

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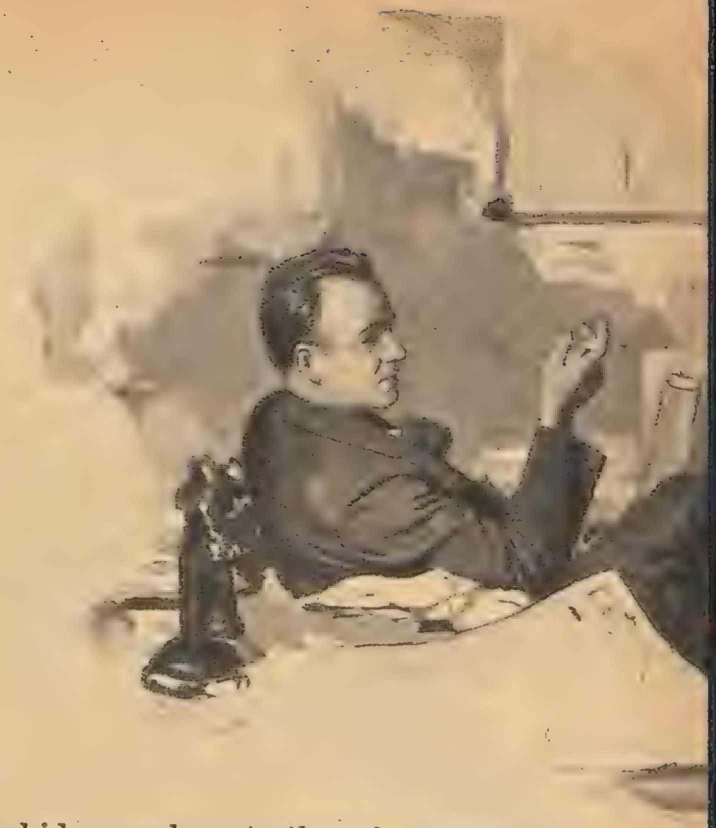
SMOKE SCREEN
Cont'd from
page seventy-four



I haven't been able to get hold of the man I want. I left word last night for him to drop around this morning. Tell Andy if you'll come back about noon today, I'll have all the facts."

"May I call Andy from here?"

"Sure. Sure. Use this phone, Miss Sally."

Andy's response was "Oh, my God! Trust a cop to fool around! All right, kid, run along to the other gent, like I told you, and then come in. You can go back to the station later."

O'Toole appeared to be genuinely glad to see Sally. They sat down at the table in the jail corridor.

"This place gives me the same shivers that started me off on pneumonia three years ago," he said. "Have you any news?"

She showed him the two letters. The bootlegger was patently puzzled.

"IT'S possible the old man did take dope," he said finally, "though I never thought of it before. I just thought he was sort of loony, at times. To tell the truth, Miss Lomax, I never saw the old duffer more than three or four times by daylight. I always went out there at night, and you know how much you can see in lamplight."

"What do you think the word 'Airplane' means at the bottom of Dick's letter?"

"I haven't the slightest idea."

"Did you ever hear the old man mention an airplane?"

"No."

"Do you think one of your friends could have written those letters?"

"Lord, no! Not without talking to me first. No, I'd say your letters probably were written by one of the cranks who is always trying to get in on a big crime, like the cranks who confess and know all the while that it can be proved they didn't do the murder. Or else the notes are honest. If old man Fox was an addict and a peddler, probably more than one of his customers has got the heebie-jeebies because he's out of medicine."

Sally smiled. It seemed so far-fetched, this new narcotic angle.

"Sometimes," O'Toole went on, "the way to solve a mystery is not to be too mysterious about it. Why not work on the idea that the notes are sincere?"

Sally searched his face for signs of sarcasm. There wasn't a gleam. He was rather gloomy.

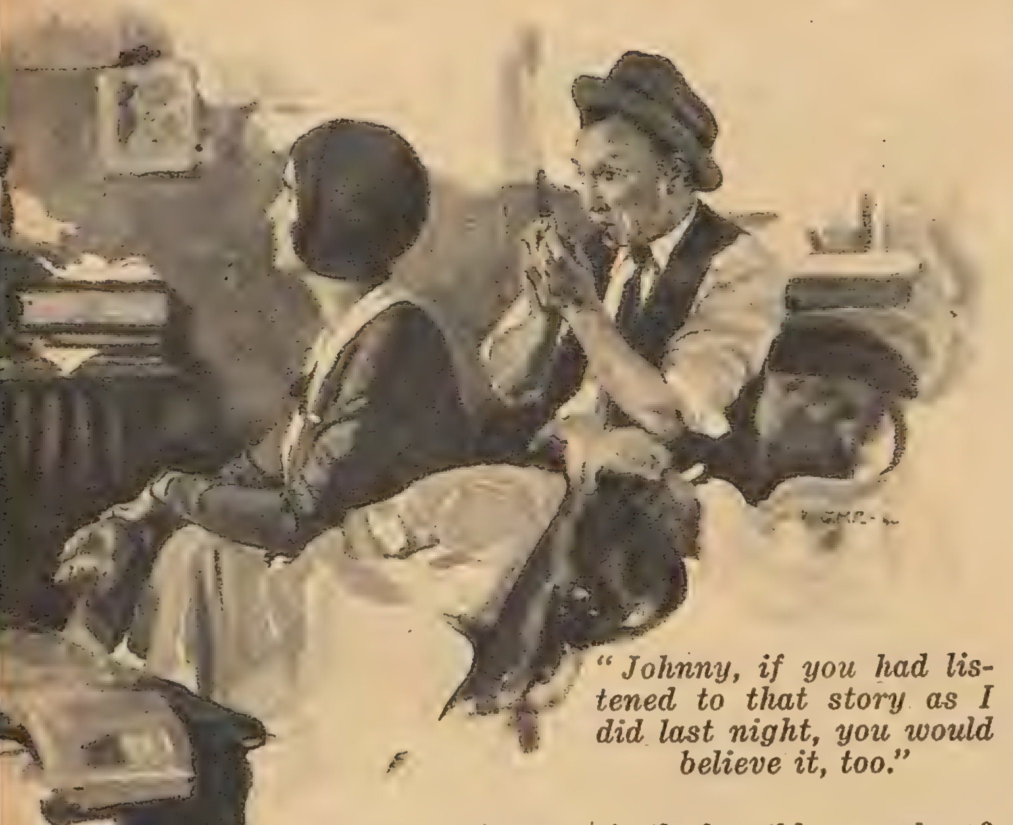
"What's on your program for today?"

"Judge Morrison said last night he would be down to see me some time during the day. He wants to bring a man named Potts along for me to talk with. He says Potts will handle the work on the case for him at present, because he is swamped. Is Potts any good?"

Sally hesitated at telling O'Toole that the candidate for governor didn't want to defend a bootlegger. O'Toole did not notice her hesitation. He went on:

"I'm not so keen about this man Potts. I've heard he's a hanger-on of Judge Morrison's, but I reckon the best thing I can do now is let it rock along. If Judge Morrison don't want to handle the case himself, I'll get me another lawyer."

"Oh, yes, there's lots of time before they can bring you to trial. Listen, Mr. O'Toole, do you have any idea where



*"Johnny, if you had listened to that story as I did last night, you would believe it, too."*

Alice got that letter in the long blue envelope? Or what she could have done with it?"

"I was thinking about that last night. What about her sister's safety deposit box? Some newspaper said she had been there before she went to see your brother on Friday."

"That's it! That's where she got it!" Sally jumped up. "I'd forgotten all about that! How dumb of me!" She took hasty leave of O'Toole and went back to her office, where she told Andy briefly what O'Toole had said, and then asked if she might go down to the bank to see about the Browning safe deposit box.

Colonel Robert Patterson, president of the bank, had known Sally's father and mother; he was right glad to see her. She told him, innocently, that she had come down to ask if he knew anything about the Blair sisters. The old man sighed.

"Did you know them personally, Colonel Bob?"

"Yes, of course I did. I've known Angela Browning ten years. She did her banking, in large part, up here, instead of at Galveston. We have her will; or, rather, we have had it since Alice turned it over to me the other day."

"ALICE turned it over to you?"

The old gentleman nodded. "Yes, she came in here Friday and went through her sister's deposit box. She had a key and the privilege of using it, though she had never done so. She found the will there, and brought it up to me. Poor girl, I'm glad she did. At least it protects that child—" He stopped abruptly.

"You mean Angela's daughter?" Sally supplied casually.

"You know about that? Angela always tried to keep that to herself; even Alice didn't know about that child until she read the will. It was a great shock to her."

"Do you know what other papers she found in the box?"

"Why, there were a number of bonds, which she left with me, and a letter, which she took off with her."

"Was this the envelope?" Sally took the rumpled blue cover out of her purse.

"Why, yes, it is! Where did you get it?"

Sally told him where and when she had found it. The banker was disturbed.

"She didn't open that letter here," he said. "She said she thought she would go on home before she read it. The

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTY-NINE]

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**Always be sure your teeth are WHITE . . . for winning smiles are built on the whiteness of your teeth.**

**Every day chew Dentyne, the gum whose special purpose is to keep teeth clean and white. It has a tempting flavor all its own—and Dentyne's the highest quality gum made today.**

IT KEEPS TEETH WHITE

# A Closer Contact With Chicago Sales Prospects

## *When you stay at the*

# MORRISON HOTEL

TO be *physically* near to the men they wish to interview is a prevailing motive with many of our habitual guests at the Morrison Hotel. But their main purpose is not merely to avoid the trouble of traveling city blocks.

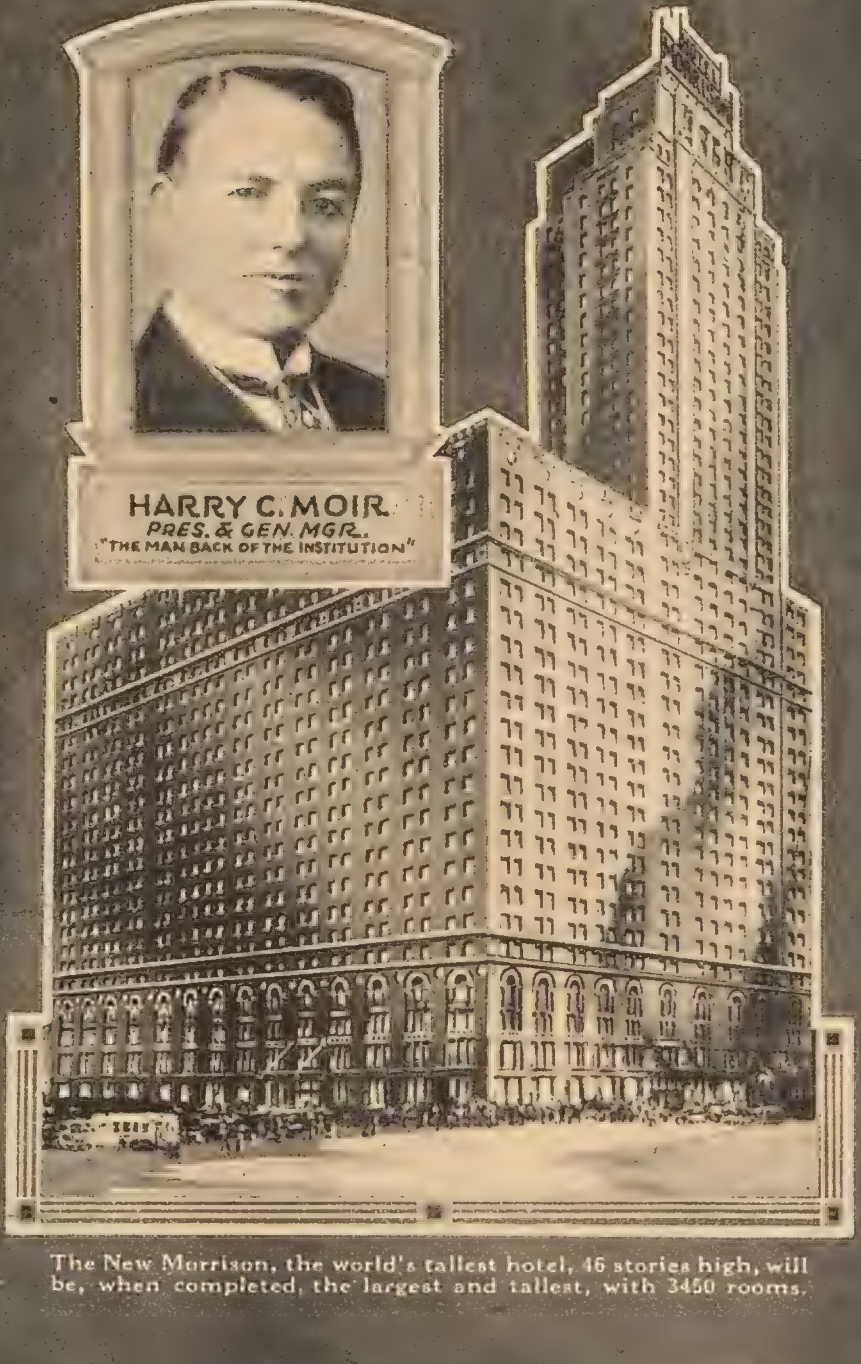
A vital advantage in locating here lies in being able to deal with each day's business problems *at close range.* Here, in immediate touch with Chicago's wholesale, retail and financial districts, you can make each call with greater deliberation, remain longer in conference, and pay more regard to the courtesies. *Your entire approach is more effective,* when you stay at this ideal intersection.

But this is only a part.

At the Morrison, you enjoy the expert co-operation of a hotel-management whose main study has always been *the incidentals and emergencies of business travel.* It is seen in the scientific arrangement of conference rooms, sample rooms, and other commercial departments—in the universal Servidor equipment which maintains strict privacy during business interviews. It is seen even in the Terrace Garden, where you can entertain business connections under ideal conditions.

In addition, you enjoy the fullest advantages of modern hotel service at a fraction of the rates charged at other leading hotels for similar rooms. Every room is outside, with bath, running ice-water, telephone and bed-head lamp.

H. C. Moir
*Pres. & Gen. Mgr.*
*Moir Hotel Company*


HARRY C. MOIR
PRES. & GEN. MGR.
"THE MAN BACK OF THE INSTITUTION"

The New Morrison, the world's tallest hotel, 46 stories high, will be, when completed, the largest and tallest, with 3450 rooms.

**MORRISON HOTEL**
**THE HOTEL OF PERFECT SERVICE**
**and TERRACE GARDEN** CHICAGO'S WONDER RESTAURANT
**CLARK AND MADISON STREETS**
**"IN THE HEART OF CHICAGO"**

### TABLE OF RATES (single in each case)

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 202 Rooms, $2.50 | 457 Rooms, $4.00 | 15 Rooms, $6.00 |
| 241 Rooms, $3.00 | 245 Rooms, $4.50 | 35 Rooms, $7.00 |
| 480 Rooms, $3.50 | 189 Rooms, $5.00 | 21 Rooms, $8.00 |

16 Corner Suites, $12.00
16 Suites, $15.00
6 Suites, $20.00
Sample Rooms from $6.00 to $12.00

[CONT'D FROM PAGE SEVENTY-SEVEN]

poor child! Do you reckon there was something in that letter that could have made her kill herself? I wish, now, I had insisted she read it here at my desk."

"I wish I knew." Sally sighed. "By the way, did Angela leave much money? What did the will say?"

"Yes, she left a good deal; I'm not prepared to say how much. The total will depend on what we can do with the hospital and the shop."

"Did she leave it to Alice or to her daughter?"

"Look here, Sally, you're as cheeky as any other reporter. You want to know too much, young woman!"

Sally leaned over and patted his hand.

"Oh, come on, now, Colonel Bob! Who gets the money?"

"Alice got one-third and the daughter gets two-thirds, with each one the heir of the other. But Alice's had a string tied to it, in a codicil. Angela mailed the codicil to me on Monday night."

Sally's thoughts were racing. So Angela had made a codicil to her will on Monday!

"This codicil—it was witnessed by a couple of the nurses in Galveston—stipulated that Alice, if she married this Terence O'Toole, was not to have anything but a revoking of the debt due Angela on her shop. Poor Alice cried over that, here in my office, Friday."

"GOOD heavens, Colonel Bob, you can't think she killed herself over that?"

"I hardly think so; she didn't cry that way, if you know what I mean. She just sat and sobbed gently and said she didn't have anything left to live for. I told her she had a niece to take care of now, and after a while she braced up and went on home."

"Had the letter that was in this blue envelope been in the box long?"

"We don't look into the boxes, you know, but I guess it had. Our records show that Angela hadn't been into her box for more than two months."

"Well, that letter couldn't have had anything in it about Alice marrying Terry, then, because both Alice and Terry have told me that Angela didn't know anything about that affair until last Monday."

"The day she mailed the codicil cutting off Alice if she should marry O'Toole?"

Sally nodded.

"Well, it's all too much of a muddle for me, Sally."

"We're going to print the story of Angela's daughter today, Colonel Bob."

"No, no, you can't do that! What I've told you here is in confidence."

"Yes, but I knew about the child before I came," Sally said sweetly. "When are you going to file the will? And now that Alice is dead, who is going to look after the child?"

"I'm not going to file the will until after the funeral services. The child is a ward of the trust department of the bank. That was arranged some years ago. I have felt, ever since I heard of Angela Browning's death, that she had a premonition something might happen to her."

"I RECKON she did. The inscription on this envelope looks that way. But maybe she was just a good business woman; like as not she had read some of your advertisements about protecting the family by making a will and leaving everything to your bank."

"Run along, Sally Lomax. You always were an impudent minx," the colonel growled. "You know too much and you want to know more. Get out!"

Sally laughed and patted the old man's hand.

"Never mind, Colonel Bob; you're my sweetheart and I'm waiting for you to divorce that woman and marry me. You've been promising me that you would ever since I was five years old. You be sweet to me, now, or I'll sue you."

She left while the banker was assembling his retort, before he could get back to what she could and couldn't print.

---

*Sally is still baffled. But, in next week's installment of this story, she learns certain cold, incontrovertible facts that amaze her—and point the way to the murderer.*

# Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

### *Nothing for a Man to Do*

Joey's father tried to bring him up to be a little man. On his first day in kindergarten the children were given beads to string.

Joey insisted on the teacher getting his father on the phone.

"Daddy," Joey shouted, "you better come after me right away; they're making a bead stringer out of me!"—Dorothy Fischer, 2844 Olive St., Huntington Park, Calif.

### *A True Irishman*

Jacky was traveling with his mother on the train. Being witty and redheaded, and his nationality obvious, he received a great deal of attention and kidding from the passengers. One man asked him:

"Red, if you weren't Irish, what would you be?"

"I'd be ashamed!" was his retort.—Mrs. Grace Love, 320 N. 15th Ave. E., Duluth, Minn.

Gray Hair
Is The Thief
That Steals Away
Youthful Charm

Now Comb Away Gray
This Easy Way

GRAY Hair adds years to your appearance. It cheats you out of many of life's joys. Then why be gray? Just comb Kolor-Bak through your hair and watch the gray disappear. Kolor-Bak is a clean, colorless liquid that gently and easily brings the color without affecting the silky sheen and luster of your hair. The one bottle does for blonde, auburn, brown, black.

*Accept This Test Offer*

Get Kolor-Bak from any drug or department store today. If it doesn't make you look ten years younger, your money will be refunded.

**Kolor-Bak**
*Imparts Color to Gray Hair*

Can Such Youth — Be Yours?

Practice this simple preventive measure if you want to look and feel younger—much younger than your years. Take Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets, a substitute for calomel. By cleansing the system they help relieve constipation, tone up sluggish liver, renew energy, give cheeks color. Made of vegetable ingredients. Know them by their olive color. Safe, non-habit-forming, effective. Used for 20 years. Get Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets from your druggist—today. 15c, 30c, 60c.

Dr Edwards OLIVE TABLETS

KOHLER ONE-NIGHT CORN CURE

**A Twinge of Pain At Every Step—**

Back and forth to the files all day—continuous chasing around the office—don't let the shooting agony of a corn cut your efficiency in half.

Every druggist has this sure, old remedy now put up in a convenient 35c package.

*Sold through the country's drug stores for fifty years.*

**KOHLER ONE NIGHT CORN CURE**

*"Removes-not only relieves pain"*

Mazo de la Roche

famous as the author of "Jalna" has written a new short story

QUARTETTE

wherein a man travels far to see his old love . . . only to flee from her in distaste.

A poignant story by a noted writer.

Read it in Liberty NEXT WEEK!

**MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME**

YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.

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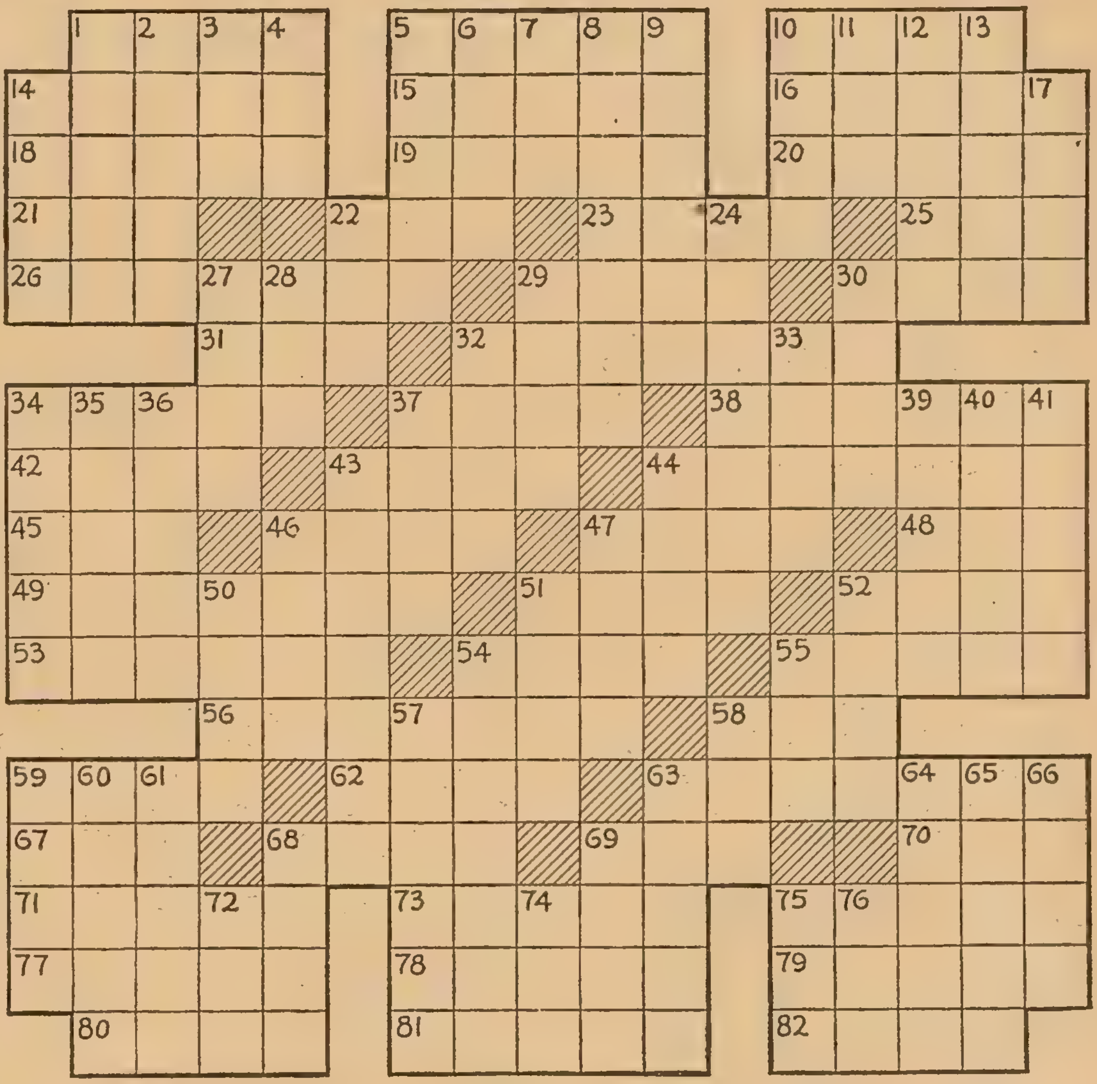
*At Barbers, Druggists, Beauty Parlors*

Kansas City, Mo. Dept. E LUCKY TIGER REM. CO.

# Two New Puzzles:



## HORIZONTAL

1 Seize; clutch
5 Edible seeds
10 Parish in Ireland
14 Cut in thin pieces
15 Maturing
16 Watchful
18 Pointed at
19 Classifier
20 Kind of fiber
21 Small fish
22 Succor
23 Lampreys
25 Suffix: make into
26 Portion of Scripture read in divine service (plural)
29 Gaelic
30 The solar disk in Egyptian mythology
31 To be bound to pay
32 Wrenched
34 Street urchin
37 Uttered
38 The fall herring
42 River in Russia
43 A thin piece of baked clay, stone, or the like
44 Having left a will
45 Title of respect
46 At this point
47 Vehicle
48 Measure of length
49 A form of insurance
51 Short sleeps
52 A molding
53 County in New York
54 Weed of grainfields
55 Exert pressure
56 Returns; pays back
58 The cry of a domestic animal
59 Responsibility
62 To look after
63 Young hens
67 Poem
68 Egyptian goddess of fecundity
69 Yellowish brown
70 Recline
71 A unit (philosophy)
73 Bestower
75 Avoid
77 Very fat or fleshy
78 Spread by rumor
79 Ceremonials
80 Sheep
81 A reptile
82 Female of the ruff (plural)

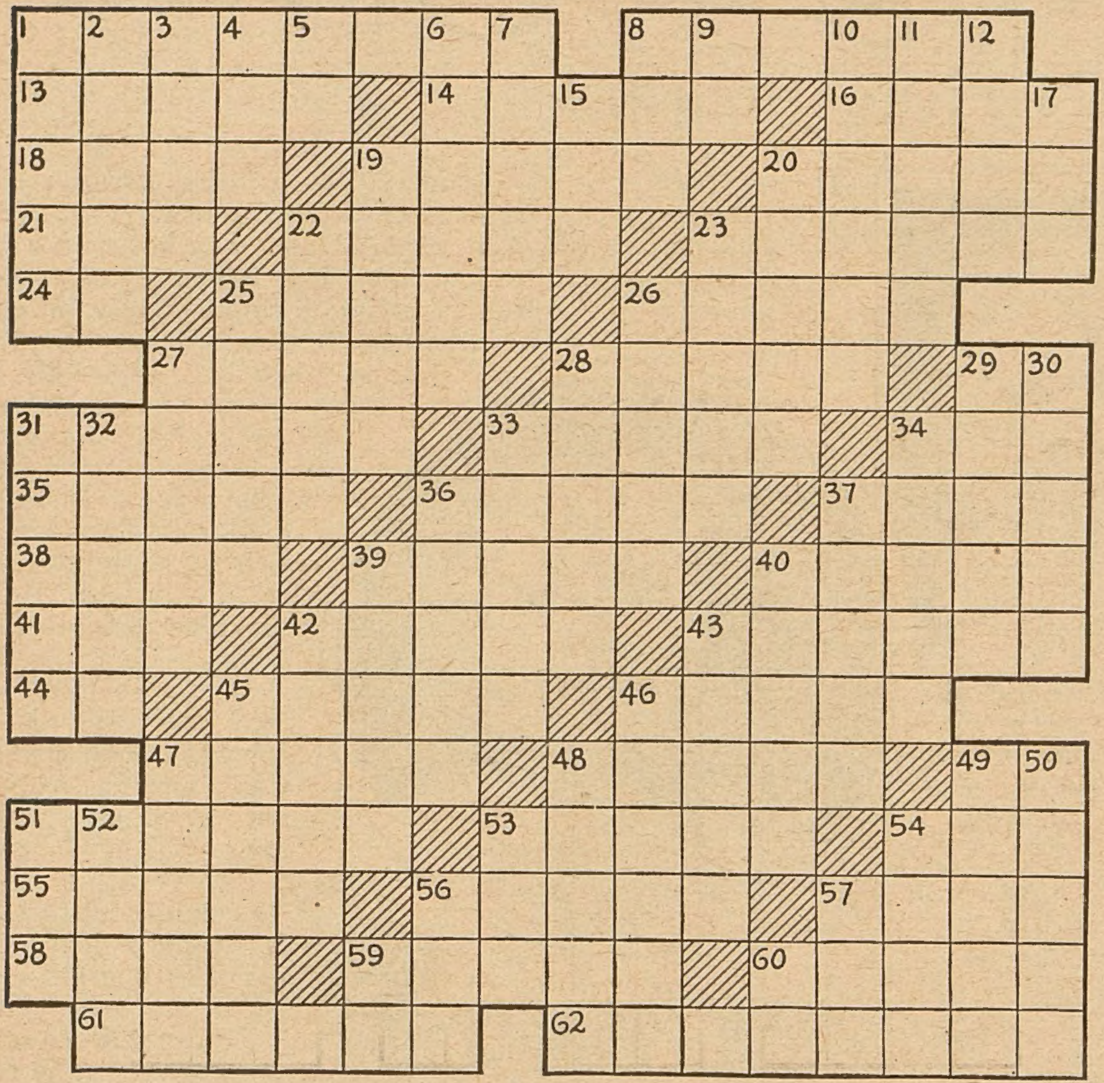
## VERTICAL

1 Slide
2 Congeals into frost
3 Playing card
4 Couch
5 City in France
6 Minced oath
7 Islet
8 Gibed; jeered
9 Act of going out
10 Sailors
11 A wing
12 Forgive
13 Ascend
14 Pass by water
17 Suffix denoting addition of ten
22 One (Scotch)
24 Alphabetic symbols
27 Dirt; earth
28 Possess
29 City in Pennsylvania
30 Entrance or passage in a mine
32 A stripe; a wheal
33 Compass point
34 Keen appreciation
35 Greek poet
36 River in France
37 Parent
39 Great; extensive
40 Siouan Indians
41 Councils
43 Dwellers; occupants
44 Binding material
46 Conceal
47 Vehicles
50 Part of a wheel
51 Spikenard
52 Of the mouth
54 Any condition of strain
55 Comrade
57 Condescends
58 Slightly sweetened bread or cake
59 Province in Italy
60 An unburnt brick dried in the sun
61 Restore to freshness
63 Thickened soup
64 Puff up
65 Rising and falling of waters (plural)
66 Comprehends
68 Day of Roman month
69 Article of furniture
72 Peer Gynt's mother
74 By the way of
75 Stray
76 Contend against

```
RASP CANADA EBBS
OBOE AMICES MERE
SULTANATE POUTER
ATE BOSS NEB IDE
  SLOES PURLED
HA ARS CAN ARECA
ANENT BONNETS OR
SORE DAW EVE FAR
HIE SIT ARA SIRE
EN HISTORY CHESS
STRIP ELM BOA ET
  APPEND BLADE
ATT EOS ALAS ARE
CRIERS PLASTERED
IOTA INSERT ALBA
DYER NOISES TSAR
```

Answer to last week's puzzle

# Take Your Choice



### HORIZONTAL

1 Vitiates
8 Band, as of straw, for securing sheaves of grain
13 Prince of Sind
14 Aquatic fish-eating mammal
16 To fetter; handcuff
18 Instigate; encourage
19 Gastropod mollusk
20 Escape or avoid
21 Small plot of ground under cultivation
22 Plug or wooden pin used to stop a vent
23 Made light, as with leaven
24 An area ten meters square
25 Ill will or hatred toward another
26 Supported or sustained
27 Interval between two or more objects
28 Solitary
29 A parent
31 Containing salt
33 Gross; coarse
34 Gypsy gentleman
35 Body of an animal
36 Raise with tackle
37 Portal
38 Poems
39 French landscape painter
40 Harbor
41 Footlike part
42 Turkish council of state
43 Heavenly bodies
44 Printer's measure
45 Species of palm
46 A language
47 More pallid
48 Rent
49 Exist
51 Separated
53 Polite; urbane
54 Cry of a sheep
55 Obsequies
56 Small, mean house
57 Lubricates
58 Small fish
59 Measure of length
60 Very fat
61 Transmitter
62 Wives of former Russian rulers

### VERTICAL

1 Chief object of pilgrimage of the Islamic world
2 A game at cards
3 Bamboolike grass
4 Immerse
5 City in ancient Chaldea
6 An explosive
7 Not freshly made
8 Deity in Babylonian mythology
9 An assimilated form of in-
10 Pertaining to a deity
11 Expunge
12 Went as passenger
15 Bind
17 Man's nickname
19 Pungent or fragrant odor
20 Obtains by effort
22 To move dashingly
23 Perch
25 Whirls
26 Wither; stunt
27 Turns about a fixed point
28 Greek poet of Lesbos
29 Vocal composition on a sacred text
30 Word of solemn ratification (plural)
31 Mine excavation
32 Forest in England
33 Shade of red
34 A bird
36 Hang about
37 Street urchin
39 Quoted
40 Hostelry
42 Strikes out (print.)
43 To raise frivolous objections
45 To fatten
46 Large gland (plural)
47 Cost; expense
48 Fastening device
49 Kind of life raft
50 Relieves of strain
51 Seed envelope
52 Sleeveless Arab garment (plural)
53 Bed
54 French word for good
56 Pronoun
57 Species of sorcery practiced by West Indians
59 Pronoun
60 Else

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| B | A | L | K | S | | B | I | A | S | | A | M | A | H |
| A | R | I | E | L | | A | C | R | E | | G | I | L | A |
| S | E | N | N | A | | R | E | N | T | | O | M | I | T |
| T | A | G | ▨ | V | A | N | ▨ | A | T | T | ▨ | E | N | E |
| | | | A | I | R | ▨ | I | S | L | A | N | D | E | D |
| P | R | A | N | C | E | R | S | ▨ | E | M | U | | | |
| O | I | L | ▨ | ▨ | A | E | O | N | ▨ | P | L | A | Z | A |
| P | O | S | T | U | R | E | ▨ | I | T | A | L | I | A | N |
| S | T | O | R | K | ▨ | L | A | C | E | ▨ | ▨ | N | I | T |
| | | | I | A | N | ▨ | D | E | N | A | T | U | R | E |
| K | E | R | O | S | E | N | E | ▨ | O | N | O | | | |
| A | R | E | ▨ | E | W | E | ▨ | G | N | U | ▨ | A | L | I |
| B | A | N | A | | T | U | B | A | | R | E | W | E | D |
| U | S | E | D | | O | R | A | L | | I | R | E | N | E |
| L | E | W | D | | N | O | T | E | | A | N | D | E | S |

Answer to last week's puzzle

1¢
RADIUM
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THE BETTER BLADE
OTTO ROTH.Inc. NEWARK,N.J.
HONING
No.1 STROPPING

**a shave for one cent**

Come on! You fellows who think Radium Blades won't lower the cost of your shaves. It works out thusly—

Average 8 shaves per blade. Figure 5 blades to a package; 8 x 5 is 40; or 8 shaves times 5 blades gives you 40 shaves. 5 blades cost 38¢. You get 40 of the finest shaves you ever had for less than a cent each.

**Radium Blades are sold at Drug stores, Hardware, and Sporting Goods stores; or send 38c for 5 blades or 75c for 10 to Otto Roth Inc., 15 E. Runyon St., Newark, N. J. Wiebusch & Hilger Ltd., New York, Distributors.**

**FREQUENT COLDS, SINUS TROUBLE ARE**

**CATARRH!**

Catarrh is simply an inflamed condition of the mucous membrane lining the nose, throat, sinus cavities, and ear passages.

To get rid of Catarrh, reduce the inflammation. HALL'S Catarrh Medicine is doing this for thousands. Acting through the blood, HALL'S reaches the inflamed parts wherever located, carries away the poisons, restores to health. Start this proved 2-method treatment today!

**HALL'S**
**CATARRH MEDICINE**
*Successful for over 50 years*

Combined treatment — Tonic and Ointment — at your Druggist's. If he hasn't it, send 85c to F. J. Cheney & Co., Dept. 225, Toledo, O. *New Radio Log Book, Free.*

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**PERSONALIZED BELT BUCKLES**
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Belt made of genuine English Cowhide, wears a lifetime. Buckle of Plati—Croyd—will not rust or tarnish. Special Hook-Fast Catch keeps belt from slipping. Complete **$3.50**—Mfg. By—
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# Feeding the Child

### By Ethel Somers

IN coöperation with the week's nation-wide child health campaign, my contribution takes the form of a brief résumé of the results of study and personal experience this past year in the feeding problems of a little son, now twenty months old. The paramount essentials may be summarized as: regularity of meals; painstaking perseverance and a calm disposition on the part of the mother; a well aired, thoroughly rested, happy baby; and a studied administration of food elements.

*At the left, my baby at the age of nine months; and below, at twenty months.*

*What proper feeding did for him.*

*Progressive tools for teaching the baby to drink.*

About a year ago the baby was entering the most critical point of his feeding career; namely, the weaning period. All babies are notorious "stand-patters" in regard to any change of habits. In anticipation of weaning difficulties, I had taught him to drink water, fruit juices, and gruel from a cup. Nevertheless, *milk* from a cup proved abhorrent.

For several days I permitted his refusal; but then, seeing the baby grow thinner, I became alarmed and forced him to drink the milk. This I now consider a mistake; for, although he gained in weight on the forced feeding, his dislike for the cup of milk grew. After three weeks he had come to hate to get up from his nap because of the forced feeding that followed, and he resented all that was connected with the meal, even the previously relished vegetables.

At this point I dropped the second breast feeding at 6 P. M. Milk was served to all members of the family except the little tyrant. Believe it or not, about a week later it dawned on the ten-months-old child that he was being cheated, and he began to ask for his share of milk. I served it cold and sparingly from a glass like daddy's—all of which tended to increase his craving. Thereafter I poured his milk and let it stand until called for. Now it is always gone by the end of the meal. I serve it ice-cold in summer and slightly warmed in winter.

THE distaste for vegetables lasted longer. One day a six-year-old visitor volunteered to his mother that he could tell I knew how to cook all right, for I cooked my carrots raw (meaning that they were not overcooked). This gave me an idea. Was my little fellow, with his advanced degree of teeth development (ten teeth at ten months), tired of sieved, mushy vegetables? Indeed he was! Fresh green-pea balls, fancifully cut oranges, carrot slices, string-bean boats, brilliant beet cubes, shredded lettuce, and asparagus spears all disappeared with gusto.

According to the books he should still have sieved purées, but he had not cut teeth according to the books, and apparently his natural appetite followed the ability and need for chewing.

Vitamins in the diet influence the appetite greatly, especially vitamin C. Animals put on a vitamin-free diet eat so little as eventually to starve to death. Add vitamins and they begin to eat in proportion. This is one of the reasons for stressing vitamin foods in child feeding. Fruits, especially raw fruit juices; vegetables, especially lettuce, celery, and green vegetables; whole cereals; cereals treated with ultra-violet rays; cod-liver oil and egg yolks—all are rich in vitamins. And fresh air and bright sunshine activate these foods.

AT twelve months the weaning of my baby was complete. With the aid of handy feeding tools—and I found a porringer especially useful—he rapidly learned to feed himself.

At eighteen months another hazard in the form of a flagging appetite presented itself. His last four teeth (molars not really due until two or three years of age) were pushing through the tender gums. This lagging appetite I had to contend with for several months. I encouraged the child to eat by a frequent change of foods, by new presentations of the same foods, by feeding him personally, and particularly by providing a diet rich in vitamins.

I find that the more water and orange juice administered between meals (of course not in the hour preceding a meal) the keener the appetite for the next meal. The more fruits and vegetables eaten at a meal the greater the zest for the next meal, because vitamins actually stimulate and invigorate the appetite.

The little boy is tall for his age, is standard weight for his height, has firm, elastic tissues, rosy color, normal blood count, and is generally well and happy. The latter characteristics are important indications of good nutrition.

It is well to remember that book diets are written for the average child. Do not force your child to be average if he does not readily fall into that class. Among child-feeding helps, government bulletins are obtainable from the Superintendent of Documents, United States Bureau of Agriculture. Consult your local and state health departments for similar helpful leaflets. Write to the American Child Health Association, New York City. Follow current magazine and newspaper authorities. In short, be alive to all helpful sources of information.

MISS SOMERS' three Liberty cookbooks offer many other valuable menu suggestions that will help the baby to avoid illness. Easy recipes for cooking the toddler's cereal and tasty milk dishes are plentiful in Miss Somers' booklets. In addition you'll find the most healthful methods of preparing fresh fruits and vegetables, the vitamin foods so vital to baby's welfare. The cookbooks cost but 10 cents each; all three for 25 cents. Send for them now. And please use the coupon.

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P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station,
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Please send me a copy of
☐ 100 Standard Recipes, 10¢.
☐ Salads, Sandwiches, & Summer Drinks, 10¢.
☐ A Menu Book of Hot Weather Recipes, 10¢.
[Check the one you want. It costs only 10¢. Check all if you want the three for 25¢.]
I inclose......cents in payment.
(Please write or print plainly in ink)

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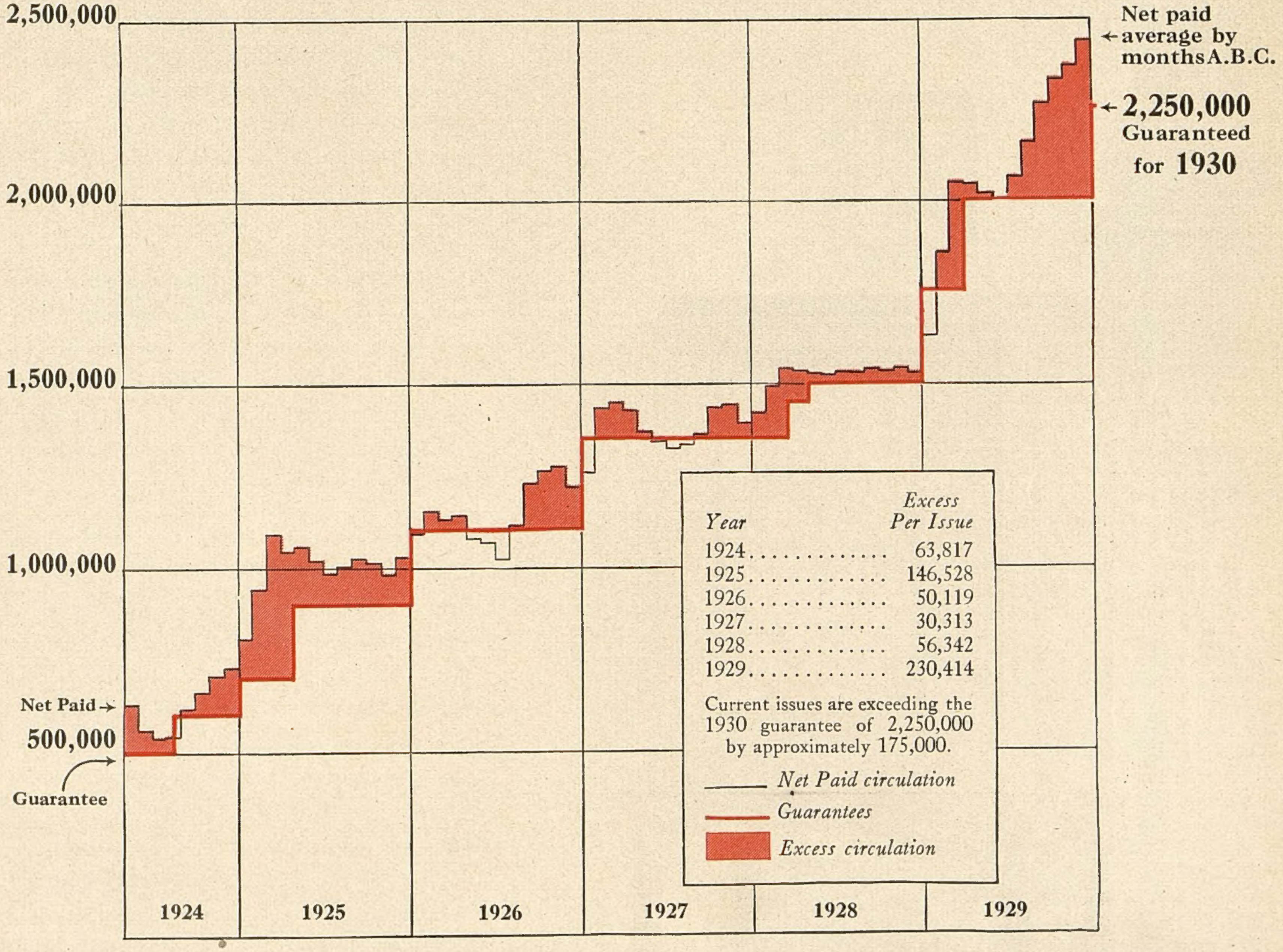
City.................State...........5-3-30

# *Consistent Growth*

LIBERTY'S circulation growth is depicted on this chart. It reveals with statistical accuracy a steady, continual progress year by year.

The rate of Liberty's growth is here shown as holding to its true line of direction since its beginning. Here is a visualization of circulation solidity, an unusually high percentage of new readers, and net paid figures measurably in excess of guarantees.

Liberty has not deviated from its established policy . . . *99% newsdealer sale.*



| *Year* | *Excess Per Issue* |
|---|---|
| 1924 | 63,817 |
| 1925 | 146,528 |
| 1926 | 50,119 |
| 1927 | 30,313 |
| 1928 | 56,342 |
| 1929 | 230,414 |

Current issues are exceeding the 1930 guarantee of 2,250,000 by approximately 175,000.

## For 1931 - Liberty guarantees 2,700,000 *average net paid circulation*

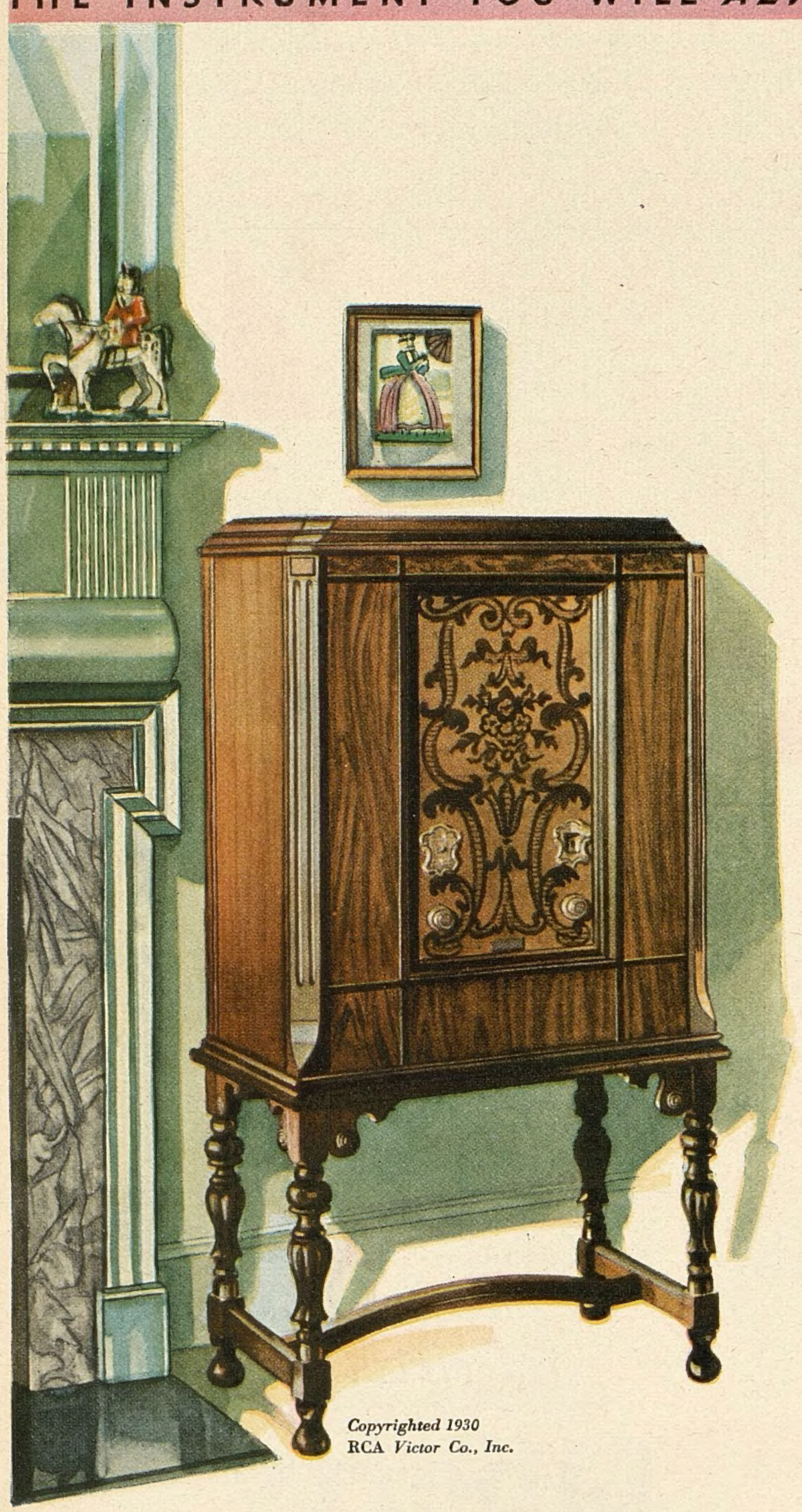
**Liberty**
*A Weekly for Everybody*

## The biggest newsdealer circulation in the world

# *Radiola*

# SUPER·HETERODYNE

## THE INSTRUMENT YOU WILL *ALWAYS* BE PROUD TO OWN



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And now you can own one of these incomparable instruments at a phenomenally low price . . . in models that will harmonize with any scheme of interior decoration . . . models that range from a compact table model to the sumptuous Radiola Super-Heterodyne and Phonograph combination!

Radiola Super-Heterodyne is the only radio instrument that meets every broadcast requirement. That's why this year's finest radio sets are built on the Super-Heterodyne principle. The Radiola Super-Heterodyne you buy will bring you the utmost of radio pleasure this year . . . and for many years to come! Visit your Radiola Dealer today . . . see and hear these superb instruments . . . to compare is to want one! Remember . . . easy payments and liberal allowance on your old set! Radiola Division RCA Victor Company, Inc.

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RCA RADIOLA 60 . . . *Super-Heterodyne, table model* . . $98

RCA RADIOLA 66 . . . *Super-Heterodyne with Electro-Dynamic Reproducer in cabinet (illustrated)* . . . . $175

RCA RADIOLA 67 . . . *Special combination of the Radiola Super-Heterodyne, Electro-Dynamic Reproducer and Phonograph for electrical reproduction of records* . . . . $690

(Above prices less Radiotrons)

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